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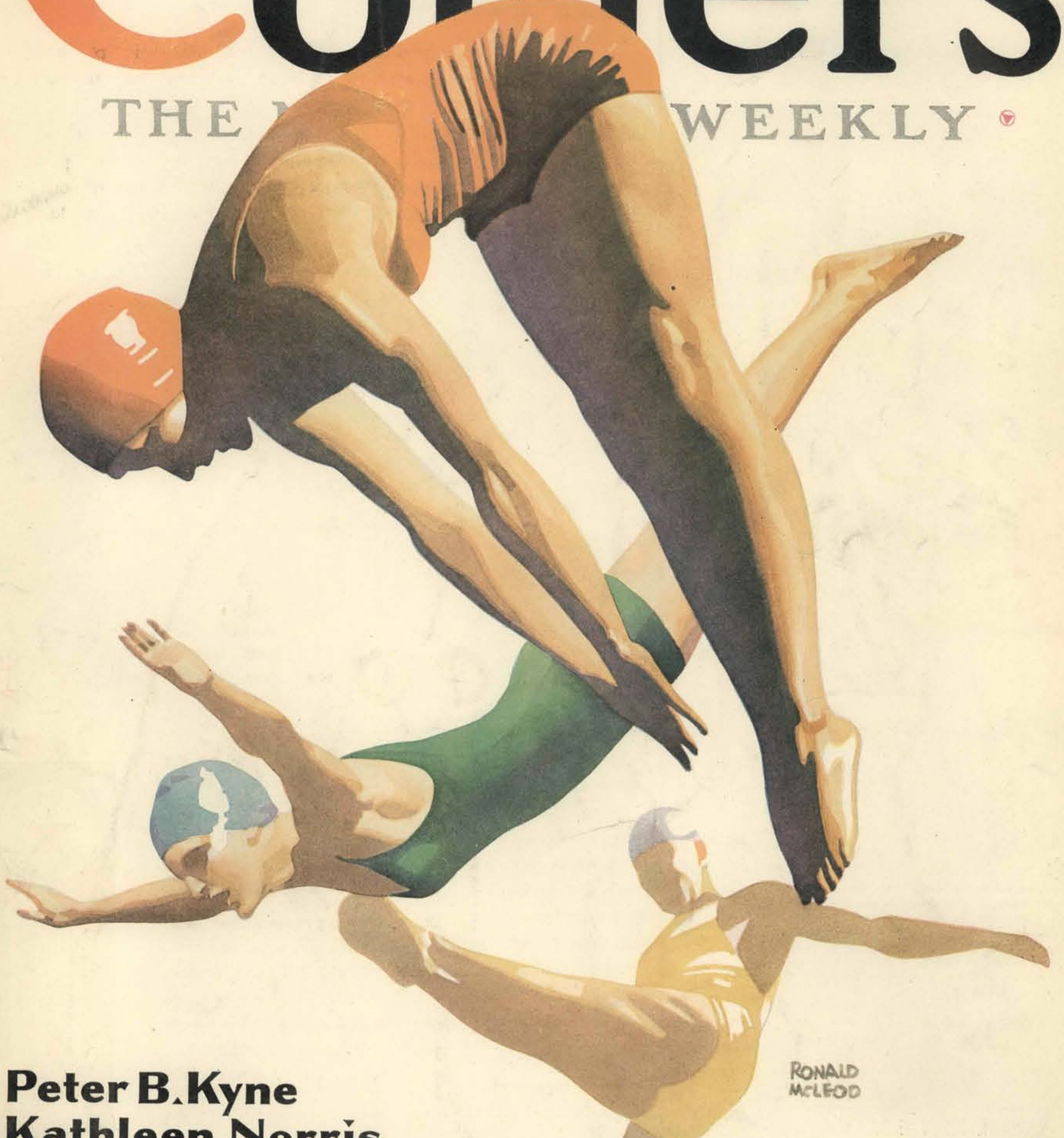
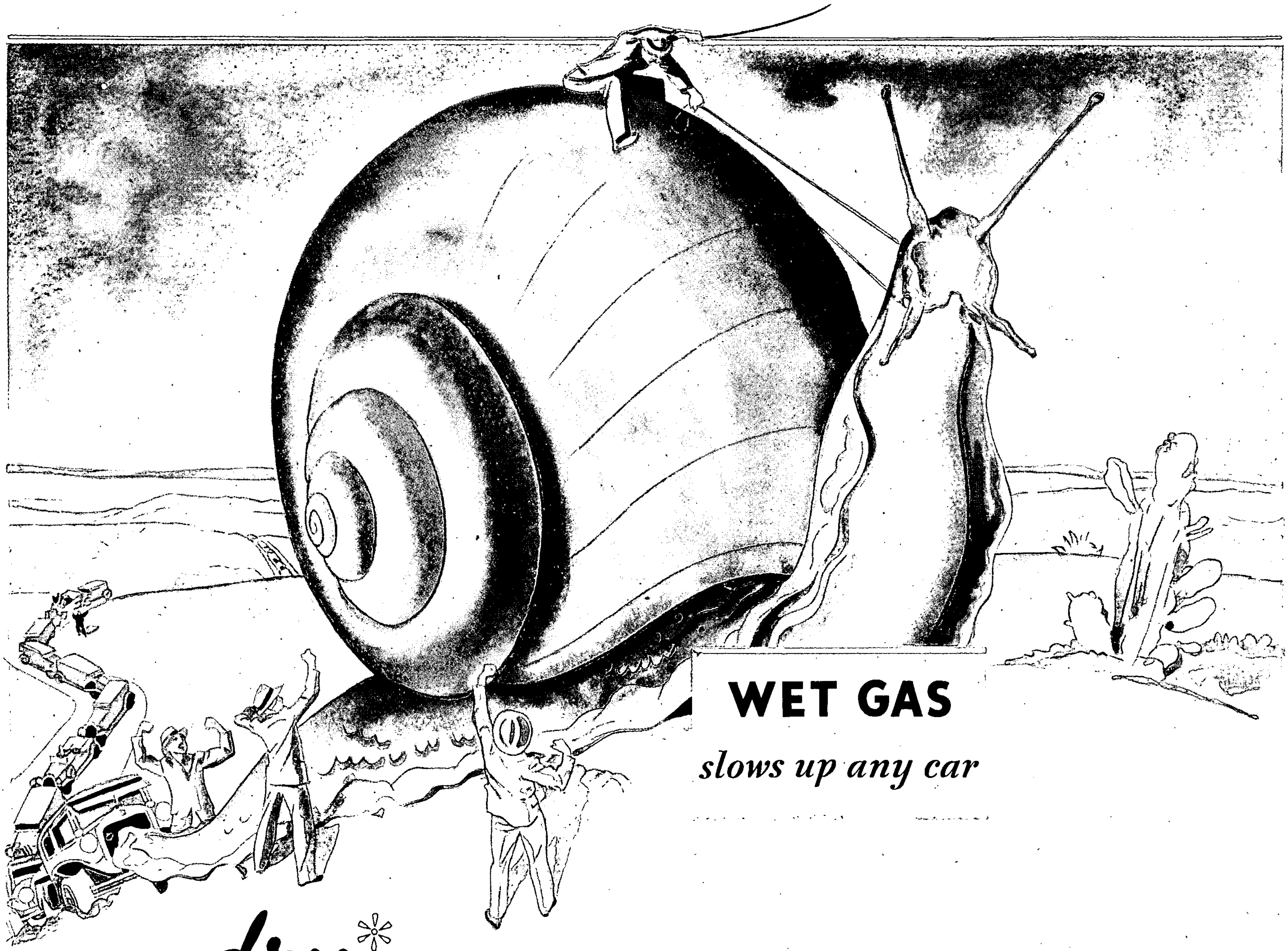
August 8, 1931

Collier's

THE WEEKLY



Peter B. Kyne
Kathleen Norris
Roark Bradford
Walter Davenport
Grantland Rice



WET GAS

slows up any car

*dry** TEXACO-ETHYL

speeds up every car

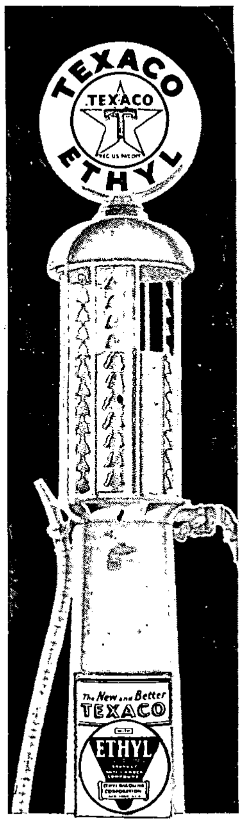
*
Dry gas vaporizes completely because it is properly refined. *Wet* gas vaporizes only in part. *Wet* gas carries an uneven spray of raw wet gasoline which chokes some cylinders at the expense of others, causes crankcase dilution and wasted power. *Dry* gas goes through the manifold evenly. It burns completely, delivering all its power into every cylinder.

Driving with wet gas is like driving with the choke partly out. The choke floods the manifold—wet gas floods the cylinders. Either way you get sluggish power. No car, once warmed up, will give its best with the choke out—no car, hot or cold, will deliver its utmost with wet gas.

Only a dry* gas can vaporize and burn completely. Texaco-Ethyl is the dry* Ethyl Gasoline. It yields every ounce of its knockless power where you want it—at the cylinders.

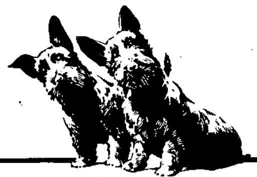
Find out for yourself the difference between dry* gas and wet. Today, fill up with dry* Texaco-Ethyl. You will feel a new surge of power and energy that is always yours with dry* Texaco-Ethyl.

THE TEXAS COMPANY
Refiners of a complete line of Texaco Petroleum Products, including Gasoline, Motor Oil, Industrial, Railroad, Marine and Farm Lubricants, Road Asphalts and Asphalt Roofing.



DRY TEXACO + ETHYL COMPOUND = DRY TEXACO-ETHYL

THERE IS NO BETTER GASOLINE



LISTEN

—and for perfect lubrication, use
"CRACK-PROOF"
TEXACO MOTOR OIL
© 1931, The Texas Company

An enlarged reproduction of this photograph, suitable for framing, will be mailed upon request—Oakland Motor Car Co., 166 Oakland Ave., Pontiac, Mich.

MAKING NEW FRIENDS
AND KEEPING THE OLD

BEAUTY COMES OF INFINITE CARE . . .

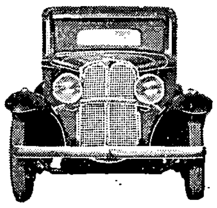
You know from your own experience that, without patient care, flowers remain only flowers and vines are just vines. To become a *garden,* they must be guided into a balanced plan of beauty.

To give you beauty in your Oakland and Pontiac cars, we work in the same way. First we build full size working models of plaster. Under searchlights, we study and shape the contours so that lines are pleasing and highlights fall evenly in the right places.

We experiment with fenders and mouldings to develop lines of graceful length. We blend colors until just the right combination is found. We want you to like an Oakland or a Pontiac when you first see it, and be proud of it all the time you drive it.

Every detail is made to work toward a definite scheme of beauty. The new splash aprons are not just added features — they are a part of the car's attractive front-end design. The special rain-gutters, which might have been just rain-gutters, actually improve the body lines. The neat fender lamps seem inseparable from the fenders themselves. Even door handles and hub caps 'fit the picture' perfectly.

Is it worth while — this slow, careful search for beauty? We think so. Just as infinite care makes a garden beautiful, it also makes a car beautiful. And when we see how proud our owners are, we are glad we have taken such pains to please them.

OAKLAND 8  **PONTIAC 6**

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

Bodies by Fisher

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

"THE thing is," said Detective Malden, his eyes fixed upon me almost pathetically, "that I know, and the doctor will bear me out, that, although the windows are closed, latched, the glass intact and heavy curtains drawn, this man [he pointed] wasn't shot at close quarters!"

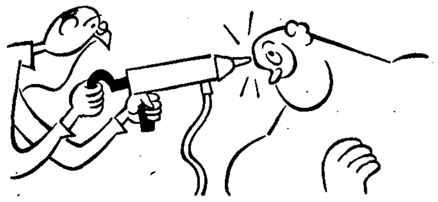
That's the nub of the mystery in Sax Rohmer's short story, "The Squirrel Man." Of course, the story itself doesn't begin there because you must meet the characters and view the setting before you can be expected to appreciate such a stiff smack in the eye. Now that we've warned you, it won't be such a shock and you can concentrate all your faculties on the solution, which is slowly unfolded with Mr. Rohmer's usual calm competence. We've known that man for years now and have wondered at his cool composure in the face of world-shaking disasters. Naturally, a mere murder doesn't fluster him at all.

—

EVEN if you don't agree with him, there's something heartening about a man who expresses his opinions with finality and does so, moreover, with a joyous air. Such a man is Thomas L. Chadbourne, lawyer, man of Big Business, and driving force behind the new combination of sugar-producing countries. His views on our tariff and international trade are important. They are interesting, too, because he speaks emphatically and fearlessly. The interview, "We're Grown-Ups Now," is by George Creel.

—

"THAT DeWitt Girl," has the name of being a high-stepper—you know the sort of thing: wild parties, reckless driving, a stare-you-down arrogance, showing-off. We really don't know it to be true because we're merely repeating what we have heard, but even so we wouldn't think quiet young Army Stevens down at the garage had a chance with her. Besides, her father is rich as sin and that's another handicap. There's so much talk that Mary Heaton Vorse has put them in a short story, Old Man DeWitt and all. Reading it is just like listening over the back fence.



DON MARQUIS, pondering on wrestlers, their habits and customs, came upon this startling question: Does the wrestler, an obscure species, feel pain? Groggy, but still going, Mr. Marquis applied himself in a true scientific spirit to answering the question and we spring the results on the world next week, after which we shall take to wearing a beard.

—

HERBERT RAVENEL SASS writes another Captain Africa adventure; Commodore Hartley spins a few salty yarns; Hagar Wilde contributes a love story; Dr. Wadsworth discusses the place of vitamins in your home; we present a short short story, Grantland Rice, Freling Foster and such a grand variety of tidbits that we quote for ourselves the side-show spieler who promised "a treat for each and every member of the family."

THIS WEEK

August 8, 1931

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THE DIRTY DOZENS: Another Bugaboo Jones story.

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FULL SPEED AHEAD! What's wrong with our merchant marine.

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MEETING THE PLAYROLL: One billion dollars, to be exact.

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FLOWER TIPS: Beauty in the home.

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IN THE FOG: The wrong house but the right girl.

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HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? Nice conduct.

Page 54—Editorial

REACHING ROUND THE WORLD

Any Week

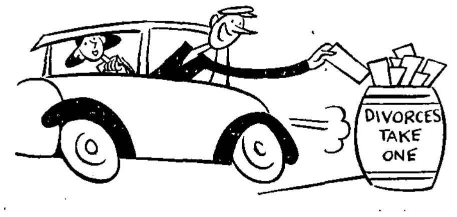
WE ARE compelled to break to Mr. P. G. Wodehouse the news that Mrs. Henry Pancoast of Detroit dislikes him. Mrs. Pancoast is an Englishwoman and glad of it. After a good round denunciation of Mr. Wodehouse and us, she demands to know "by what right does this man Wodehouse always make fools of the young English nobility who are born gentlemen and could teach you the meaning of the word?" And so on for several tingling pages. Being himself English, Mr. Wodehouse will understand.

—

MR. TOM GOOLEY of Alleene, Arkansas, agrees with us that the drought taught a much-needed lesson to his state. Conditions were pretty bad, he says. So bad, indeed, that "the hogs would not come up at feeding time, they had been fooled so often. They ate the bark off trees and then we found that by fastening baskets to long poles and putting the hogs in the baskets, they could eat the leaves."

—

WHEN he wrote to us, Mr. D. C. Earnest of Edinburg, Texas, probably hadn't seen Will Rogers' patriotic announcement that he would not run for President. So Mr. Earnest protests sternly against the promotion of Mr. Rogers' candidacy in Collier's by The Gentleman at the Keyhole. Mr. Earnest says it would be a shame to spoil a good humorist by making him President. Anyway it gives us an opportunity to warn the country that while Mr. Rogers might be a funny President he would not be an accurate one. In his declination he complains that he had received no campaign contributions. He's wrong; we sent him eleven dollars. Furthermore he tells the country that Mr. George Creel is The Gentleman at the Keyhole. He's wrong again. But you get the idea. Too bad he doesn't choose to run. Mr. Rogers would be our first intentionally funny President.



IN OUR recent survey of the rising divorce industry we neglected to mention Alabama, which state, says Mr. N. B. McPeak of Dothan, makes Nevada look religious.

"A couple of nonresidents can come to Dothan, rent a house, have a fight, apply for a divorce and be freed in less than twenty-four hours. Not only is no residence required but if both parties are present for service, they may both legally remarry the next day. And it has been done."

—

"I OBSERVE occasional flashes of intelligence in your Any Week column," writes Mr. Bill Lindstrom of Superior, Wisconsin. "Or is that just beginner's luck?"

—

"WHERE will the 1932 Democratic National Convention be held and why?" asks Mrs. W. W. Bloomfield of St. Louis.

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$2.00 a year in the United States; $4.00 a year in foreign countries.

In less than one week 438,948 *cartons of ginger ale were ordered by* LONG DISTANCE

Recently Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., had a price reduction and special dealer reimbursement plan to announce which was expected to expand its business. Secrecy surrounded the program up to the last minute. Then it was necessary to reach quickly hundreds of thousands of retailers, chain store executives and jobbers, explain the plan to them, and receive their orders, before the nation-wide consumer advertising should appear.

The announcement was made by direct mail to the jobbing trade on March 27. The next day district managers and salesmen contacted the trade by local and long distance telephone and orders began pouring in from all parts of the country. In the first few days, 438,948 cartons were ordered by telephone alone. In the first month, business was over three times greater than the best previous month in the company's history—a total distribution of 2,832,840 cartons with a retail value of $5,438,052.80. During this period the telephone cost was $4585.45. The sales manager says: "This tremendous volume of orders could not have been handled except by means of the telephone." The home office kept in constant telephone contact with district managers throughout the country, learning from hour to hour how the campaign was progressing. The district managers talked personally with many large buyers. Salesmen telephoned jobbers, jobbers telephoned dealers. Thus, through the whole campaign, the quick, friendly and personal touch of the telephone contributed largely to its success.

Business men are finding the telephone of great value in securing orders and generally expediting business. Rates are low: New York to Philadelphia, 50c; Chicago to Detroit, $1.15; Tulsa to St. Louis, $1.65. The Telephone Plan of Market Coverage is helping companies in many varied industries and telephone representatives will gladly explain its features to you, and show how they can be applied to the particular sales and distribution needs of *your* company.

JUST CALL YOUR BELL TELEPHONE BUSINESS OFFICE.

MAXWELL HOUSE *announces the*

VITA-FRESH PROCESS

Now for the first time a packing method which prevents oxygen from robbing fine coffee of strength and flavor

This is one of the most important announcements in the history of packaged foods.

It not only means much in terms of new enjoyment to the lover of fine coffee, but it makes a luxury coffee a real economy.

With the introduction of the new Vita-Fresh Process, Maxwell House solves a problem that has baffled the coffee industry for years: the problem of preventing rapid deterioration, caused by oxygen, after roasting.

This greatly advanced new process enables the roasters of Maxwell House to guarantee you strictly fresh coffee at all times, wherever purchased.

Oxygen a greedy racketeer

Coffee flavor, you know, is highly perishable.

And oxygen, a part of the very air we breathe, is its arch-enemy.

A greedy racketeer, oxygen attacks coffee as soon as it comes from the roaster, stealing its strength, hijacking its flavor and robbing you of the very elements that put aroma and delight into your coffee cup.

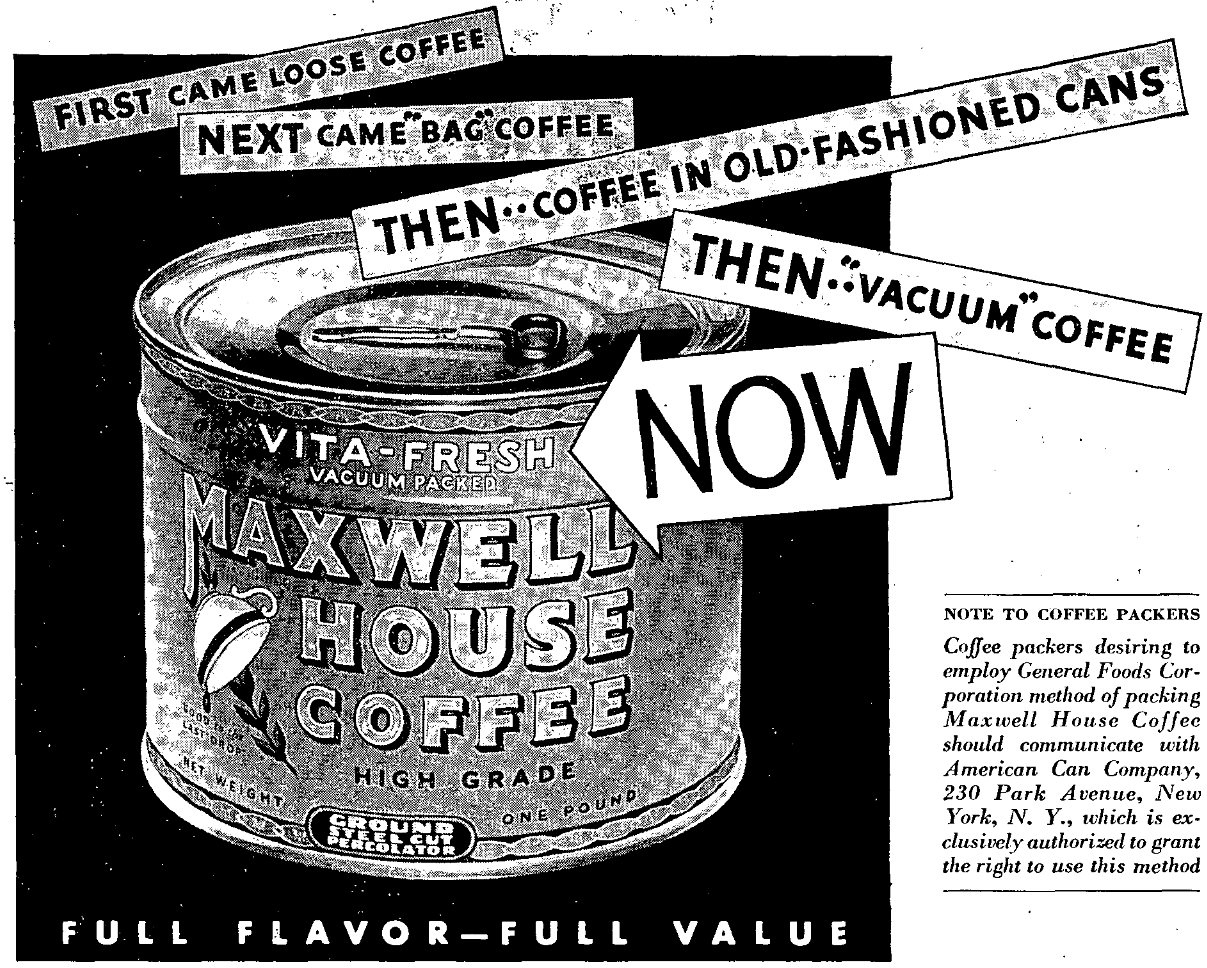
Just read these amazing laboratory facts. These facts were established in a leading eastern university and were published in "Food Industries" (September, 1930).

Loose or bag coffee loses 65% of its flavor in 9 days after roasting
Coffee in old-fashioned cans loses 45% of its flavor in a like period
All due to the attack of oxygen!

The Vita-Fresh Process
An improved vacuum method

For many years Maxwell House has wrestled with this perplexing problem.

But not until the discovery of the Vita-Fresh Process has science been able to overcome the steady flavor loss due to oxygen.



NOTE TO COFFEE PACKERS

Coffee packers desiring to employ General Foods Corporation method of packing Maxwell House Coffee should communicate with American Can Company, 230 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., which is exclusively authorized to grant the right to use this method

Vacuum packing, of course, was a great step forward.

But even that was not enough to satisfy our food chemists who for months now have been hot on the trail of an improved new method which would bring absolute protection.

Vacuum packing was far superior to old-fashioned methods because it withdrew part of the oxygen from the tin and prevented oxygen from entering the package after sealing.

The new Vita-Fresh Process is a great advance because it removes 90% of the oxygen left in the tin by the usual vacuum method.

In other words, Vita-Fresh Packing actually removes 99% of the air from the Maxwell House tin.

According to every yardstick of science, this revolutionary new method is the most nearly perfect process ever developed to preserve the freshness and flavor of fine blended coffee.

You judge at our risk

Please don't take our word for this statement. All we ask is that you make the flavor test yourself and be the exclusive judge.

Order a pound of Maxwell House at your grocer's. Prepare it in your usual way. Then if you and your family don't agree that it is the finest coffee you ever drank, if you don't find that you get extra flavor for your money in every pound, simply return the empty can and the storekeeper will return your money.

MAXWELL HOUSE *Coffee*

Good to the last drop

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

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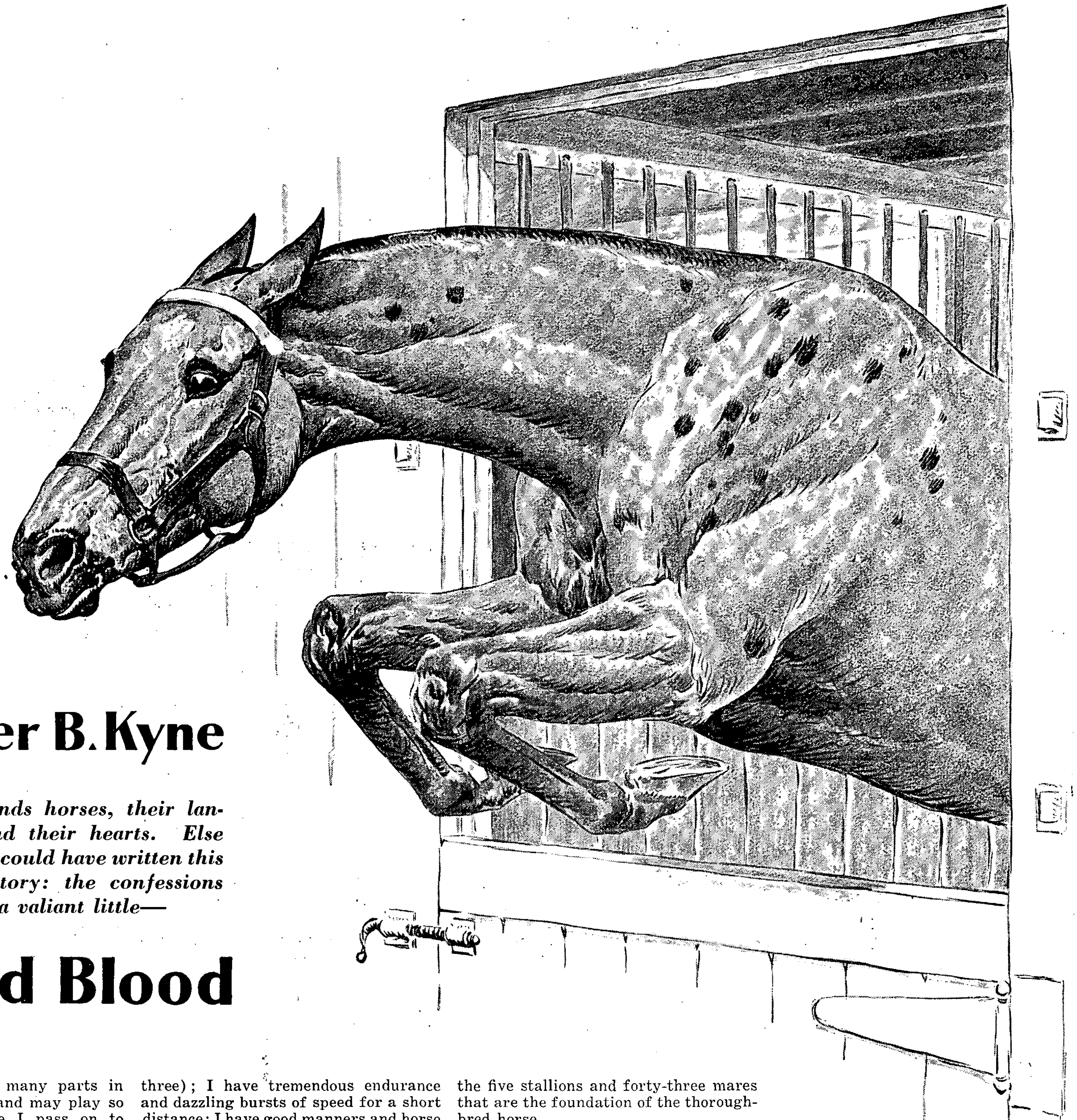
Collier's

The National Weekly for August 8, 1931



I leaped over the half-door to the ground and made a run for Bud O'Reilly

Peter B. Kyne

understands horses, their language and their hearts. Else he never could have written this superb story: the confessions of a valiant little—

Cold Blood

I HAVE played so many parts in the equine world, and may play so many more before I pass on to Horse Heaven, that it is difficult to state just what sphere of usefulness I occupy. Nevertheless, I think I may say, with due modesty, that since the day I first consented to carry a man without getting disrespectful about it, I have been accounted a useful horse, despite the fact that horsemen refer to me as a pony.

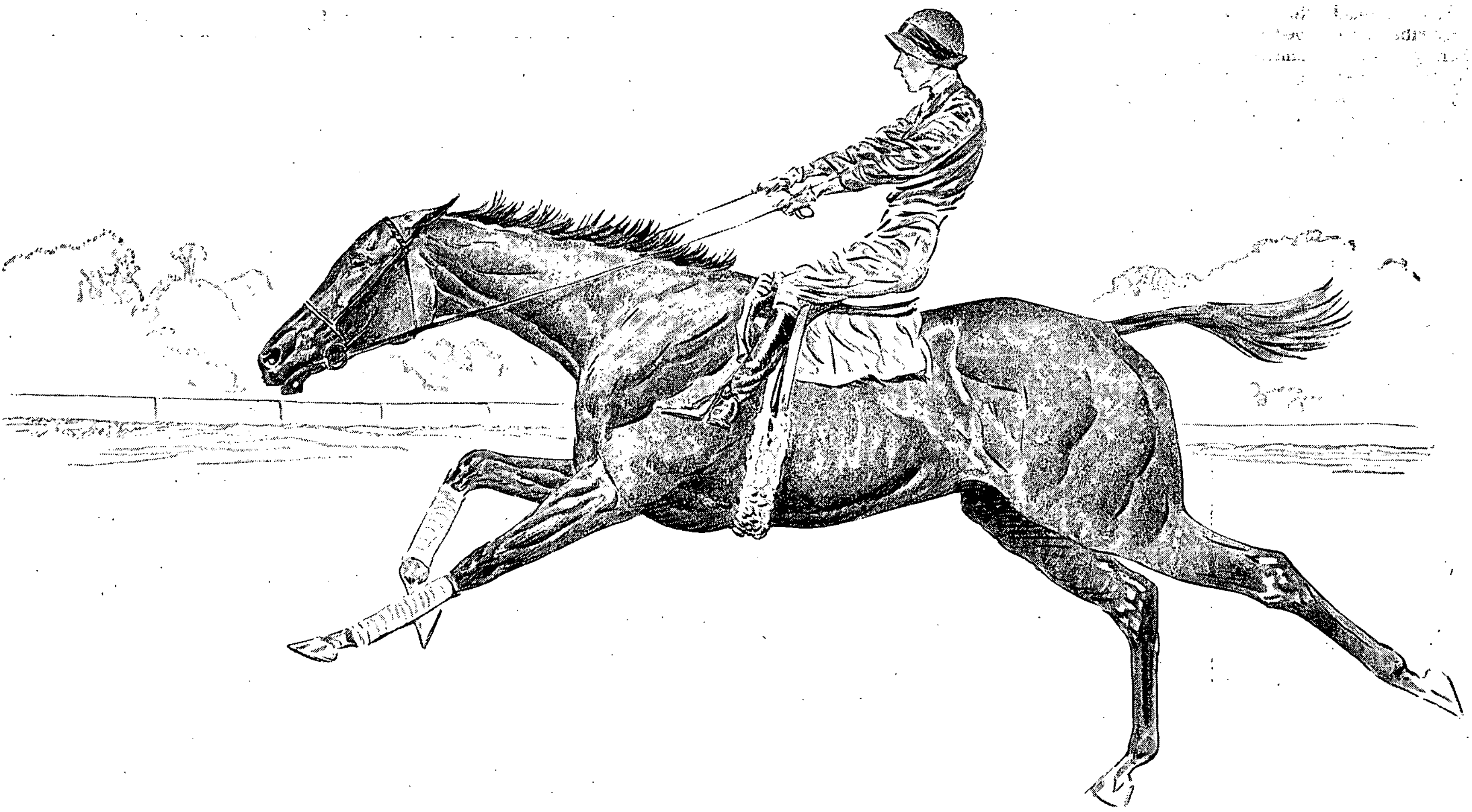
In the beginning I was a cow pony; now, during most of the year, I am a track pony, although, when the opportunity presents itself, I run at county fairs in races that are not run under the rules of the Jockey Club. Some folks refer to them as scrub races because only cold-blooded horses participate. Furthermore, any time my owner cares to sell me she can get five thousand dollars for me as a polo pony. I have never ridden after a willow ball, but I conform to polo-pony requirements as to height (I am fourteen hands three); I have tremendous endurance and dazzling bursts of speed for a short distance; I have good manners and horse sense and I am beautifully reined and know how to stop.

Just give me a little experience at polo and I could make an international team. And this is not my brag either. Mr. Jerry Grinstead, who used to be my master, made that statement, and Mr. Jerry, in addition to being a race-horse man, is a distinguished polo player. I hear he is a six-goal man.

YOU must excuse me for talking about myself. Indeed, I would never have considered doing it if I didn't happen to be feeling pretty good about myself these days. And it is fine to feel that way after one has endured a year of repression and social ostracism at the hands of a lot of thoroughbreds who think they're some pumpkins because they're registered with the Jockey Club and can trace their ancestry back a couple of hundred years to some one of the five stallions and forty-three mares that are the foundation of the thoroughbred horse.

Everybody who knows anything about a thoroughbred knows, of course, that four of those stallions were pure-bred Arabs of undoubted noble lineage; the other stallion (Byerley's Turk) was a Barb and we're not quite so certain that he didn't have a bar sinister. On the distaff side, however, we know that those forty-three mares were mere commoners—cold-blooded mares that could run rather well. With a stroke of the pen they were elevated to the nobility, and after that their descendants became thoroughbreds. While they have had the benefit of selective breeding, they remind me of folks who get aristocratic overnight because somebody has died and left them a lot of money.

What I contend is that rank is but the guinea's stamp and a horse is a horse for a' that! Personally, I am three-quarters thoroughbred; the other quarter is cold blood—which makes me



ineligible for registration. But I'm a "useful" horse. I've been a useful cutting-out horse, a useful roping horse, a useful horse for doing trick riding and the drunken ride at rodeos, a useful hazing horse, a useful track pony, a useful pony for riding for pleasure and a mighty useful quarter horse for winning scrub races wherever scrub-race meets are held.

THE thoroughbreds of the La Crescenta stable (that's Mr. Jerry's *nom de course*) are excitable, hysterical, tender and temperamental, but I am a solid citizen. I never lose my head. I never go bad in, the legs. If there's a job to do I do it, and do it well.

But the biography of a horse should properly, like that of a man, start with his birth. I was foaled on the Broken Wagon Wheel ranch, which lies along the Humboldt River in Nevada. My dam was a blue roan range mare that was half thoroughbred. She was by Minute Man, who is a descendant of the great Lexington. My sire was a broken-down golden chestnut thoroughbred who had been a stake horse in his day. His name was Truckee Chief and he was a Nevada-bred horse. He had in his veins a broad strain of the same blood as The Tetrarch. This prating of family ties may appear trivial to the uninitiated but it *is* important because without the blood of Truckee Chief and Minute Man in me I would have been just another horse and what of it?

The descendants of Lexington—particularly the chestnuts—frequently compliment their royal ancestor by wearing black spots here and there on their persons. Mr. Jerry says this peculiarity sticks out on them like the Hapsburg lip on the King of Spain. And The Tetrarch, to whom my sire was a first cousin, was an iron-gray with pure white spots about the size of a half dollar all over him. I was born a silver roan, with jet-black forelock, mane and tail, a black muzzle and a circle of black around each eye. But the crowning proof of the great blood in me was a profusion of jet black spots about as big as a dollar scattered as thickly over my hide as the white spots are scattered on The Tetrarch.

"What the devil have we got here," says the boss of the Broken Wagon Wheel outfit, "a colt or a tiger cat?" The boys had just come in from the range after rounding up the brood mares and foals and bringing them to the ranch headquarters for the winter. "This colt is an Appalouse," he went on. "They're born once in a blue moon." (Horses with my peculiar color scheme are known in the West as Appalouses. I don't know why.) "He's six months old," the boss continued, "and he isn't any bigger than the average three-months-old colt."

"I claim him, you old walloper," sings out the boss' son, Art, a husky, joyous rascal then about sixteen years old. He always called his father some such name, and his father liked that because it was pal-to-pal talk.

"All right, General Nuisance," says the boss. "He's yours. But you sure are the king of optimists. This runt will never be bigger'n a circus pony."

"He's small, like his ma, and his sire don't weight more'n a thousand pounds, Useless," says Art, "but maybe he'll be a big little horse. He's built like a brick barn. He's got short legs with heavy bone and his feet are good. He'll be a weight carrier."

"He's just a runt, my boy."

"He's beautiful, Bonehead," says Art. "I'm going to call him Beautiful Jimmy."

Really, I don't recall that Art ever broke me. It seemed perfectly natural for me to coöperate with him in doing anything he wanted to do with me. I was a crackerjack cow pony by the time I was a four-year-old and Art used me as a hazing horse at rodeos.

PROBABLY you don't know what a hazing horse is, so I'll tell you. When an outlaw horse has been topped by a rider and is doing his stuff all over the field, the hazing horse follows; when the rebel quits pitching and starts to run away the hazing horse runs alongside him, crosses over against his neck and turns him in circles; when he is thus stopped for an instant the hazing horse swings in alongside him and the outlaw's rider slips off him, the hazing horse's rider gives him an arm and swings him up in back of him, while somebody else picks up the outlaw. I used to relish a hazing job, for I have no use for a tough guy, whether man or horse; and just because I was a little fellow it pandered to my conceit to hustle the big fellows around.

I went with Art, now twenty years old, over the rodeo circuit. Art could ride anything he could cinch a saddle on, he could bulldog steers with the best of them and when he threw his loop at something he snagged it. He was a grand-looking young person and when mounted on me in the big street parade before the show started we certainly used to knock the eyes out of the girls. He roped off me and bulldogged off me and at every show where he competed in roping and bulldogging he won first-day money and first-final money every time.

It must have been ordained that my life line should be crossed by women, for I have been mixed up in two love affairs in my day—one between Art and the school teacher over on Bear Creek, and the other between Mr. Jerry and Toto Lee. The school teacher never looked good to me; she was a poor rider, always frightened, and had bad hands into the bargain. So I have forgotten her name. But I shall never forget Toto. She's my mistress now and I have a feeling she will never part with me. Her father gave her that name. Toto, I have heard, is Latin for all, and she is all he has. If she has another name I have not heard it as yet. Incidentally she's a horsewoman of no mean ability, she has the courage of a couple of bear cats and hands like velvet.

The school teacher hailed from Chicago and made the country girls out our way look like frumps. None of the girls in our country liked her but she certainly made a hit with the youth of the land. There was a lot of competition and Art was foolish enough to declare himself in. A knot-headed cow person by the name of Whitey Churchill lets it be known he intends giving this school teacher a Palamino pony just as soon as he's got the animal properly gentled. You know what a Palamino pony is, don't you? . . . Well, he's cream-colored with silver forelock, mane and tail. And this particular Palamino was mighty handsome. So, in order to tie a knot in Whitey Churchill's tail Art went crazy and gave me to the silly school teacher.

I think he figured he'd get me back again when he married the girl, but she fooled us both. When the school trustees decided not to renew her contract on account of so much talk about what a flighty girl she was, she decided she'd had enough of the wild and woolly West and went back to Chicago. She didn't say good-by to Art and she shipped me off with a consignment of thoroughbred horses from the Truckee Meadows Stock Farm. It seems she knew the trainer and, as they had plenty of room and had to pay a minimum carload rate anyhow, another horse could go free. Which I did, and stood up all the way, and groused about it and pinned back my ears. I made up my mind that the first time that school teacher mounted me for a ride I'd pick a soft spot and slide out from under her. Then, of course, she'd sell me. I wanted to belong to a man. He is a mighty low order of man who doesn't give a good horse a square deal. Indeed, it is a rare thing for a man not to take care of his horse before taking care of himself.

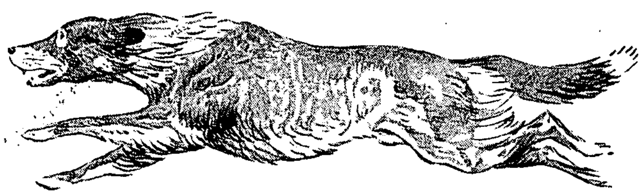
WELL, I never got to buck the school teacher off and I did acquire a man for a master; to wit, Mr. Jerry Grinstead, owner of the La Crescenta stable. Mr. Jerry's stock farm is in California and he had two carloads of horses on the same train with me. At the division terminals he would get out of his drawing-room and come back to look at his horses and get a report on them from his trainer. Once he looked in at the horses of the Truckee Meadow Stock Farm and saw me. I noticed I was the only horse he looked at.

When we unloaded at the platform at Washington Park race track at Homewood, Illinois, just outside Chicago, the school teacher was on hand with a van to receive me. But Mr. Jerry and Toto Lee were standing around there, too, Toto and her father having driven out to meet Mr. Jerry. Pretty soon I heard Toto Lee say: "Oh, Jerry, do look at that adorable pony!"

Mr. Jerry helped himself to a good look at me; then he came over and opened my mouth and looked at my teeth to see how old I was; he ran his hands down my shins, picked up my feet and looked into my hoofs, looked into my eyes, plucked at my ribs and slapped me in the belly. When you get a familiar slap in the belly from a man it's a sign he approves of you. The school teacher saw Mr. Jerry had class and good looks. He's about thirty-two years old and knows how to dress. So she decided to make his acquaintance.

"My little horse *is* rather nice; don't you think so?" she cooed to Mr. Jerry—and I saw Toto Lee's lovely little pug nose go up just a little. Mr. Jerry looked at the school teacher in a businesslike way and said: "I'm in the market for a track pony. Do you want to sell this little chap?"

She was a smart one, that school teacher. I think she was a gold digger at heart and would sell anything for a price. "Well, possibly," she simpered. "What will you give?"



"Well, he's only a cold-blooded range pony and, while he seems gentle enough, I know nothing of his manners. He's worth a hundred dollars to me."

"Why, I wouldn't think of selling him for a cent less than two hundred dollars."

Mr. Jerry took out two one-hundred-dollar bills and passed them to her. Two hundred dollars is a lot of money for a school teacher, so she took it. After all, I hadn't cost her anything and the deal was all clear profit to her. Then Mr. Jerry gave the groom who had looked after me en route ten dollars and before you could say "They're off" I was in a box over in a stable at the Washington Park race track.

I'd never been in a box before and I saw right away that I was going to lead the life of Riley. I had a foot of clean fresh straw for bedding and I could walk around and make myself at home.

A GROOM came and washed me off with warm water and castile soap, for I was very dirty. Then he scraped me and rubbed me dry, brushed me, cleaned out my feet, put a blanket on me and gave me good Michigan timothy hay. At five o'clock he gave me a big feed of crushed oats and bran, although he protested at this and said that all I needed to keep fit was plenty of hay.

Whom did he say this to? To Toto Lee, if you please. "Oh, do be nice to him, Bill," she pleaded. "He's a lovely horse."

So I knew I had a friend at court. After I'd had my supper I stuck my head out the half-door and saw a big, liver-colored chestnut with lop ears and a parrot mouth standing with his head out his box. "Hello there, neighbor," I nickered. "My name's Beautiful Jimmy. What's yours?"

He rolled a mean eye at me and said: "What is it to you, runt?"

"Not a thing on earth," I replied cheerfully. "Mere idle curiosity."

"You're just the track pony," he growled, "and are not supposed to get familiar with your social superiors."

"How do you get that way?" I squealed.

"I'm a thoroughbred and you're a cold-blooded scrub, that's how. I can run a mile in a minute and thirty-six seconds on a fast track."

"That's certainly going some," I answered, "but what can you do in the mud?"

"I am not a mud horse," he snorted.

"Indeed," I taunted him. "You throw so much of it I thought you were."

A nicker of laughter from the box on my left caused me to glance in that direction and I saw a pretty little filly who had been listening in on our spat. "Low-ball, Beautiful Jimmy," she said. "Cut it out or you'll get in Dutch around here and one of these days that big boy will kick your slats in."

I bowed to the lady. "And your name, Miss?"

"I am called Princess Haphesie. That's an Osage Indian word and means Daughter of the Moon. I'm by Moonraker and was bred in Oklahoma."

"Thank you, Princess. And who might be the unmannerly lout with the lop ears? He seems inclined to hide his identity."

"Oh, he's a stake horse and his name is Bud O'Reilly."

"Is he the O'Reilly they speak of so highly?"

"Well, he's a money horse."

"And you?"

"I've only done four and a half furlongs, but I won the Futurity at Agua Caliente this spring, and copped three more at Tanforan Park. I expect to get six furlongs by fall, and that's about all you can ask of a two-year-old filly."

"Who is that girl they call Toto, Princess?"

"She's the daughter of Jim Lee, who has six horses in the stable next door. Mr. Jerry is nuts about her. She exercises horses for her father once in a while. She hasn't any mother and she and Jim Lee travel the racing circuit together."

"And who is Mr. Jerry?"

"He's our master and he's nice. He has more money than some folks have hay."

"Oh, quit your talk, you little gossip," yelled Bud O'Reilly and kicked the side of his box. "Haven't you any self-respect? The way you've chummed up with this Nobody from Nowhere is a positive disgrace."

I backed to the rear of my box and leaped over the half-door to the ground under the porch where they walk the horses when they're cooling them off. I made a run for Bud O'Reilly, my mouth open and my teeth bared, and bit him once; then the big false-alarm let out a squeal and backed to the rear of his box. There wasn't enough take-off for a jump or I'd have gone in after him, for, being a little fellow, I could just make it through the half-door without touching the top. So I stuck my head in and cussed him out good and plenty, until Bill, the groom, came and put me back in my box. After that he put a wire screen up in the half-door and called me a little devil.

AFTER that I had a good deal of trouble with several of the thoroughbreds; and one day I heard the exercise boy say to Mr. Jerry, "Boss, this is a pony and a half. He never bothers them until they bother him, but once they start it he finishes it. And can Beautiful Jimmy run? Oh, no. All he can do is fly."

Mr. Jerry stroked my foaming neck and I nuzzled his cheek. Then Toto Lee came out of her father's tackroom and joined us. "Jimmy's too hard-boiled for a track pony, Jerry," she declared. "Better sell him to me for just a pony. He'll injure some of your horses."

"He certainly bit Bud O'Reilly, but I guess Bud deserved it. That horse is as mean as they make them when he's around other horses."

"Never mind Bud O'Reilly. I suggested that you sell me Beautiful Jimmy."

"The day you marry me, Toto, I'll give him to you for a wedding present."

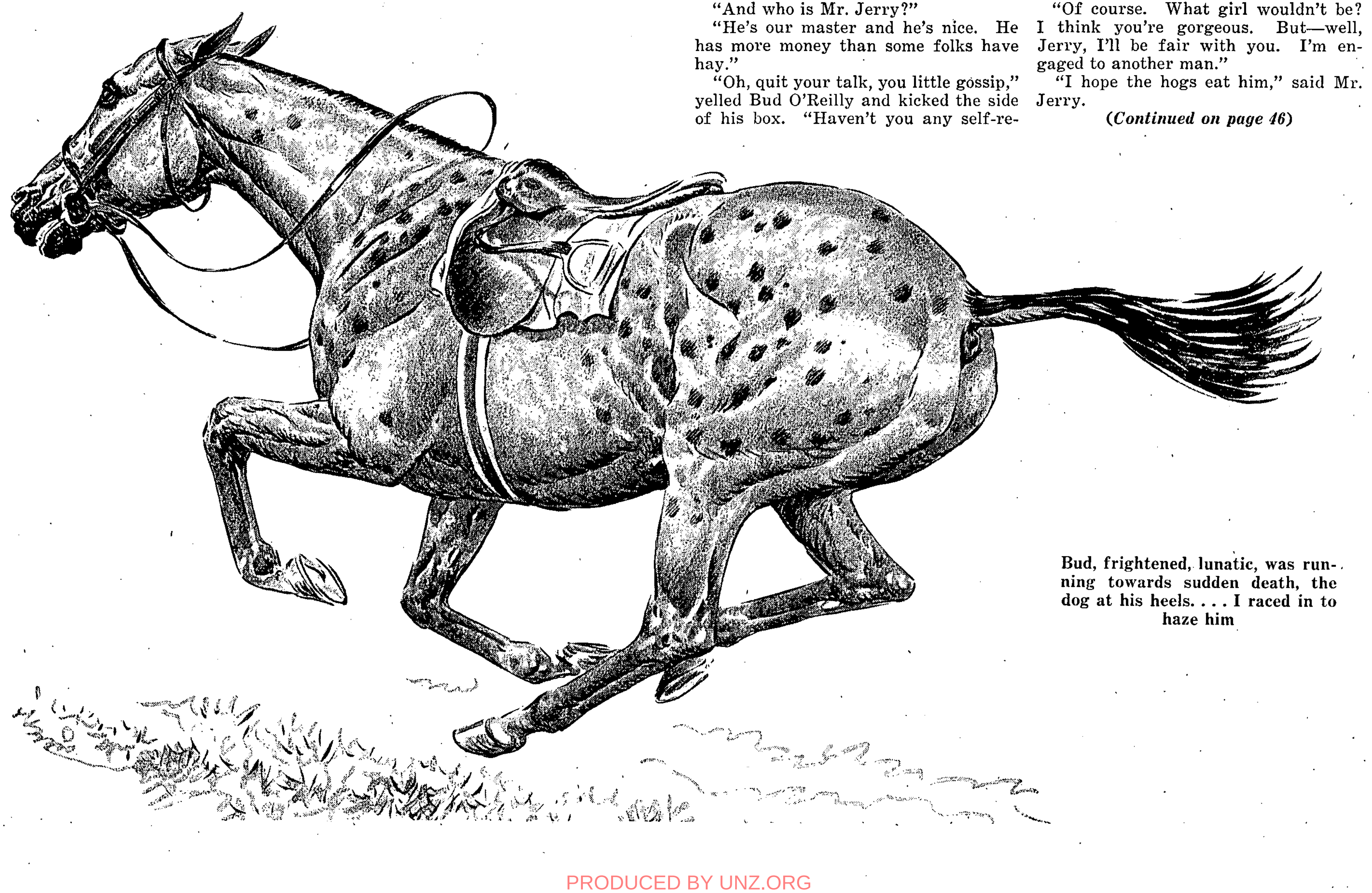
"But haven't I told you, Jerry, I don't love you enough to want to marry you? I haven't known you very long."

"Still you're just a bit interested in me, aren't you, Toto?"

"Of course. What girl wouldn't be? I think you're gorgeous. But—well, Jerry, I'll be fair with you. I'm engaged to another man."

"I hope the hogs eat him," said Mr. Jerry.

(Continued on page 46)

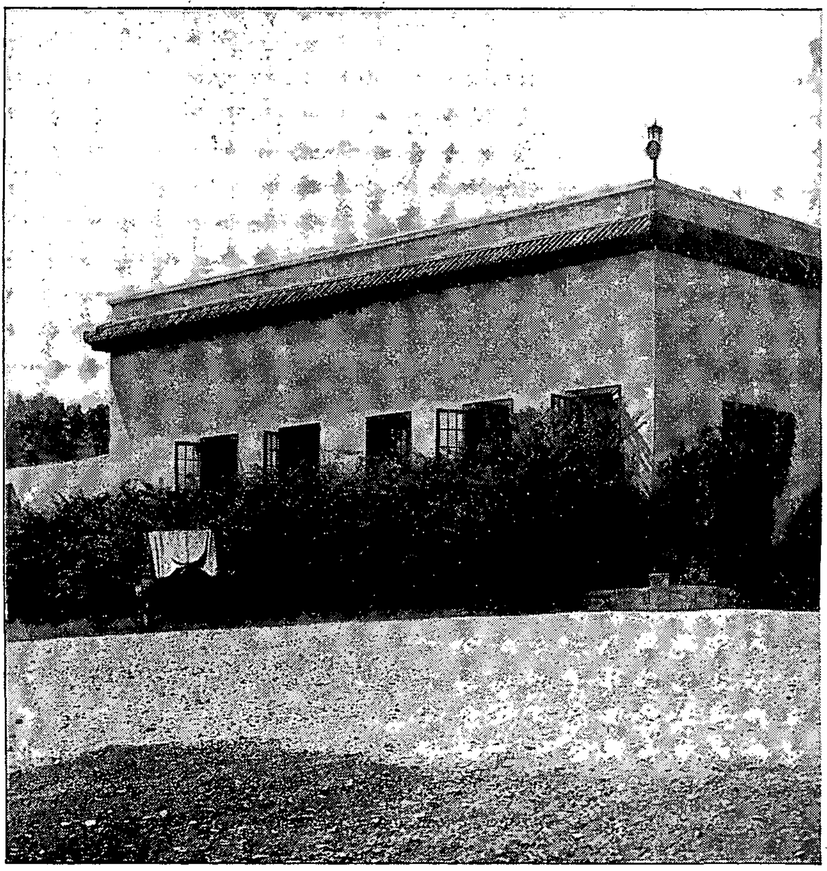


Bud, frightened, lunatic, was running towards sudden death, the dog at his heels. . . . I raced in to haze him

Sin takes a Hot Bath

Armored against the wiles of Satan by a general dispensation given him by the Rev. Mr. Quapaw Jones, Walter Davenport ventured into Hot Springs, which is, as the righteous know, a very pleasant hotbed of iniquity. Time was when Hot Springs was merely a hotbed of iniquity and not pleasant at all, but Mayor McLaughlin has changed that. Its mixed deviltry has been reduced to one brand and that brand made orderly and profitable. The town now enjoys freedom from crime and excellent civic health. Everybody's welcome. All you need is money to pay for your fun and an intention to mind your own business

By Walter Davenport



The Belvedere Club, where Hot Springs' transient élite gamble in an atmosphere of refinement carefully fostered by Mr. William Jacobs

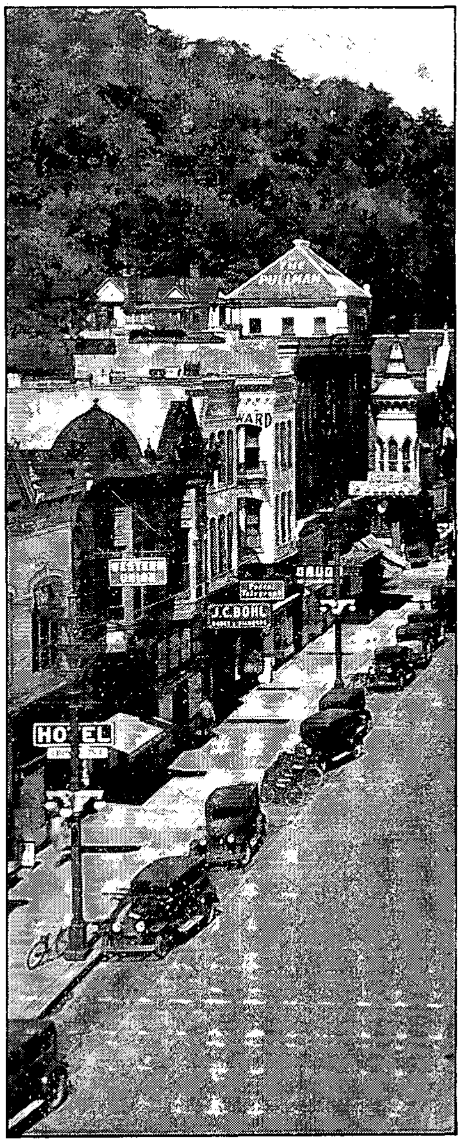
IN ONE of the thousand and one convolutions of the Little Rock highway, just north of Mr. Bill Jacobs' Belvedere Club, stood the Rev. Mr. Quapaw Jones to give the traveler fair warning. His pulpit was a great, slab-sided rock on which he had painted the information that the wages of sin is death. Above his cylinder of a head (his hair seemed to grow straight up and his beard fell plumb to his diaphragm) quivered a cotton banner, its ends lashed to tall poles, whereon he had inscribed a general denunciation of sin.

We were lucky to meet him. Business hasn't been good on either side of the moral issue; but it was one of Mr. Jones' days to trust humanity. He hasn't been his usually industrious self, having no truck whatever with strangers at night since the evening he was stuck up by an automobile-load of marauders who not only robbed him of seven dollars and some cents but tied his whiskers to a sapling and his hands behind his back. Indisputably a dirty trick.

Free of charge he will warn you to proceed no farther along that road lest you arrive in Hot Springs unprepared, and suffer permanent damage to your soul. For a dime he will fix it so that you can linger a little in that astonishing city without being contaminated—provided you are a mere contemplator of folly, not a participant. But for two bits or more he will give you a general dispensation on the ground that anyone of your generosity is equipped with a mind too high for the devil to reach. We gave him two bits.

Virtue versus Solvency

Thus armored against the attack of Satan, we proceeded to Hot Springs. Even before we met the Rev. Mr. Jones and purchased immunization, we had been warned. The Rev. Ben Bogard, pastor of Antioch Missionary Baptist Church in Little Rock, had made it clear that Hot Springs was a Sodom with modern plumbing and other gimcracks of a sin-seeking world. The Rev. Dr. A. C. Millar, editor of the Arkansas Methodist and chairman of the Arkansas Home Protective Association, was waging valiant battle against the latest of Hot Springs' flirting with mammon—this new ninety-day divorce law which, unless thwarted, would fetch the world by thousands to multiply Arkansas' already crushing shame.



A. H. Smith

The gay side of Central Avenue, Hot Springs' most important business street

I don't presume to debate sin with Mr. Bogard nor Dr. Millar, who have devoted long careers to fighting it hand-to-hand. Perhaps it is wrong to gamble. Perhaps it were better for a city to be bankrupt, to be unlovely, to be rubbish-pocked, tax-stifled and unemployed than to shake hands with a bookmaker and make room for a faro dealer. Hot Springs doesn't think so.

Or maybe the United States Government should stop the curative waters, thus depriving the gamblers of their rich visitors and starving the imperturbable Mr. Jacobs and his affable hired men out of the state. Apparently the government isn't considering it.

But someone else can struggle with these moral problems. What we are concerned with is the remarkable civic health of Hot Springs, its uncommon serenity, its freedom from run-of-the-mill crime, its tolerance of all who assiduously mind their own business, its freedom from the evils of cumbrous political machinery and the simplicity of its one-man government.

After seeing New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Detroit, Los Angeles and similar superior cities spend billions for the preposterous macaroni they call government, one views little Hot Springs with respect.

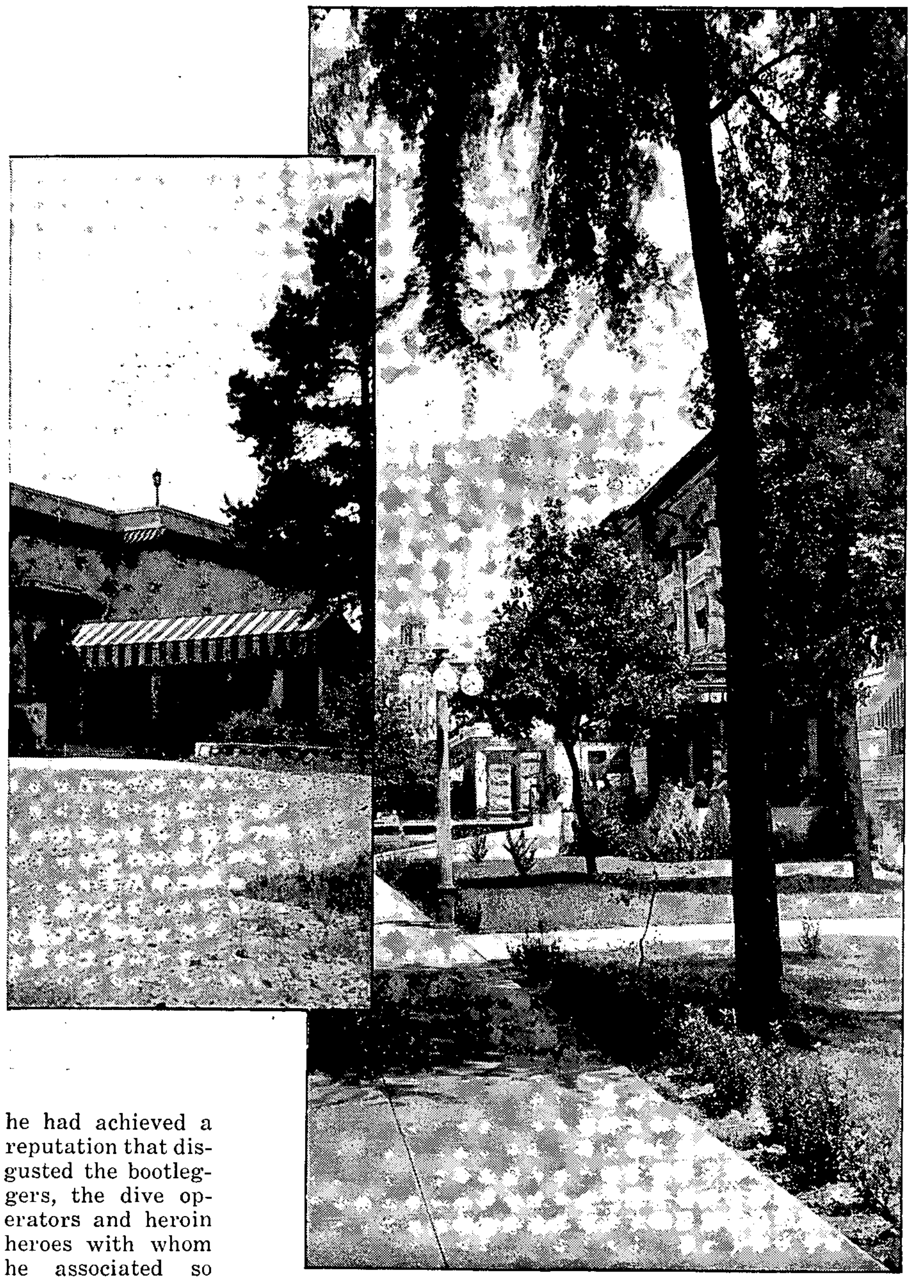
The name of this one-man government is Leo P. McLaughlin. Mr. McLaughlin is mayor of Hot Springs. He is head of the police. He runs the fire department. He decides whether streets should be paved. He is, in short, the public works. Mr. McLaughlin appears to be the whole governmental machine and I found nobody with proof to the contrary.

The Land of the Free—and Easy

There is, for some reason, a nominal chief of police and a boss fireman; but these are creations of Mr. McLaughlin's modesty. However, he tells them whom to arrest and whose fire to put out. All figuratively speaking, you understand.

Mr. McLaughlin, a practical moralist serving a third term, is distinctly unfriendly to crime and disaster, his definition of crime being something that the individual does not want to happen to him. Make the visitor pay, says Mr. McLaughlin; but give him so much fun that he forgets the price. Gangsters and clergymen, racketeers and dear old ladies with rusty joints, bankers and two-bit chiselers, kings and communists, gunmen and vegetarians, journalists and respectables—all, all are welcome to Hot Springs to cure their aches, indulge their weaknesses, cultivate their virtues. And as long as they pursue their individual ways, observing the great law of their neighbors' rights, Mr. McLaughlin guarantees them freedom, protection, encouragement and (who knows?) their carfare home.

There arrived in Hot Springs, about the time I did, a peculiarly offensive gentleman called Bugle Lazarus. Mr. Lazarus had come from St. Louis, where



Eckler, Hot Springs

Bathhouse Row, called "the Main Street to Health," to which thousands of visitors are annually attracted by the famed springs

he had achieved a reputation that disgusted the bootleggers, the dive operators and heroin heroes with whom he associated so much that they ostracized him as socially impossible and incidentally shot him twice. Mr. Lazarus had served several well-earned terms in jail for crimes of a low order and had come to Hot Springs seeking health and ideas.

He was in town just fifteen minutes when Mr. McLaughlin, accompanied by Mr. Joe Wakelin, Chief of Police, called upon him.

"What are you doing here, Bugle?" asked Mr. McLaughlin.

"I have come," said Mr. Lazarus, "to take the baths."

"I see," said Mr. McLaughlin. "Who's your doctor?"

Mr. Lazarus named the physician under whose directions he purposed boiling out.

"Let's consult him together," said Mr. McLaughlin.

The doctor acknowledged Mr. Lazarus as his patient, setting forth Mr. Lazarus' complaints, which indicated that, after all, there is still some justice in the world.

"All right," said Mr. McLaughlin to Mr. Lazarus. "Now what else have you in mind to do, Bugle?"

"Why, nothing, Mr. McLaughlin. Me? Why, listen, Mr.—"

"Okay, Bugle, okay. Stick to it. And remember, you haven't any friends here so don't try to find any. See?"

"Sure, Mr. McLaughlin."

To comprehend how this sort of thing works in Hot Springs, you must know something of the history of Mr. McLaughlin's home town, his home town in every sense.

P. & A.

Mayor Leo P. McLaughlin (right), Hot Springs' one-man government

Even before the celebrated Diamond Joe built his narrow-gauge railroad into Hot Springs in the seventies, thereby hooking the town to the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern road, Hot Springs has been a gamblers' rendezvous. Like spas the world over, gamblers make it their workshop. The best explanation I can give you for the curious affinity between medicinal springs and gambling is that the cure is costly and the patients simply have to have money. Further, the bathers are seldom so sick that they lack interest in recreation, and, suffering for the most part from the ills of overindulgence which the poor man rarely contracts, they find pleasure in spending on roulette what they might lay out for more gout. Sporting folk with sporting ailments.

When Diamond Joe came to Hot Springs in a mountaineer's buckboard seeking surcease from his rheumatism and almost dying at every jolt, gunpowder was the law and one's winnings depended largely upon the speed and efficiency of one's gun. Bryan O'Lynn was the hero of Central Avenue, having removed several sports from the scene, prominent among them being Minnehan, the deputy marshal, who didn't gamble but used cavalry pistols and a little brief authority to pry graft out of those who did. Mr. Minnehan died praying.

After the railroad was built the town took on stature and the gamblers took on the town. There was none of the order that Mr. McLaughlin insists upon. The strongest arm ruled. Nobody got a square deal if it was possible to deny it to him. Gamblers who would prefer being honest were forced to skullduggery by the two-house and brace-game boys and cheaters like the McTague's Corners crowd. The town got a bad name and all gamblers were regarded as public enemies—from the enterprising and dependable Dan Stuart, Charlie Dugan and Charlie Walker of the Southern Club and Kirk Gunn and Cy James of the Arkansas Club down to the sinister Johnny Sherman, Frank Flynn, Ed Smith and Johnny Ellison.

Feuds were depriving the nongambling element of their rightful sleep. Ed Smith, enlisting a platoon of killers like the Pruett boys, Jimmy Harrington, Johnny Ellison and Hardhead Munn, riddled every house within gunshot in their effort to depose Frank Smith from political control of the town. Lone workers like Buzz Evans had a way of descending upon the place without warning and shooting everything visible, including windows and weather vanes. Of course they were usually killed before the party ended but the carnage was becoming a great nuisance and there was no organizer like Mr. McLaughlin to set things straight.

Moreover, the county officials (the sheriff and his deputies) took vigorous exception to the town police force's weekly levies on the gamblers, the county men being pardonably eager for their cut of the money. They settled it in the conventional fashion, the sheriffs killing practically all the police in one joyous battle. This was entirely too much for that portion of the citizenry which had the idea that, after all, the baths were the important part of Hot Springs. Potential customers were growing coyer and coyer, presently deciding to stay away altogether, their reasoning being that it were better to suffer their pains at home than to take them to Hot Springs to be shot to death.

Whereat a vigilante committee was organized by gentlemen who courted no publicity. Several gamblers who had let it be understood that under no circumstances would they be gentlemen were escorted up South Mountain and shot with speed and precision.

Another Hot Springs Cure

Others, who weren't quite certain how they might comport themselves in the future, were toted out of town, walloped briskly with three-foot lengths of leather traces and, in a few instances, told just where they would be shot were they to reappear in Hot Springs—the spots being marked on the living gambler's skull with the point of a knife blade. You can see how things were.

This is, to be sure, a brief and probably inadequate outline of those carnival days. What I hope to make clear is that politically as well as morally the town was chaos. Authority was divided. There was no one man strong enough or sagacious enough to control both ends of Central Avenue and maintain peace in the middle. If the boys at McTague's Corners ran out of suckers they all turned steerers and poached upon the preserves of the more decorous joints. Confidence men, wire tappers, plain bandits and fancy promoters hooked fat suckers at the railroad station and scaled them clean before they could reach the gambler's door or the doctor's office. This was not only unsportsmanlike but equally bad business for the roulette wheel, the handbook and the baths themselves, for even then the town was as full of hungry doctors as the interne room of a large city hospital.

Prohibition, its merits and demerits, does not enter the tale at all, although in those days there were so many bars in Hot Springs that it was idle to throw a man out of a saloon because, no matter how hard or how softly or in what direction he was thrown, he was almost sure to land in another. But as I say, the business of consuming alcoholic beverages does not enter the situation because today the only reason a man lacks a drink in Hot Springs is because he doesn't want it.

Curbing the Profiteer

Another vital aspect before we proceed with the reign of the young, vigorous and alert Mr. McLaughlin. Hot Springs is a National Park. The springs and the land in which they well are owned by the United States of America. What curative properties they possess I leave to doctors and those who have sought relief in them. But the government, in 1832, took the forty-six bubblers unto itself with a view to preventing their exploitation by quacks and profiteers. And a very good thing too.

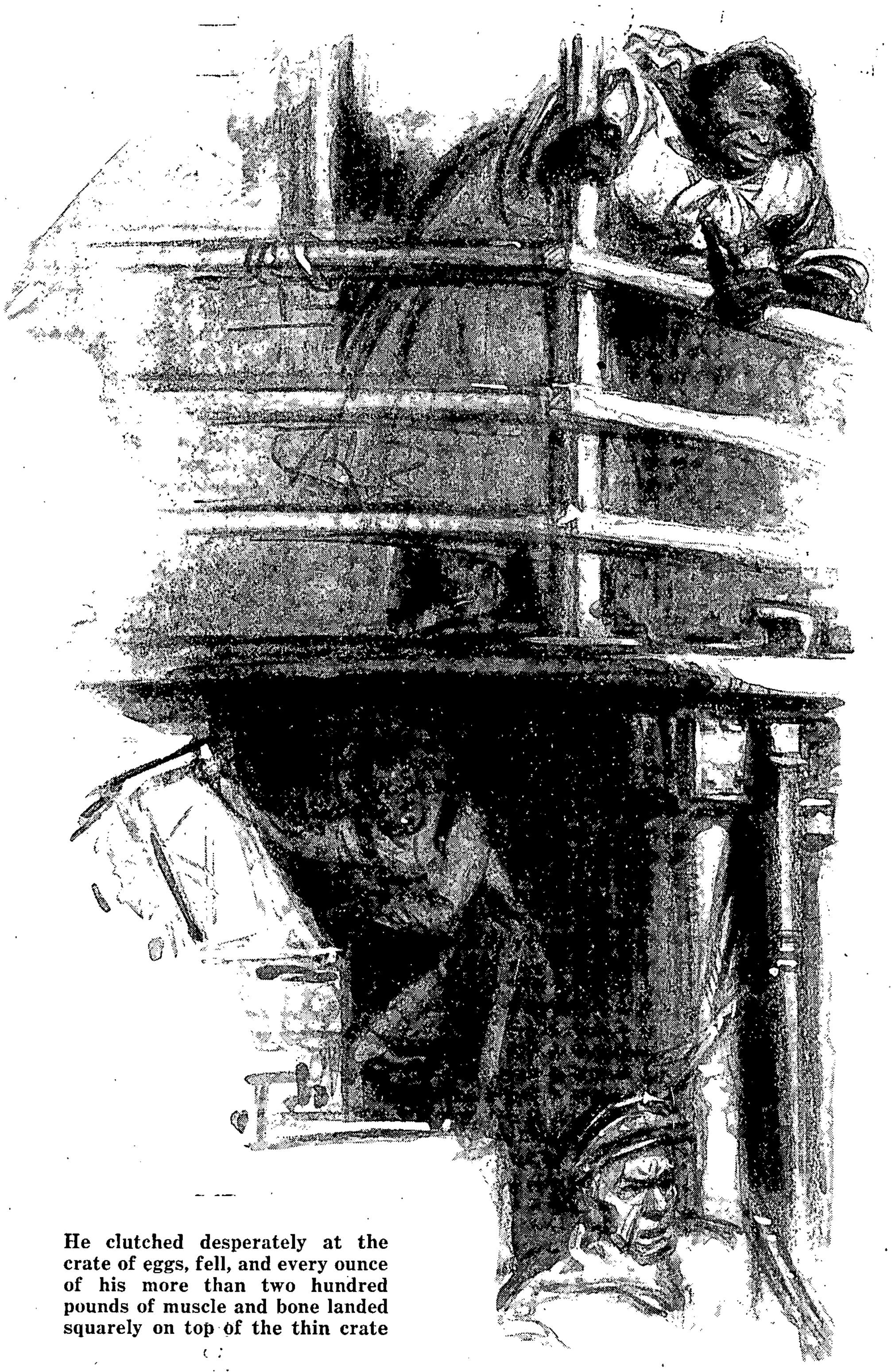
Therefore the incorporated city of Hot Springs gets no direct financial benefits from the pools. Nevertheless, upon this town of less than 16,000 population there descend every year upward of 250,000 visitors. Even out of the season—during the hot Arkansas summer months—it is not at all unusual for the town to be host to 35,000 strangers at one time.

(*Continued on page 34*)

The Dirty Dozens

Bugaboo Jones gets the last word—too soon

By Roark Bradford



He clutched desperately at the crate of eggs, fell, and every ounce of his more than two hundred pounds of muscle and bone landed squarely on top of the thin crate

"OR ELSE," concluded Bugaboo Jones sadly, "I'm jest gittin' plain woman-weary." The conclusion did not come until after nearly an hour's sleep and contemplation. He realized, as soon as the John D. Grace pulled away from Donaldsonville, that something was wrong. He knew he should have had a heap of fun at the Donaldsonville landing jaw-jawing with Champie because Champie was a long-legged, saucy-mouthed girl and she fell in with Bugaboo's jokes and smart talk, naturally.

Good-timing with the womenfolks at the landings was what made steamboating fun instead of work. And having fun was the only thing that made Bugaboo Jones stay with steamboats. The fact that he was as stout as a mule and one of the best, if not the best, roustabout on the Mississippi River meant practically nothing to him. He had no trace of what might be called professional pride. Being merely a good roustabout was nothing to him, and being the best roustabout was little more. But being so conspicuously good at it that Old Folks, the hard-boiled driver, and Cap'm Sam, the harder-boiled mate, always had a good word for him in front of strangers was the spiritual food upon which his happy soul thrived.

If he toted two sacks of sugar when the other rousters toted only one, it was to show the people at the landing how stout he was. If he was always dancing up the gangplank before it actually touched the levee top, it was because he wanted the people to see him as an individual man instead of seeing him as just another roustabout among two dozen more. If he sang a song or made a joke, it was because he felt like singing and joking, and when he felt that way his condition was contagious, and when people joked and sang back to him it made him happy.

And now he had gone through the customary antics at the Donaldsonville landing and everybody had laughed at his tricks and smart talk. And Champie, the good-looking girl with the big mouth, had walked up and down the plank by his side three times, admiring him frankly and laughing loudest at every one of his smart remarks. And it hadn't been a lick of fun.

"MAYBE," he said, in dreary boredom, "hit's 'cause de fo'ks ain't smart enough wid dey tawk to keep me instrusted. Or else"—he shook his head sadly at the thought of it—"I'm jest gittin' plain woman-weary."

He looked drearily at the sky for a while, allowing his soul to wallow in the bitter pool of ennui. Then he rolled over on his side and saw Big Raney.

He had noticed Big Raney when she waddled aboard the boat at Donaldsonville, but he didn't pay her any mind. She was just another of the country persons that occasionally got on the boat. And she was too fat, too. And anyway, he was making big talk with Champie at the time she got on the boat.

Now, however, with Champie and Donaldsonville miles astern, and Big Raney within twenty feet of him, he instinctively turned his attention upon her. She was a big woman and a fat woman.

"Must weigh three hund'ed pounds," he guessed. "Paint her white and put her in a tow sack and she'd be a bale er pyore cotton."

Big Raney was eating sugar cane with the complacency of a cow chewing her cud. She was barefooted and her feet were cocked upon the boiler deck rail. A home-made sunbonnet hung down her back, dangling from strings loosely knotted under her chin. Her dress was of the plainest calico, and made Mother Hubbard style, caught only at the waistline, and that with a loose belt of the same material. And she was as black as a rainy midnight in June.

"SHO' is country," Bugaboo estimated. "Country all over, and den a heap more." And he watched her with more interest.

Guilelessly she peeled a joint of the cane, crammed it, bite by bite, into her mouth and chewed steadily for a minute. Then with a single muscular contortion of her throat and jaws which fascinated Bugaboo immensely, she swallowed the juice she had extracted from the pulp and at the same time expelled the residue from her mouth, discharging it into the river. Bugaboo grinned.

"So country," he pronounced to himself, "I bet she got fleas. I bet she got wood ticks on her. And I bet she so flat-footed de hollow of her foots makes a hole in de ground when she wawks." Then, without the slightest mental effort, he made up a little song and sang to her:

"Country woman, don't you come to de city
'Cause de way you looks is a dog-gone pity;
Foots all bare and yo' clothes ain't clean—
Countriest ole stuff I ever seen;
Oh, kind mamma, ain't dat a cockeyed shame!"

Big Raney discharged another mouthful of used sugar cane into the river and grinned down upon the roustabout.

"Well, awright!" she said. "Dat sounds like de dirty dozens tawk to me, and hit ain't never yit been no man c'd put me in de dozens. Or else efn hit is, I wants to see him."

Bugaboo, his boredom completely forgotten, sat up and faced Big Raney. "Lady," he said, "you's tawkin' 'bout my game when you tawks de dozens tawk. Me, I kin slip you in de dozens so quick you won't know how I done hit! Play de dozens wid me? Lawd, Lawd! When you tawks about de dozens you's tawkin' 'bout me!"

"I ain't tawkin' 'bout you, son," Big Raney stated. "I's tawkin' 'bout yo' mamma. But I won't call her name 'cause hit wan't writ on de side er de cage when de circus comed through."

Bugaboo was enthusiastic. Here was a woman that knew the words, and she knew how to say them!

"Or else," amended Bugaboo, brightly, "you was out washin' yo' daddy's onliest shirt so's he c'd go out, and didn't git to see de circus."

BUGABOO knew that was a pretty fast retort and he felt proud of himself for having snapped it out so quickly. And as for Big Raney, she realized she was up against a fast-talking one herself. But she was not in the least disturbed. She merely sang a catchy little tune:

"Oh, you dirty mistreater,
You robber and you cheater,
I'll slip you in de dozens—
De monkey is yo' cousin,
And yo' papa climb a coconut tree."

"Well, awright," laughed Bugaboo. "You must er learnt dat one when you was swingin' round amongst de limbs by yo' tail."

"Maybe I did," declared Big Raney. "And dat's how come you ain't never learnt hit before. 'Cause you didn't had no tail to swing 'round amongst de limbs by. 'Cause de 'rangy-tang ain't got no tail and he got to wawk upside down on de limbs."

They both laughed. The sudden discovery that he had found a sure-enough smart-talking woman when he was expecting nothing but a tiresome old country woman gave Bugaboo something of an idea. Here was a woman—not much to look at, and certainly not the kind of woman a big man like Bugaboo would think of going around with. But she had a quick, jolly tongue in her head, and she surely knew how to use it. How grand it would be, he figured, if he could make some kind of arrangement with her whereby she would sit on the boiler deck at the landings and throw her fast smart talk at him, so he could fling it back at her! The people would like that. After all, a fast-talking man really couldn't be at his best unless there was a fast-talking woman to challenge his skill.

The possibilities raced through his mind. The more he thought of it, the

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better he liked the idea. He could see the big woman sitting upon the boiler deck, hurling pointed words at him all the way up the gangplank, and he could hear his own retorts, even faster and sharper than hers.

The idea became so vivid in his mind that he pictured himself at the Plaquemine landing, which the boat would make next. There was a girl named Dora there who would simply be burned down with the talk she would hear.

"Might make her a little jealous, too . . ." He grinned to himself. . . . "Got to make a gal jealous ev'y now'n den, or else she won't love me good."

He decided to confide his plan to the big woman on the boiler deck.

"You know what?" he asked, suddenly, by way of introducing the idea.

But Big Raney's mind was not working like that. She was still playing the "dirty dozens" with Bugaboo, and she had sat, poised mentally for anything the big man would say.

"No, what?" she snapped back at him, quick as a flash, and then laughed heartily at her own quick tongue.

There was only one answer to that one, and Bugaboo knew all the answers.

"Same thing," he said. "And a heap more like hit."

"Well," said Raney, "clean hit up, son. Clean hit up."

From that fresh start they plunged into another orgy of smart talk, with each side holding its own. Other roustabouts gathered around, and laughed at their jaw-jawing while the two principals discussed each other's ancestors, both immediate and remote, and dwelt at length upon the intimate personal habits of everybody discussed.

"I be dad gum my hide!" Bugaboo finally exclaimed. "I ain't had me so much fun since yo' maw quit doin' my washin'."

"Dat was long befo' you was bawn," Raney stated. "And you ain't had no washin' done since."

"Well," Bugaboo told her, "you keep he'pin' me make fun like dat, and maybe I let's you do my washin'."

"'TWOULDN'T be hard for me," Raney replied. "You ain't got nothin' to wash but de clothes you got on, and dey's so raggedy dey won't stand de suds. Let alone de washboa'd."

"You ought to know all about my clothes," Bugaboo countered. "'Cause you stole 'em f'm yo' husband and gived 'em to me."

Raney laughed and shook her head. "You de beatinest man!" she declared. "You de beatinest man I *ever* seed! You's pyore thunder 'n' lightnin', son, wid yo' dozens tawk! I swear to my soul you kin lay a lady out wid yo' jokes. I say, steal 'em f'm my husband and give 'em to you!" She slapped her leg and laughed loudly. "He'd have to be a mighty big husband to wear clothes which a man like you c'd git into! But efn he was, well, you sho' could have 'em!"

Technically, Bugaboo had "slipped Big Raney in the dozens." He had had the last word, and she had broken down and confessed it was too good a word for a retort from her. It was a victory. It was a victory won over the fastest-talking woman he had ever seen, and the victory was a sweet one. He was filled with a warm glow of satisfaction.

Then his mind turned from the game he had been playing to something else. There, right before him, was a big pile of freight that had to be toted off the boat at Plaquemine. Back of that pile of freight were other piles. Big ones. One for Baton Rouge, and one for Angola, where the state penitentiary was. That Angola landing ever was a hard one to get over. Hardly ever anybody at the landing but a couple of guards, and maybe a trusty prisoner or two, and so many boxes of canned groceries that it made Bugaboo tired and sleepy to think about it. There were other piles of freight, too, for Natchez and Vicksburg, but he didn't have to contemplate them. The sight of the Plaquemine stack was enough to make him sleepy. So he lay down on the deck and closed his eyes. The river's breeze and the boat's vibration did the rest for him.

In less than a minute he was dreaming that all the freight billed for Plaquemine had turned into a thousand good-looking women, and that he was in the center of the crowd, putting them all into the dozens so completely they were begging for mercy.

The anticipated fun at Plaquemine, however, melted away in one of those very wet, sticky rains that frequently come up in the midafternoon on the lower Mississippi and last throughout the night.

PLAQUEMINE turned out to be merely a half hour of hard work up and down a slippery gangplank, with no one to watch but the driver and the mate.

It was not until the Grace pulled into Baton Rouge the next day at noon that the sun came out, and with the sun, the good spirits that make for the joy of steamboating.

There was about an hour's work of straight toting at Baton Rouge. Miscellaneous freight from New Orleans, and a lot of country produce picked up at the way-landings down the river had to go ashore. A good-sized crowd of idlers was on hand when the boat landed, ever fascinated by the miracle of pomp and noise and the efficiency that always characterized the landing of old Captain Cooley's steamboats.

In the back of Bugaboo's head was the idea that he had thought up for fun at Plaquemine, away down the river. Now, if that fast-talking fat woman would stand on the boiler deck and shout jokes at him, he could give her all the answers loud enough for everybody to hear.

As he leaped to the gangplank, which was being lowered upon the bank, he glanced over his shoulder toward the boiler deck. Sure enough, there sat Big Raney.

The sight of her rather chilled his enthusiasm for a moment but, after all, it was two hundred feet or more from where she sat to the crowd of people on the bank, and maybe they wouldn't notice her too closely.

HE DANCED up the plank, putting a little more coonjine into his step than was necessary for the slope of the plank but, after all, what is the use of a man being the best coonjiner on the boat unless everybody gets a chance to see him at it?

Big Raney noticed it before he was halfway up the plank.

"Mind out, darlin'," she called, loudly, "or else you might spring offn dat stage and git yo' sweet se'f drownded!"

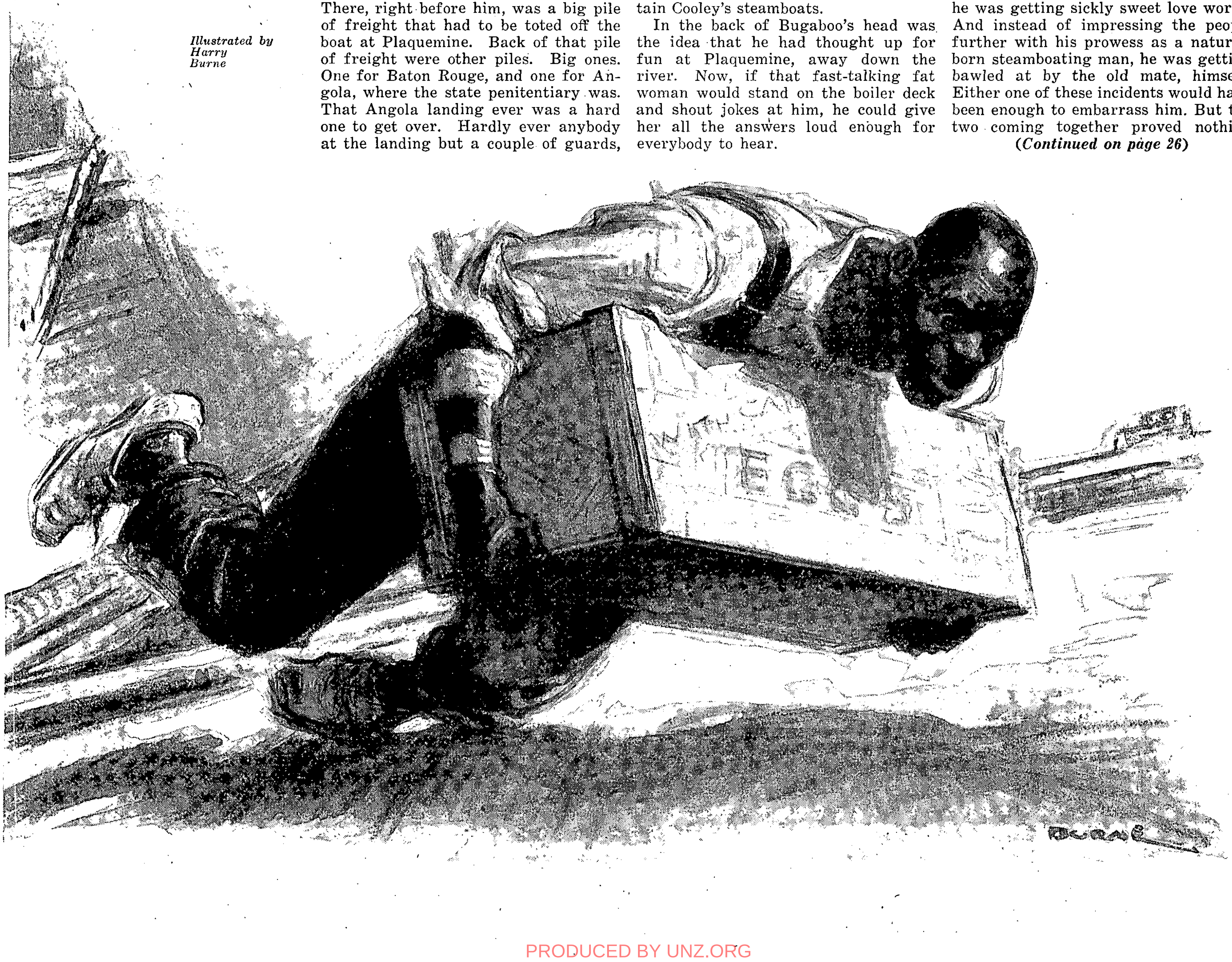
Bugaboo stopped dead still in the midst of a fancy step. "Say which, woman?" he demanded.

"Say don't fall offn dat boa'd, darlin'," Raney repeated, "and git yo' sweet se'f drownded in de river, honey."

"Hey—keep moving!" It was the mate calling from the main deck, and the roar of his voice reverberated like rumbling thunder. "We've got a steamboat to unload," he shouted. "You can save your sweet talk for your woman until after we pull out!"

Bugaboo staggered on up the plank, not quite able to understand what had happened. Vaguely he realized that instead of getting smart talk from the fat woman so he could clown more effectively for the people at the landing, he was getting sickly sweet love words. And instead of impressing the people further with his prowess as a natural-born steamboating man, he was getting bawled at by the old mate, himself. Either one of these incidents would have been enough to embarrass him. But the two coming together proved nothing

(Continued on page 26)



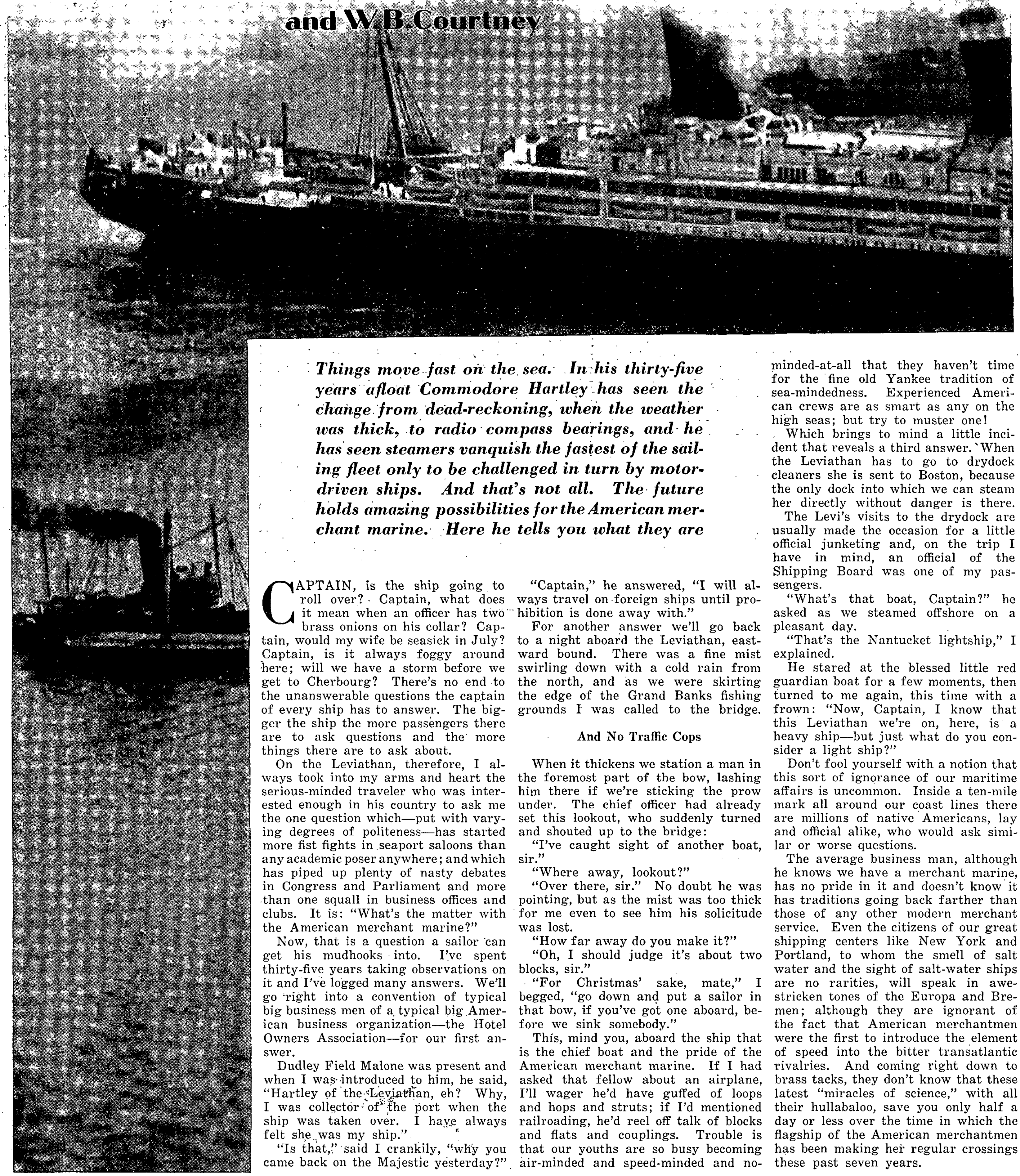
Illustrated by Harry Burne

Full Speed Ahead!

By Commodore Herbert Hartley

Former Commander S. S. Leviathan

and W. B. Courtney



Things move fast on the sea. In his thirty-five years afloat Commodore Hartley has seen the change from dead-reckoning, when the weather was thick, to radio compass bearings, and he has seen steamers vanquish the fastest of the sailing fleet only to be challenged in turn by motor-driven ships. And that's not all. The future holds amazing possibilities for the American merchant marine. Here he tells you what they are

CAPTAIN, is the ship going to roll over? Captain, what does it mean when an officer has two brass onions on his collar? Captain, would my wife be seasick in July? Captain, is it always foggy around here; will we have a storm before we get to Cherbourg? There's no end to the unanswerable questions the captain of every ship has to answer. The bigger the ship the more passengers there are to ask questions and the more things there are to ask about.

On the Leviathan, therefore, I always took into my arms and heart the serious-minded traveler who was interested enough in his country to ask me the one question which—put with varying degrees of politeness—has started more fist fights in seaport saloons than any academic poser anywhere; and which has piped up plenty of nasty debates in Congress and Parliament and more than one squall in business offices and clubs. It is: "What's the matter with the American merchant marine?"

Now, that is a question a sailor can get his mudhooks into. I've spent thirty-five years taking observations on it and I've logged many answers. We'll go right into a convention of typical big business men of a typical big American business organization—the Hotel Owners Association—for our first answer.

Dudley Field Malone was present and when I was introduced to him, he said, "Hartley of the Leviathan, eh? Why, I was collector of the port when the ship was taken over. I have always felt she was my ship."

"Is that," said I crankily, "why you came back on the Majestic yesterday?"

"Captain," he answered, "I will always travel on foreign ships until prohibition is done away with."

For another answer we'll go back to a night aboard the Leviathan, eastward bound. There was a fine mist swirling down with a cold rain from the north, and as we were skirting the edge of the Grand Banks fishing grounds I was called to the bridge.

And No Traffic Cops

When it thickens we station a man in the foremost part of the bow, lashing him there if we're sticking the prow under. The chief officer had already set this lookout, who suddenly turned and shouted up to the bridge:

"I've caught sight of another boat, sir."

"Where away, lookout?"

"Over there, sir." No doubt he was pointing, but as the mist was too thick for me even to see him his solicitude was lost.

"How far away do you make it?"

"Oh, I should judge it's about two blocks, sir."

"For Christmas' sake, mate," I begged, "go down and put a sailor in that bow, if you've got one aboard, before we sink somebody."

This, mind you, aboard the ship that is the chief boat and the pride of the American merchant marine. If I had asked that fellow about an airplane, I'll wager he'd have guffed of loops and hops and struts; if I'd mentioned railroading, he'd reel off talk of blocks and flats and couplings. Trouble is that our youths are so busy becoming air-minded and speed-minded and no-minded-at-all that they haven't time for the fine old Yankee tradition of sea-mindedness. Experienced American crews are as smart as any on the high seas; but try to muster one!

Which brings to mind a little incident that reveals a third answer. When the Leviathan has to go to drydock cleaners she is sent to Boston, because the only dock into which we can steam her directly without danger is there.

The Levi's visits to the drydock are usually made the occasion for a little official junketing and, on the trip I have in mind, an official of the Shipping Board was one of my passengers.

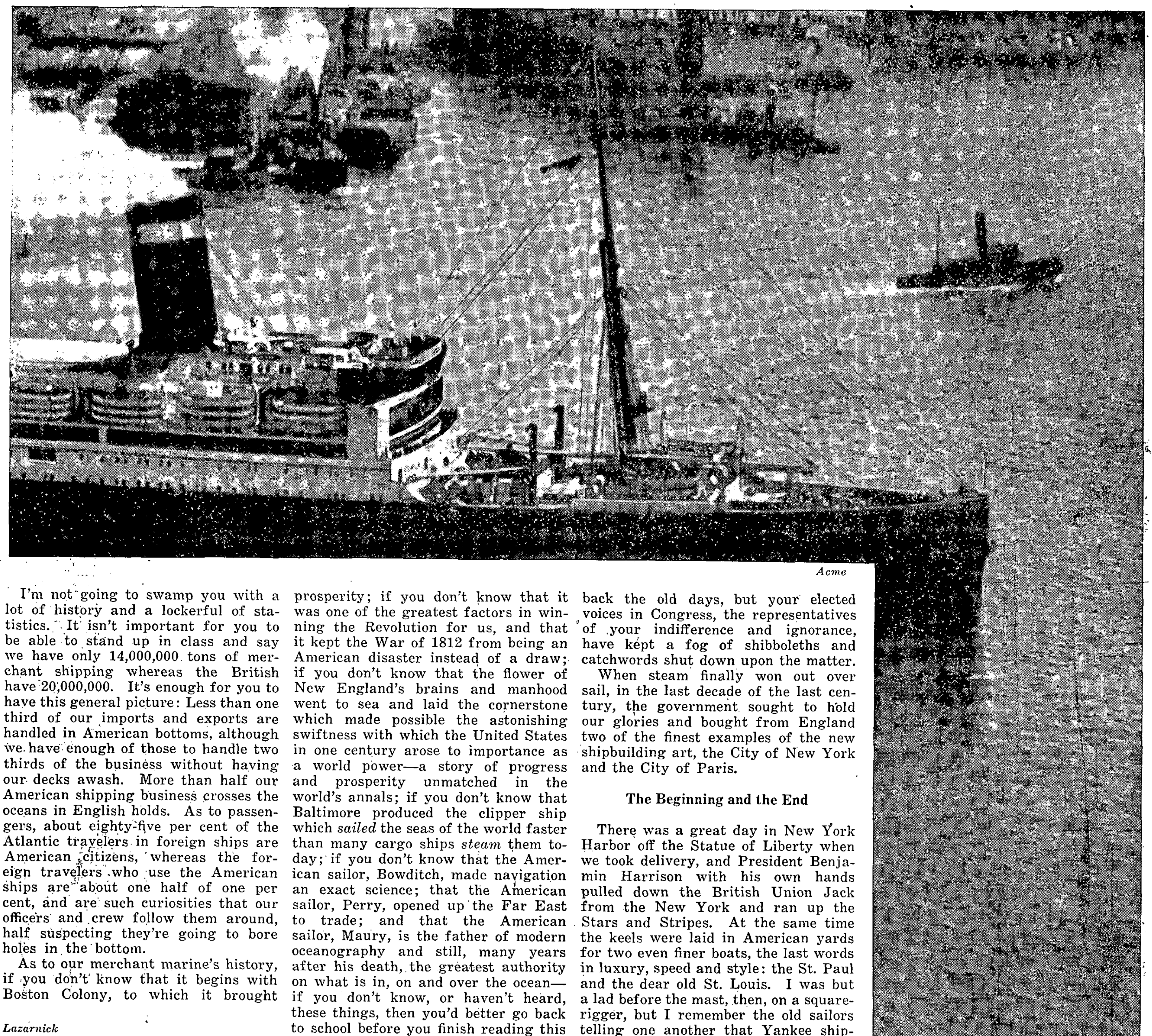
"What's that boat, Captain?" he asked as we steamed offshore on a pleasant day.

"That's the Nantucket lightship," I explained.

He stared at the blessed little red guardian boat for a few moments, then turned to me again, this time with a frown: "Now, Captain, I know that this Leviathan we're on, here, is a heavy ship—but just what do you consider a light ship?"

Don't fool yourself with a notion that this sort of ignorance of our maritime affairs is uncommon. Inside a ten-mile mark all around our coast lines there are millions of native Americans, lay and official alike, who would ask similar or worse questions.

The average business man, although he knows we have a merchant marine, has no pride in it and doesn't know it has traditions going back farther than those of any other modern merchant service. Even the citizens of our great shipping centers like New York and Portland, to whom the smell of salt water and the sight of salt-water ships are no rarities, will speak in awe-stricken tones of the Europa and Bremen; although they are ignorant of the fact that American merchantmen were the first to introduce the element of speed into the bitter transatlantic rivalries. And coming right down to brass tacks, they don't know that these latest "miracles of science," with all their hullabaloo, save you only half a day or less over the time in which the flagship of the American merchantmen has been making her regular crossings these past seven years.



Acme

I'm not going to swamp you with a lot of history and a lockerful of statistics. It isn't important for you to be able to stand up in class and say we have only 14,000,000 tons of merchant shipping whereas the British have 20,000,000. It's enough for you to have this general picture: Less than one third of our imports and exports are handled in American bottoms, although we have enough of those to handle two thirds of the business without having our decks awash. More than half our American shipping business crosses the oceans in English holds. As to passengers, about eighty-five per cent of the Atlantic travelers in foreign ships are American citizens, whereas the foreign travelers who use the American ships are about one half of one per cent, and are such curiosities that our officers and crew follow them around, half suspecting they're going to bore holes in the bottom.

As to our merchant marine's history, if you don't know that it begins with Boston Colony, to which it brought prosperity; if you don't know that it was one of the greatest factors in winning the Revolution for us, and that it kept the War of 1812 from being an American disaster instead of a draw; if you don't know that the flower of New England's brains and manhood went to sea and laid the cornerstone which made possible the astonishing swiftness with which the United States in one century arose to importance as a world power—a story of progress and prosperity unmatched in the world's annals; if you don't know that Baltimore produced the clipper ship which *sailed* the seas of the world faster than many cargo ships *steam* them today; if you don't know that the American sailor, Bowditch, made navigation an exact science; that the American sailor, Perry, opened up the Far East to trade; and that the American sailor, Maury, is the father of modern oceanography and still, many years after his death, the greatest authority on what is in, on and over the ocean—if you don't know, or haven't heard, these things, then you'd better go back to school before you finish reading this piece. You haven't the trim of mind and stomach that I like to see in my shipmates.

Now, too, many persons who bring up the discussion of what's wrong with the American merchant marine are too ready to answer themselves before I can open my mouth. "Of course," they will smile knowingly, "I needn't have asked that question. Everybody knows—it's all the government's fault. Everybody knows that the Shipping Board is a bunch of crooks, who waste what they don't steal of our money."

Lazarnick

Commodore Hartley, who predicts that the American merchant marine is coming back to its old glory

A Stubborn Tradition

If everybody knows that—everybody is wrong, to say nothing of being unfair and unjust. The tradition of sea leadership, the stimulating memory of days when the Black Ball line carried the cream of transatlantic travelers under our flag and our clippers got the first chance at cargoes in every far-flung port because their captains were gentlemen and their owners were aristocrats, have never died out in the official departments in Washington. The government has always tried to bring back the old days, but your elected voices in Congress, the representatives of your indifference and ignorance, have kept a fog of shibboleths and catchwords shut down upon the matter.

When steam finally won out over sail, in the last decade of the last century, the government sought to hold our glories and bought from England two of the finest examples of the new shipbuilding art, the City of New York and the City of Paris.

The Beginning and the End

There was a great day in New York Harbor off the Statue of Liberty when we took delivery, and President Benjamin Harrison with his own hands pulled down the British Union Jack from the New York and ran up the Stars and Stripes. At the same time the keels were laid in American yards for two even finer boats, the last words in luxury, speed and style: the St. Paul and the dear old St. Louis. I was but a lad before the mast, then, on a square-rigger, but I remember the old sailors telling one another that Yankee shipping was coming back. They were overoptimistic.

In the first place, we started on the wrong foot. We didn't have enough experienced steam officers of our own, so we left the New York and the Philadelphia (*née* City of Paris) under British officers who went through the formality of becoming citizens. And the old line of American sailors did not pause in its fading. Their sons had gone from salty Gloucester and New Bedford to the black prairies of Iowa and Kansas and they no longer cared a hang. The four ships which the government and the merchantmen hoped were but the beginning of a merchant marine remained virtually the whole of it.

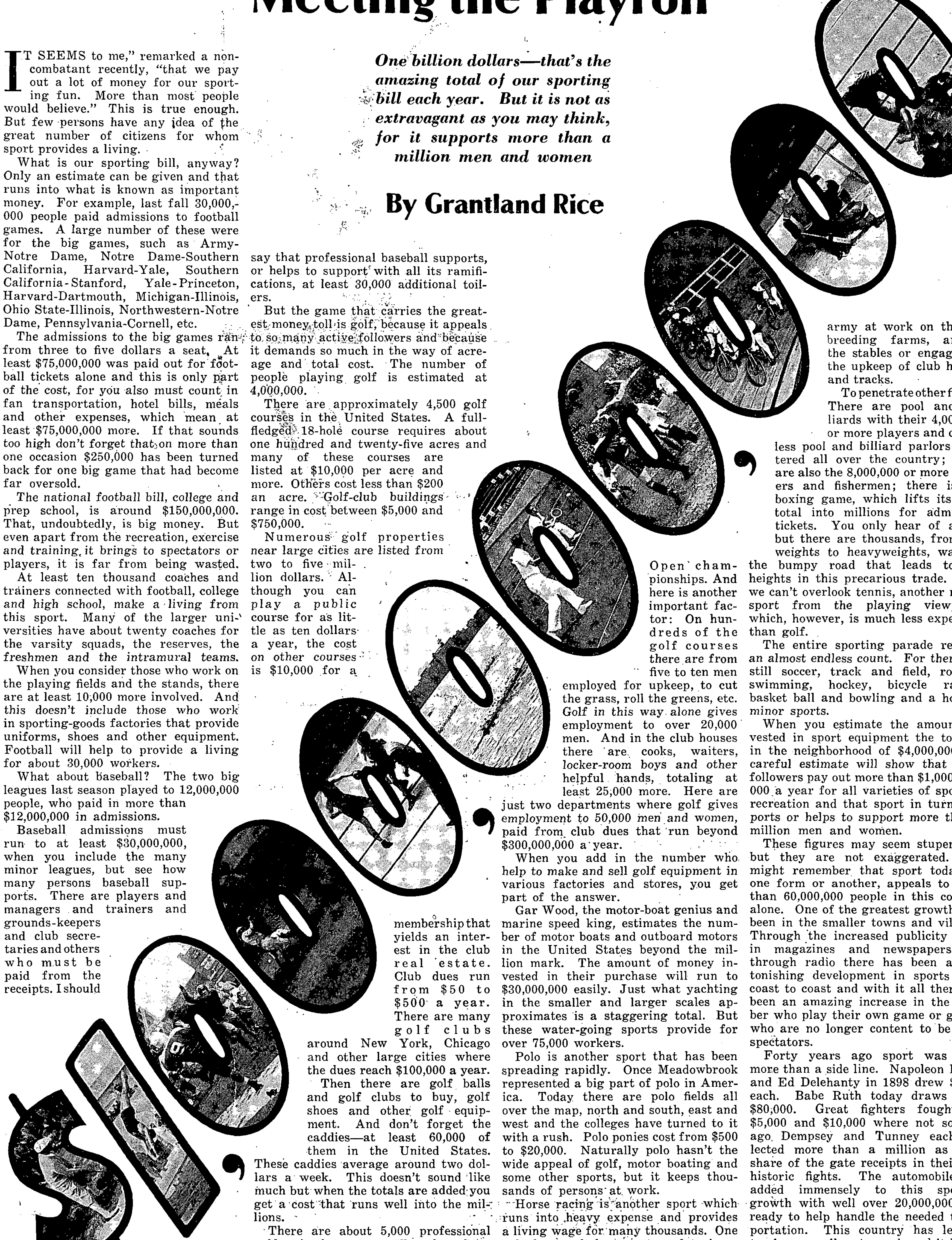
President Roosevelt made a spectacular effort to arouse you to the need of a merchant service. His act in sending the whole navy on its famous 1907 cruise around the world was not, as many believed, a gesture against up-and-coming Japan, but a demonstration to the American people of the need for merchant power matching our naval power. Throughout the cruise our navy

(*Continued on page 51*)

Meeting the Playroll

One billion dollars—that's the amazing total of our sporting bill each year. But it is not as extravagant as you may think, for it supports more than a million men and women

By Grantland Rice



IT SEEMS to me," remarked a noncombatant recently, "that we pay out a lot of money for our sporting fun. More than most people would believe." This is true enough. But few persons have any idea of the great number of citizens for whom sport provides a living.

What is our sporting bill, anyway? Only an estimate can be given and that runs into what is known as important money. For example, last fall 30,000,000 people paid admissions to football games. A large number of these were for the big games, such as Army-Notre Dame, Notre Dame-Southern California, Harvard-Yale, Southern California-Stanford, Yale-Princeton, Harvard-Dartmouth, Michigan-Illinois, Ohio State-Illinois, Northwestern-Notre Dame, Pennsylvania-Cornell, etc.

The admissions to the big games ran from three to five dollars a seat. At least $75,000,000 was paid out for football tickets alone and this is only part of the cost, for you also must count in fan transportation, hotel bills, meals and other expenses, which mean at least $75,000,000 more. If that sounds too high don't forget that on more than one occasion $250,000 has been turned back for one big game that had become far oversold.

The national football bill, college and prep school, is around $150,000,000. That, undoubtedly, is big money. But even apart from the recreation, exercise and training, it brings to spectators or players, it is far from being wasted.

At least ten thousand coaches and trainers connected with football, college and high school, make a living from this sport. Many of the larger universities have about twenty coaches for the varsity squads, the reserves, the freshmen and the intramural teams.

When you consider those who work on the playing fields and the stands, there are at least 10,000 more involved. And this doesn't include those who work in sporting-goods factories that provide uniforms, shoes and other equipment. Football will help to provide a living for about 30,000 workers.

What about baseball? The two big leagues last season played to 12,000,000 people, who paid in more than $12,000,000 in admissions.

Baseball admissions must run to at least $30,000,000, when you include the many minor leagues, but see how many persons baseball supports. There are players and managers and trainers and grounds-keepers and club secretaries and others who must be paid from the receipts. I should say that professional baseball supports, or helps to support with all its ramifications, at least 30,000 additional toilers.

But the game that carries the greatest money toll is golf, because it appeals to so many active followers and because it demands so much in the way of acreage and total cost. The number of people playing golf is estimated at 4,000,000.

There are approximately 4,500 golf courses in the United States. A full-fledged 18-hole course requires about one hundred and twenty-five acres and many of these courses are listed at $10,000 per acre and more. Others cost less than $200 an acre. Golf-club buildings range in cost between $5,000 and $750,000.

Numerous golf properties near large cities are listed from two to five million dollars. Although you can play a public course for as little as ten dollars a year, the cost on other courses is $10,000 for a membership that yields an interest in the club real estate. Club dues run from $50 to $500 a year. There are many golf clubs around New York, Chicago and other large cities where the dues reach $100,000 a year.

Then there are golf balls and golf clubs to buy, golf shoes and other golf equipment. And don't forget the caddies—at least 60,000 of them in the United States. These caddies average around two dollars a week. This doesn't sound like much but when the totals are added you get a cost that runs well into the millions.

There are about 5,000 professional golfers in the country. There have been from 1,100 to 1,200 entries in recent Open championships. And here is another important factor: On hundreds of the golf courses there are from five to ten men employed for upkeep, to cut the grass, roll the greens, etc. Golf in this way alone gives employment to over 20,000 men. And in the club houses there are cooks, waiters, locker-room boys and other helpful hands, totaling at least 25,000 more. Here are just two departments where golf gives employment to 50,000 men and women, paid from club dues that run beyond $300,000,000 a year.

When you add in the number who help to make and sell golf equipment in various factories and stores, you get part of the answer.

Gar Wood, the motor-boat genius and marine speed king, estimates the number of motor boats and outboard motors in the United States beyond the million mark. The amount of money invested in their purchase will run to $30,000,000 easily. Just what yachting in the smaller and larger scales approximates is a staggering total. But these water-going sports provide for over 75,000 workers.

Polo is another sport that has been spreading rapidly. Once Meadowbrook represented a big part of polo in America. Today there are polo fields all over the map, north and south, east and west and the colleges have turned to it with a rush. Polo ponies cost from $500 to $20,000. Naturally polo hasn't the wide appeal of golf, motor boating and some other sports, but it keeps thousands of persons at work.

Horse racing is another sport which runs into heavy expense and provides a living wage for many thousands. One only hears of the owners and trainers and jockeys. But there is the huge army at work on the big breeding farms, around the stables or engaged in the upkeep of club houses and tracks.

To penetrate other fields: There are pool and billiards with their 4,000,000 or more players and countless pool and billiard parlors scattered all over the country; there are also the 8,000,000 or more hunters and fishermen; there is the boxing game, which lifts its paid total into millions for admission tickets. You only hear of a few but there are thousands, from flyweights to heavyweights, walking the bumpy road that leads to the heights in this precarious trade. And we can't overlook tennis, another major sport from the playing viewpoint, which, however, is much less expensive than golf.

The entire sporting parade reaches an almost endless count. For there are still soccer, track and field, rowing, swimming, hockey, bicycle racing, basket ball and bowling and a host of minor sports.

When you estimate the amount invested in sport equipment the total is in the neighborhood of $4,000,000. A careful estimate will show that sport followers pay out more than $1,000,000,000 a year for all varieties of sporting recreation and that sport in turn supports or helps to support more than a million men and women.

These figures may seem stupendous, but they are not exaggerated. One might remember that sport today, in one form or another, appeals to more than 60,000,000 people in this country alone. One of the greatest growths has been in the smaller towns and villages. Through the increased publicity given in magazines and newspapers and through radio there has been an astonishing development in sports from coast to coast and with it all there has been an amazing increase in the number who play their own game or games, who are no longer content to be mere spectators.

Forty years ago sport was little more than a side line. Napoleon Lajoie and Ed Delehanty in 1898 drew $2,500 each. Babe Ruth today draws down $80,000. Great fighters fought for $5,000 and $10,000 where not so long ago. Dempsey and Tunney each collected more than a million as their share of the gate receipts in their two historic fights. The automobile has added immensely to this sporting growth with well over 20,000,000 cars ready to help handle the needed transportation. This country has learned to play as well as to work and it hasn't shied from the cost of playing.

Flower Tips

Flowers in your rooms always say things about you. You have to be careful how you arrange them and where you put them, for they are unblushing tattletales about your taste. Here are some tricks for making them whisper compliments

By Laura Mount

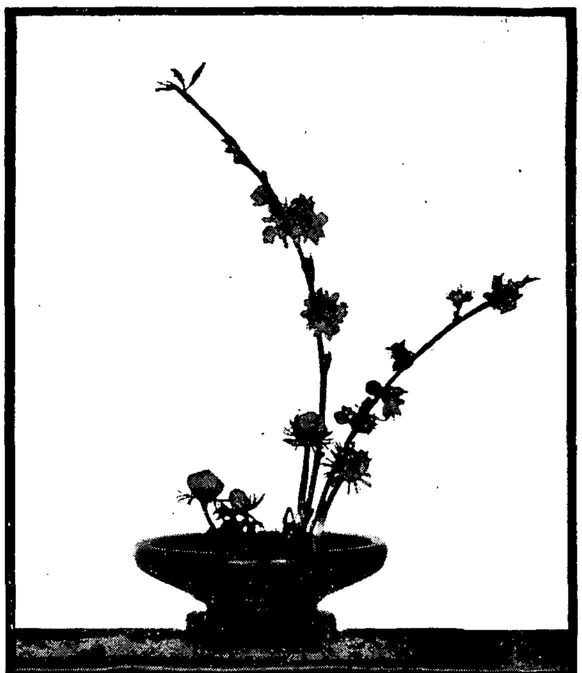
Photographs by courtesy of The Garden Club of America

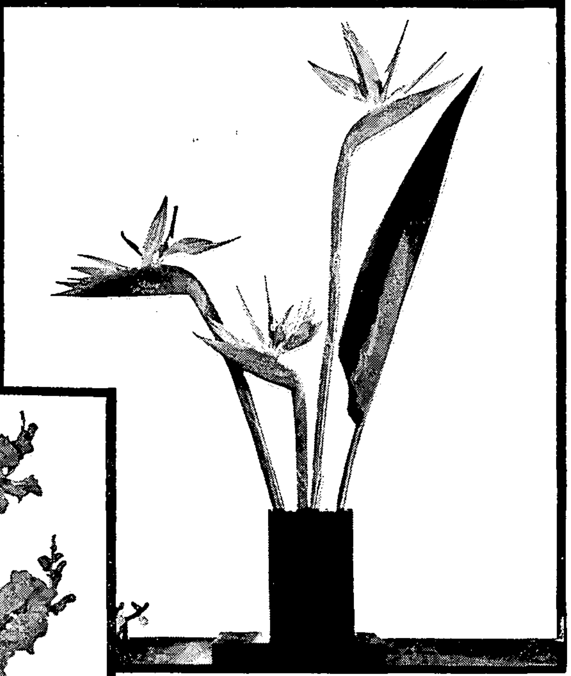
YOU walked into her room and gasped a little unhappily. The room fairly foamed with flowers. There were pink roses on the piano, pink roses and lilacs on the mantel, pink roses, lilacs and yellow daisies on the large table and brightly orange calendulas on the small table. In the old-fashioned bay window were ranged a half dozen assorted jardinières with, item, one flowering azalea; item, one striped "lucky" plant; item, one anæmic though scarlet geranium; item, one buxom rubber plant; item, one something or other that looked like maidenhair fern slightly singed; and item, one something or other that did not look like maidenhair fern.

This room said all too plainly that its owner had no sense of proportion, no feeling for harmony in colors. And it added, in a catty undertone, that she vaguely sensed her room was drably unattractive by itself and needed covering up and "fixing."

In another living-room you found no such orgy. A vase of dull white pottery held two white calla lilies with great dark green leaves, and across the room from them were scarlet tulips in a satiny gray pewter bowl. That was all. "Restraint," they said, "skill . . . beauty."

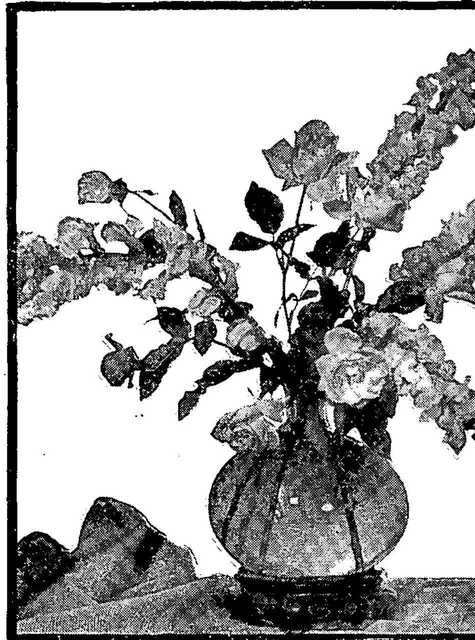
Flowers in your rooms always say things about you. They are unblushing little tattletales about your inherent taste, your flair for effective decoration. If you love flowers and want them about you always, then be sure that the frank, outspoken darlings can't possibly whisper "dowdy" behind your back.

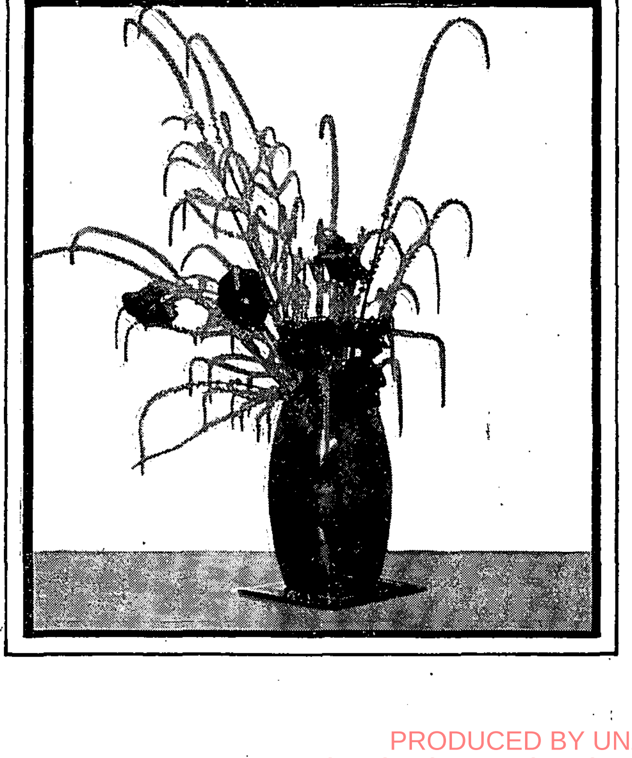




Keystone

Two prize winners from the 1931 International Flower Show—an Oriental treatment of flowering almond and double buttercups, and a modern effect with tawny bird-of-paradise flowers





Below, two more prize winners: roses and snapdragons well displayed in clear bottle glass; giant pansies giving a pleasing deep purple accent to the soft lavender of statice

Have Plenty of Vases

It isn't all a matter of inspiration, either, any more than learning not to trump your partner's best-looking ace. Of course that sixth sense or fourth dimension or whatever good taste is can't be memorized the way bridge rules can be, but even so there are many little tricks and finesses in arranging flowers that can be learned by—and taken to—heart.

Of all the deadly sins—and there are more than seven—that are committed against the helpless flowers that find their way into houses, the most common arises because there is a shortage of bowls and vases from which to make a proper choice. With only one or two available containers to start with it's almost better not to start. You simply cannot rely on the same container for long-stemmed roses and for sweet peas, for fat chrysanthemums and slim daffodils. You might as well stick an orchid in a canning jar or milk bottle!

Yet a variety of flower bowls does not mean a variety of bank accounts. Snoop around any ten-cent store and you'll find most of the sizes and shapes that form the basis of a good collection. The others you'll find right next door at the twenty-five- and fifty-cent store. Of course, if you want to, treat yourself to expensive, fragile bowls or beautifully done pottery—but the point is that even without these you can still get lovely effects.

At a minimum, your vase collection ought to include something tall and slender for the long-stemmed delicate flowers like roses and snapdragons and delphiniums and gladioli, something tall and rather massive for big chrysanthemums, large dahlias and peonies, something low and shallow for jonquils, narcissi and the like, and then at least two medium-sized bowls in different colors for all your medium flowers—all the tulips, calendulas, carnations, the short-stemmed roses, asters, cornflowers and so on.

With tears in their eyes, the best authorities beg you to shun all complicated and startling containers when you are making your choice. One of them tells of a woman who has a vast assortment of bowls, but they're nearly all in animal and bird shapes, brilliant in their plumage. You just cannot expect anemones or daisies or anything else to look well when they spring out of the back of a shiny red elephant or a camel or a fine, lusty-looking duck! Stay away from these—and from anything else bizarre. Nor will flowers be comfortable in loudly colored and shining bowls of simpler shapes. Keep your pottery colors inconspicuous, soft, dull. In glass, crystal, delicate amber, green and blue are best. In metal containers, a dazzling polish is a mistake—that's why pewter and old copper are so charming.

Forget the Rules

And now that you have a heartening and flexible array of bowls and vases, take your flowers and see just which vase belongs to them. Watch color—but watch proportion first. Nothing looks sillier than heavy-topped flowers in a spindling little vase, or short flowers trying to keep their heads over the side of a too tall, unfriendly container. A lot of the experts insist that flowers ought to be one and one half times the height of a tall vase or one and a half times the diameter of a low bowl. This gets pretty involved and leaves out such pleasant things as pansies, nasturtiums, sweet peas, which are so enchanting in a wide, low bowl. Better forget rules and consult your sense of proportion.

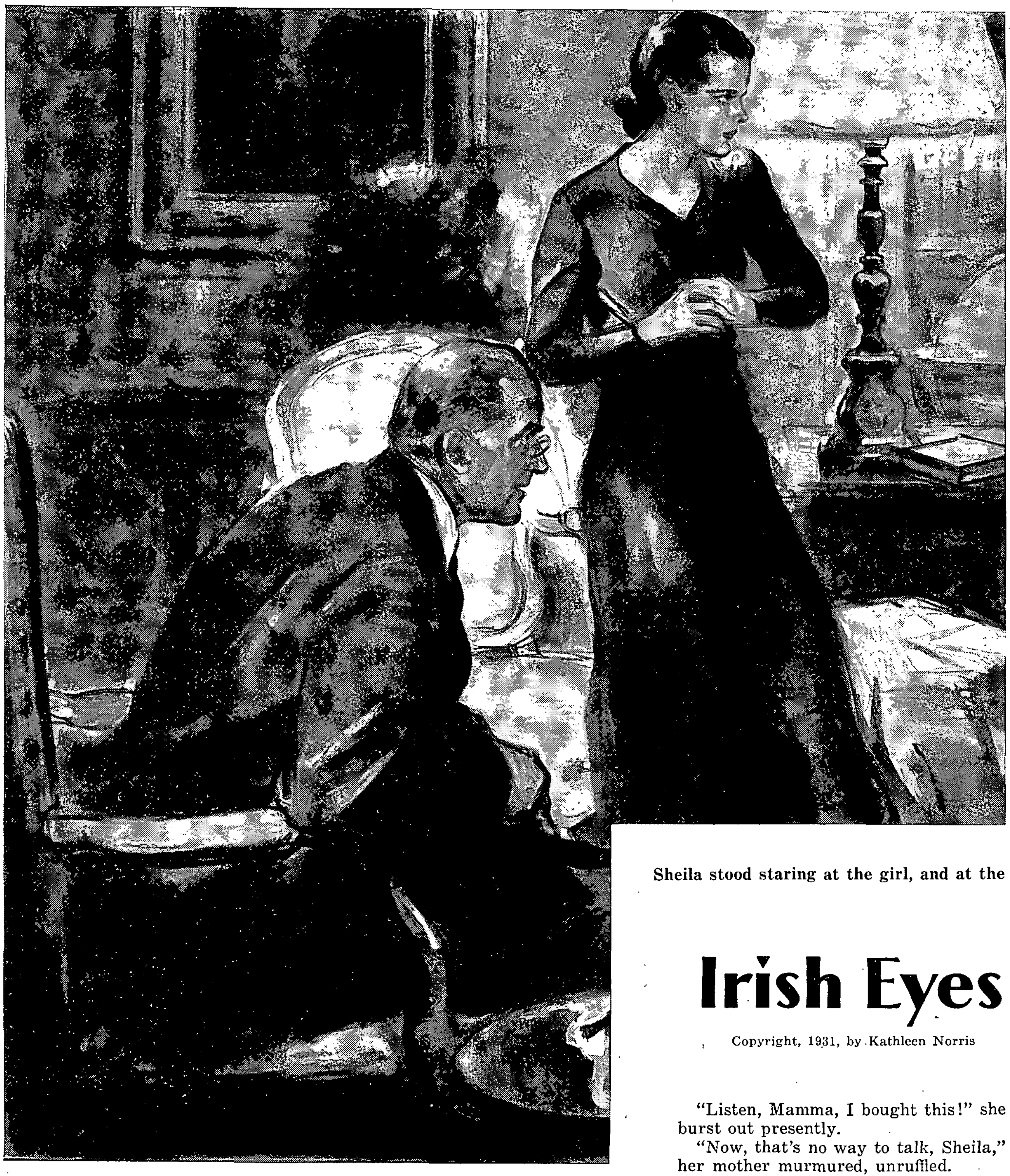
After the container is chosen there are horrid pitfalls for the unwary. The second deadly sin—maybe the third and the fourth as well—is taking a fistful of flowers and sticking them into a vase in one fell swoop. Nothing looks sadder. Nothing is stiffer or more clumsy. Flowers must be put in one by one, carefully, each one placed in relation to the others.

Another most important caution is to avoid crowding too many flowers into any vase or bowl. They look uncomfortable, gasping for breath, stuffed in like rush-hour passengers.

One more heartfelt suggestion is to look all about you when you place a vase or bowl of flowers. The most gracefully arranged vase of huge, chunky peonies will look top-heavy and awkward if it is set on a tiny, spidery-legged end-table. And the most heavenly red roses are all wrong in front of a determined pink curtain. Plan your flowers as part of a whole group, which takes in the base, the background—indeed the whole room.

The danger of color-clashes threatens right within your flower bowl, of course. For amateur hands, it is wisest to restrain yourself to two or—possibly—three colors when you are putting different flowers together. A safe exception is a great, careless mixture of spring flowers—but not careless enough to permit anything that isn't delicately pastel in tint, so that there are no screaming clashes. The reds and oranges are the fighting mixers—they'll cancel out paler colors unless they're used sparingly, merely for accent.

(Continued on page 31)



Sheila stood staring at the girl, and at the

Irish Eyes

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The Story Thus Far:

ON THE last evening of her vacation, Sheila Carscadden meets a boy, spends a few enchanted hours with him, falls in love with him. She does not (due to a strange series of circumstances) see him again. But she never forgets him, never ceases to wonder who he is, where he lives, if some day she will meet him—the boy she knew only as "Peter"—again.

A year goes by. Sheila—young, pretty, avid for joy and beauty—slaves away at a petty job in a small office. She is clever, industrious, resourceful. But, because she is regarded as rebellious, she is suddenly dismissed—fired!

At her "home" (a tiny flat, where she lives with her mother, her invalid sister, Angela, and her brother, Joe), where the tragic news spreads dismay, she lays down her purse. "Where'd you get *that?*" Angela asks.

"Bought it at St. Leo's," says Sheila, "at a rummage sale."

Angela picks the purse up, eyes it delightedly. "Sheila," she exclaims enviously, "it must have cost a lot, once! Wouldn't you like to be the girl who owned it?"

"I," says Sheila, "paid ten cents for it."

Angela opens the purse. "Say!" she says. "*Look* here—initials! 'G. C. K.,' and an address, too. Let's see—it's on East Eighty-eighth Street. You're a lucky one to get this purse for ten cents—and don't you forget it." . . .

Later, Angela and Sheila discuss poverty, riches, the problem of human happiness.

"I wish," sighs Sheila, "I could find Peter."

"You will," Angela comforts her. "I'll pray for you, my dear."

Listening, Sheila smiles—little dreaming what weird drama the next few days are to bring her, little guessing that, unknown to her, the current of her whole placid, uneventful life has already been suddenly altered—forever.

II

THE seconds ticked by. Angela was handling the blue morocco purse.

"There was a blue coat for twelve," Sheila said. She yawned again, made a movement toward rising.

"Sheila!" Angela said. "Look!"

In her fingers were green bills; she spread them on the table. Two twenties and a ten.

"Where—what—?" Sheila stammered, stupefied.

"They were in the purse—right here, in this little inside pocket, folded tight."

"They weren't!"

"But they were."

"Heavenly day!" Sheila said, sitting down again.

"Your coat!" Angela exclaimed, with an exultant laugh.

"Oh, and everything— Oh, Angela, what luck! Angela, fifty dollars—for ten cents!"

They were still rejoicing and marveling, still spreading and inspecting and handling the money, five minutes later, when their mother came back.

Mrs. Carscadden looked tired, as indeed she well might; she was pale, her hair and gown disordered, her face wet with sweat. But her eyes shone with the mystic light of the priestess who has been officiating at the oldest of earth's mysteries.

"Well, they've got their boy!" she observed, sitting down heavily, and wiping her forehead. "Now maybe they'll make a little fuss over their ger'rls. Light the kettle there, Sheila—I've been weak for a cup of tay this hour gone."

The girls spread their treasure before her amazed eyes; her look tightened.

"It's well you have their street number there, that you can take it back to them, and not l'ave anny of the rummage sale ger'rls forget to retur'rn it," she observed instantly.

Angela gave Sheila a fearful look. A mutinous tightness formed about the older girl's mouth, exactly as it had about her mother's. She was discreetly silent, folding the money to the size of a stamp again, returning it to the inconspicuous little pocket in the purse.

Sheila was only praying that Angela would keep her mouth shut, but of course Angela had to come to the adored older sister's defense.

"Mamma, it's hers!"

"She had a fight for the child," Mrs. Carscadden was saying, as if to herself. "But wanst he got a breath of good air into his lungs he done fine. God keep him!"

THAT the aforesaid air had been the close winter air of a small kitchen in which onions had been cooked and blankets washed, and in which his mother lay ill, and his father sat dining in shirt-sleeves that had seen a week's service, seemed to this good neighbor who had been his first nurse and friend no reason why God should not be thanked for the baby's life. Young Burke had made a good start.

From contented musing upon this subject she returned to her own kitchen, and again her brow clouded.

"You'll take it back, of course, Sheila," she said.

"Listen, Mamma—"

Ponderously, Mrs. Carscadden returned from the stove with the now boiling kettle, poured the hot water upon the cool tea leaves in the empty pot.

"Save your breath, Sheila," she directed. "We'll have no stealin' here, thanks be to the glory of God!"

She stirred her tea, took a heartening sip, and pushed the hair from her wet forehead with a great clumsy hand that was like a caricature of Sheila's fine, square, young one.

"If there's annything cud make widowhood light to ye, it'd be seein' a ger'rl in that fix!" she muttered.

Immediately she perceived that there was small sympathy in the air, and reverted to the moment's problem again.

"What's that street number there, Angela?"

Angela reluctantly consulted the purse, read out the number.

"Is that annywheres near where you work, Sheila?"

"No, ma'am," Sheila answered respectfully, but with bitterness in her tone. "It's way up on the East Side."

"But you cud get up there tomorrow, dear?"

Sheila was silent for a full minute, during which she looked down at her own fingers, twisting the purse.

"Listen, Mamma, I bought this!" she burst out presently.

"Now, that's no way to talk, Sheila," her mother murmured, unruffled.

"But, Mamma, I bought it. If a girl is such a fool that she gives away a purse with money in it, doesn't she give away the money as well as the purse? Doesn't she, Ma?"

"Doesn't she?" Angela echoed eagerly.

"That's the devil timptin' ye," Mrs. Carscadden said, inflexibly, but gently, as to a persistent child. "That's no way to talk."

"IT'S a perfectly sensible way to talk," Sheila muttered, under her breath.

"No, dear, it's her money. It's not yours."

"Mamma, how many people do you suppose would take it back?"

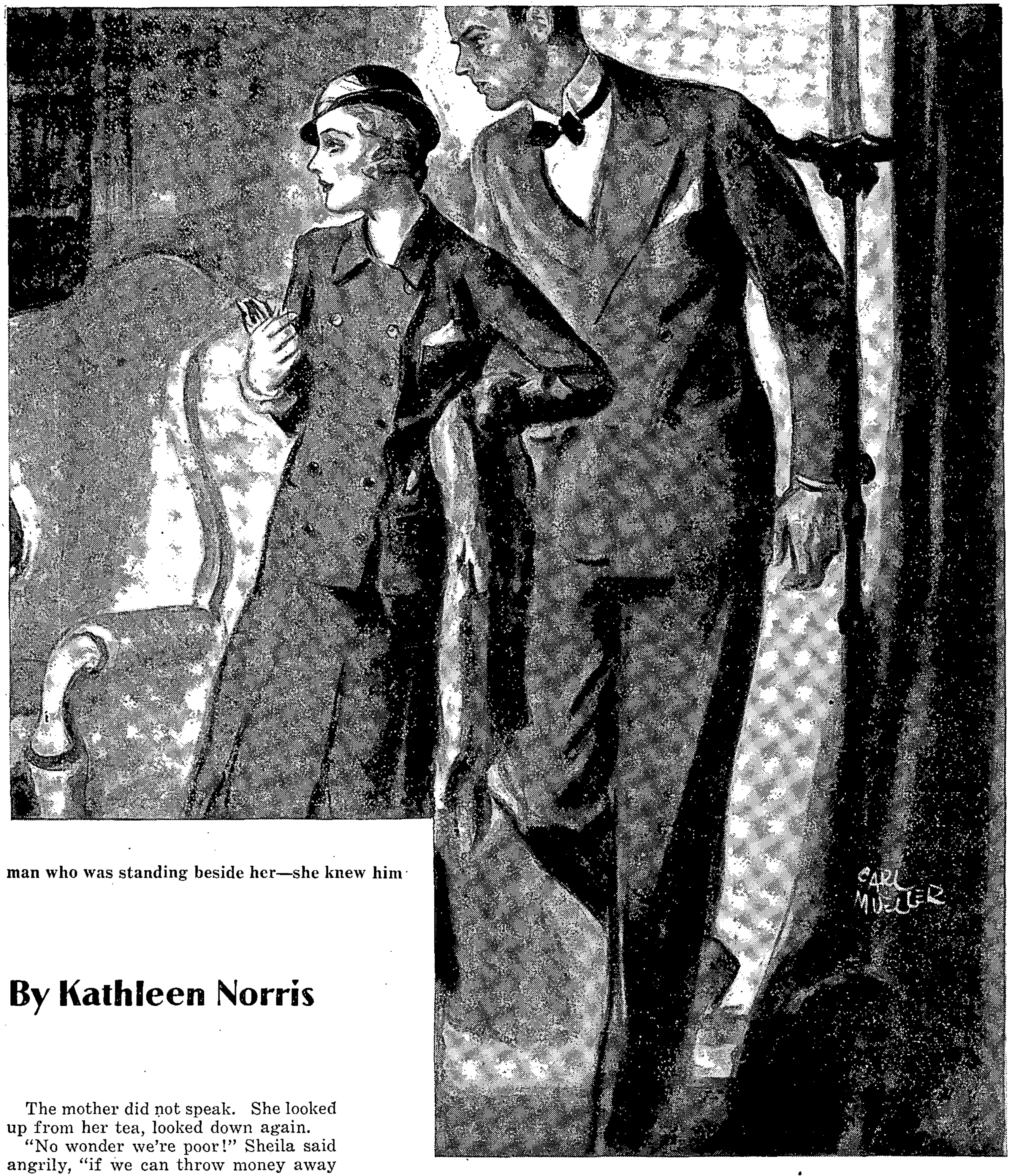
This kind of sophistry got nowhere with Mrs. Carscadden. She had never read a book of philosophy or theology, but she was sure of her ground here.

"That has nothing to do with it, lovey."

"Mamma, listen. They're probably rich people—this came from Tiffany's. She's forgotten it a hundred times."

Silence. Sheila opened, shut, snapped, reopened the bag, before adding:

"If Joe says it's all right, can I keep it? Listen, Mamma, I'll not waste it, honest I won't. There was a coat at the rummage today that would save money—I'd wear it two years, I'd wear it three years—"



man who was standing beside her—she knew him

Illustrated by
Carl Mueller

By Kathleen Norris

The mother did not speak. She looked up from her tea, looked down again.

"No wonder we're poor!" Sheila said angrily, "if we can throw money away like this!"

"Mother," Angela said earnestly, her hands clasped imploringly, her flower-like face pale with emotion, "mightn't God intend Sheila to have it?"

"No, dear. He'd never intind annyone should have stolen goods."

"Stolen!" Sheila said hotly, and was still.

Joe came in; they consulted Joe. And Joe said of course the fifty had to go back. Sheila sat on the arm of his chair, and wept, but she knew there was no gainsaying Joe's decision. They were all "said" by Joe; even Neely and Marg'ret, married and gone, still came back sometimes to ask advice of wise, gentle, clever Joe.

"Because, look here, Sheila," Joe reasoned, "suppose it had been a diamond ring?"

"Well, it isn't, Joe."

"No, I know it isn't. But suppose it had been a diamond ring in that same little pocket, what then?"

"I'd think lucky her that had a diamond to lose!" Sheila persisted stubbornly. But she was beaten, and she knew it. "It makes me cry, thinking of my blue coat!" she said.

"Let me buy your coat for you."

"You, Joe!" She kissed the rough, hard young face. "You that have lost your job, and want to marry Cecilia!" she mourned, rubbing her cheek against his.

"Celie's been crying, too," he said, in his good-humored, patient way. "It's your turn, Ma."

"There was weeks I fed the lot of ye on syrup and oatmale," Mrs. Carscadden observed, unalarmed. "I guess the bad times won't come to that."

"WHY, no, because we have each other!" Angela exclaimed, in her soft, ecstatic voice.

It was stuffy and bright in the kitchen, but when Sheila, already half asleep, stumbled into the front room to open up Joe's bed-lounge, she thought the night cold. Icy fingers of air were working their way in from the fire-escape; street lights flashed and angled on the walls.

She herself slept in the middle passage, in the double bed with her mother. The kitchen warmth came in here, and when she was in bed Sheila could sometimes see the red eye of the kitchen fire. The gas plate was used only for the kettle; her mother kept a coal and wood fire going all winter long.

A half hour of ablutions usually followed the signal for breaking up the evening group. Joe poured hot water into a basin, removed his upper clothing, and washed vigorously at the sink. Angela put on an old cotton kimono, and sat on the edge of the double bed, brushing her fair, lifeless hair. There was no washstand in the tiny bathroom; the tub was customarily occupied by the wash-boiler and other cumbersome articles, such as a market basket and an old umbrella.

Sometimes Sheila removed these impediments and took a bath. More often she waited until Joe was through, and then used a fresh kettleful of water, and the same basin, and the same damp, pink-barred towel that was scented with strong soap. Sometimes she merely tumbled into bed, leaving all the details of her toilet until the morning, for Joe always left the house at half past six, and the women of the family had the suite to themselves.

Mrs. Carscadden was the last to retire, unless Joe or Sheila were out late at a party or theater. She found mysterious things to do in the kitchen, and pottered about them indefinitely. Joe's early coffee was mixed at this time and set on the back of the stove, although as his mother invariably joined him at breakfast it might have waited until morning. Fasting herself, she watched him eat, walked with him to the subway, stopped on the way home for marketing, and even then could prepare the eight o'clock breakfast she and Sheila and Angela so enjoyed.

On the morning after the eventful day of the lost jobs and the discovered money, they all breakfasted together, and once again Sheila returned to the attack.

"LISTEN, Ma, supposing I go to this Eighty-eighth Street place, say, Saturday afternoon. It'll be my last morning at the office, and I'll be free after one. And supposing that some butler or somebody won't let me in to see this 'G. C. K.,' whoever she is, and suppose they're nasty to me. Then am I to hand it over to somebody who'll pocket it themselves?"

"It'd be no sin on *your* soul if they did," Mrs. Carscadden answered readily.

"I'll tell you what!" Sheila suddenly exclaimed. "I'll get myself up—well, you wait!"

Her eyes were dancing.

"I'll fix 'em! I'll bet I get my blue coat!" she said.

"Sheila, how?" Angela demanded, eagerly. But Sheila would only laugh, and made no answer.

That evening, immediately after dinner, when Joe and Angela and Mrs. Carscadden were lingering over the remains of the meal, Sheila suddenly appeared in the bedroom door. Or rather, someone appeared who must be Sheila, but who was not instantly identified even by mother, brother and sister.

She had strained her hair back from her always rather pale face, which was devoid of powder or lip red, and looked young and pathetic. She wore an old black dress of Angela's that was scanty and tight on her more generous figure.

"Me mamma and papa is dead, and I wor'rks for a lady that bates me," she said, in the soft, pathetic accents of County Mayo. "I found the little purse, and sure I t'ought at fir'rst I cud pay me doctor's bills wit' it. But thin I rimimbered that there'd be no blessin' whatsoiver on that—"

The appreciative laughter of Joe and Angela interrupted the pitiful story. Even Mrs. Carscadden laughed. But immediately her face sobered into a sort of scandalized pride in this prodigy who was her child, her rebellious daughter.

"YOU'RE not goin' there like that?"

"I am, too!"

"They'll give you another fifty, you big liar," Joe grinned.

"No, but honestly, do you see how they can help handing it all back to me?" Sheila asked complacently. "Oh, Mrs. Carscadden, dear'r," she added, sitting down at the table, and fixing her mother with tragic young eyes, "it's a har'rd winter on the poor'r—it is, indade. Me man has been home it's t'ree weeks now, wit' his fut swelled up the size of a gourd, and me bad luck is that another little one is comin'—"

"Sheila!" her mother interrupted sharply. Sheila began to laugh, laying her head down among the littered dishes of the table.

"You'll bring misfortune on us, carryin' on that way," Mrs. Carscadden continued. "You talk trouble, with all the Lord does for you, and he'll sind you a taste!"

"Send me a taste!" Sheila echoed, raising her head, and staring at her mother with her surprised look. "My goodness, what *is* trouble? Here I've

(*Continued on page 44*)

In the Fog

"If you'll go with me," said Julian, "I'll propose to you." He was speaking to Genevieve—but Anne heard him first

By Stephen Morehouse Avery

JULIAN yanked his front wheels around a rock and plunged them solidly into a vicious rut. The heavy roadster lurched and Anne groaned again, mournfully. "Why don't you let somebody drive who can drive, Julian? We should have been in East Hampton a half hour ago . . . and still we go bumping over the North Shore dunes. This abandoned cow path probably leads to Orient Point if the truth were known. . . . Do you hear me, Julian?"

"Perfectly," said Julian. "And your next word is my cue to choke you and pitch your carcass back into the rumble . . . where back-seat drivers belong. Why didn't you go on with the others in the closed car? You knew it was cold and that it might be wet."

"But it's wetter than I expected, Julian dear, both the weather and you. I came because I couldn't resist your heart-rending entreaties at Harry Dunning's."

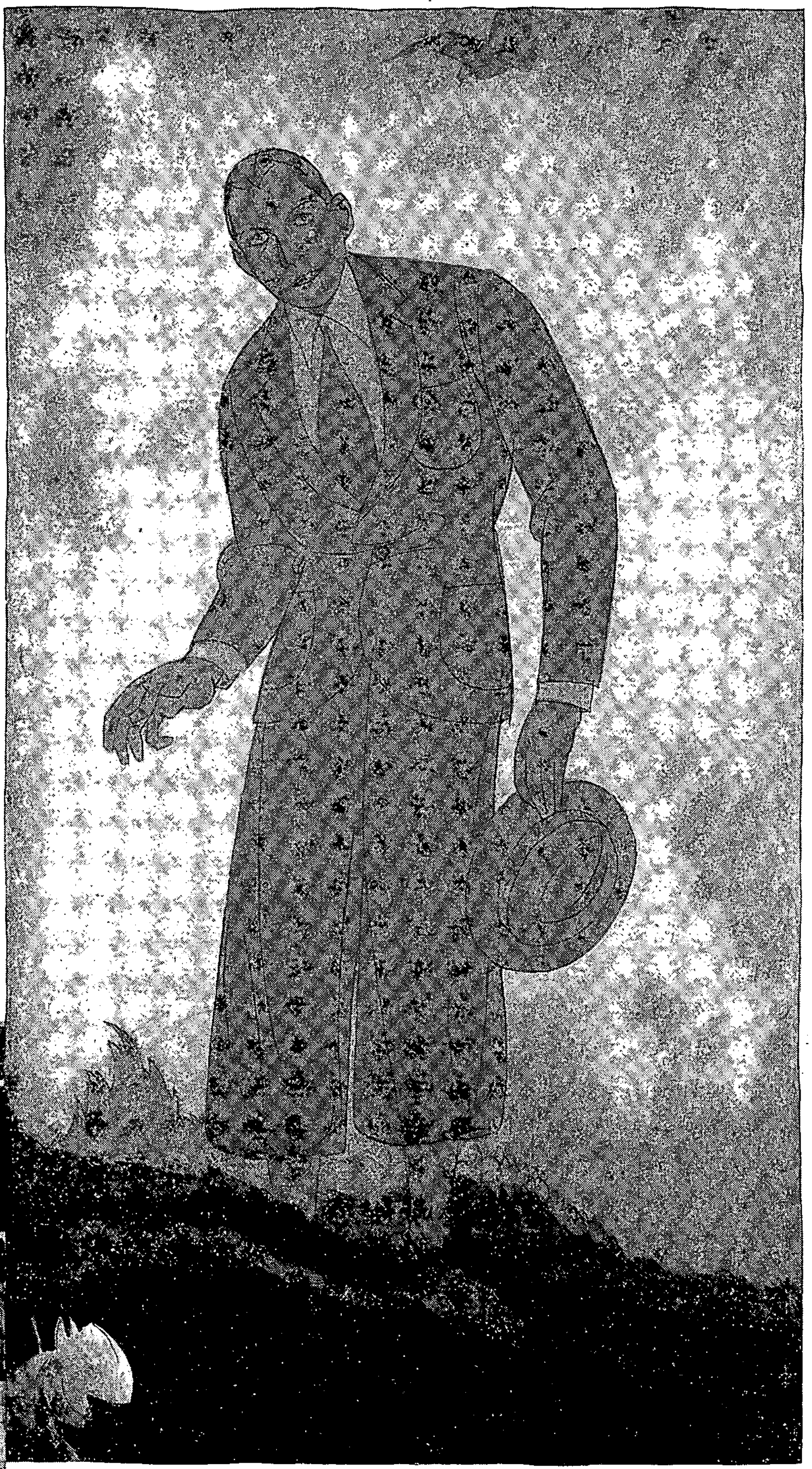
"My what? I didn't even know you were listening."

"That was your error," said Anne. "The little Hazard girl never misses a trick. I can tell you every word you said. You and I and Genevieve were sitting on the table and you said: 'I have just promised the family to drive out and close up the East Hampton house.' You said: 'My usual retinue of evil companions will go along to make sure nothing languishes in the cellar all winter.' And then very distinctly you said: 'I've got to stop off at Charing Inlet to look over the boat, which means driving the North Shore way to Greenport, and if you will go with me, I'll propose to you.' "

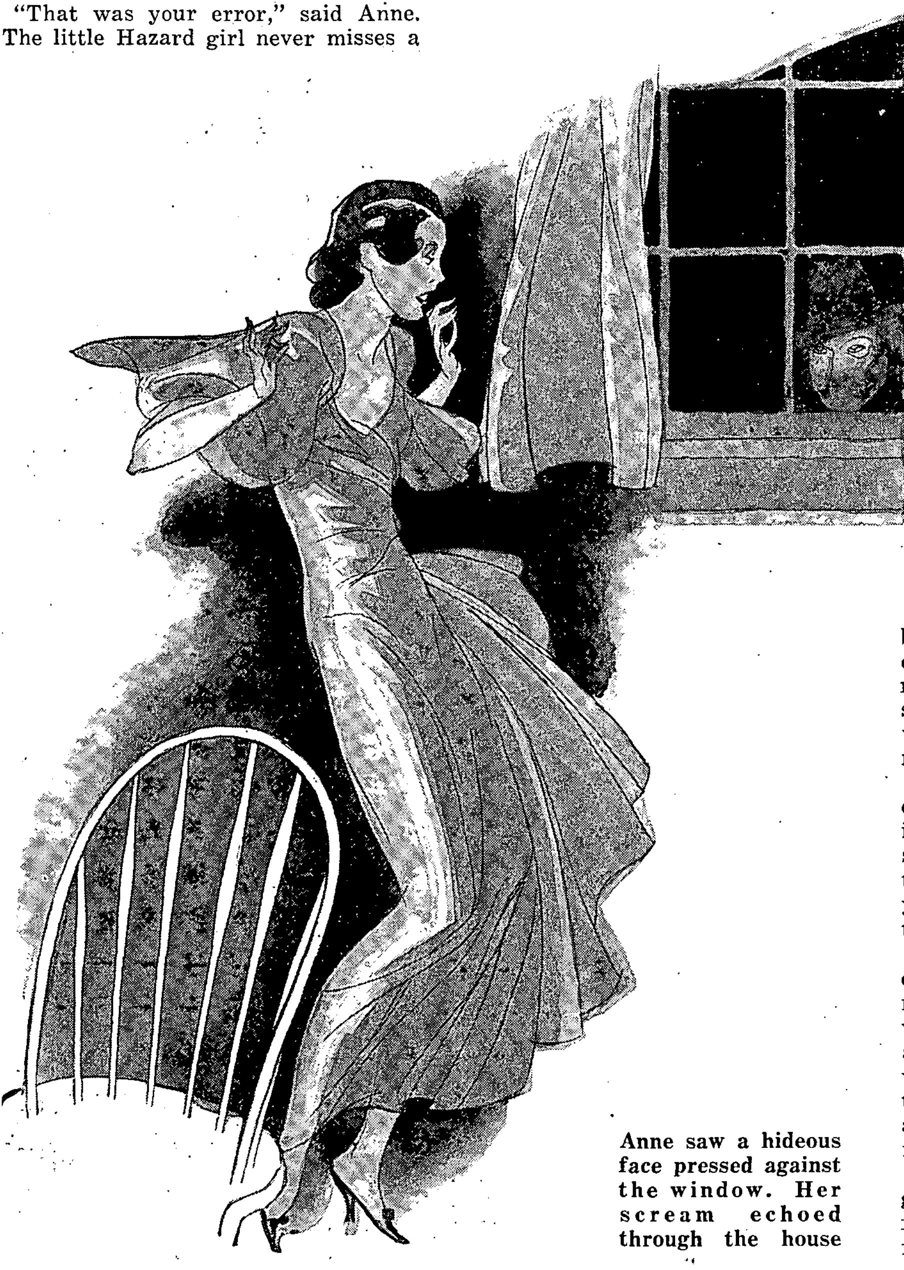
"But I wasn't talking to you, for the love of . . ."

"Maybe you weren't, but I heard you first. Genevieve is a bit slow on the trigger, I'm afraid, although she is otherwise a lovely girl, a nice, sweet, wholesome girl, ready, and even anxious, to make some worthy man—which lets you out, Julian—an excellent wife."

"You're a cat, Anne. A hell-cat, in fact."



He couldn't see where he was. The white cloud swirled over him



Anne saw a hideous face pressed against the window. Her scream echoed through the house

"Not only a hell-cat," she agreed blithely, "but a wildcat, a very dangerous creature. I'm a cold-blooded, or rather a warm-blooded, adventuress. In spite of my silken tresses I am the dark woman in your life, Julian, and you might as well like it."

"Well, I don't," he said. "Besides, I deny even using the word propose. It isn't like me. I have been on the wagon since October first. And for the last time, Anne, I tell you I will not marry you. It wouldn't be fair. I am emotionally burned out."

"You poor boy. Burned out. Think of it. And naturally what you need to restore your soul is a really healthy, wind-blown girl who loves the country and picks buttercups, and if her name were Genevieve, so much the better. It's tough you have to turn right around and marry a torn-down little tyrant like me . . . not only like me, but me."

"I told you, Anne . . . now, listen and get this . . . I'm through. I have no further soul capacity for either marriage or love."

"Who said anything about love? My dear Julian, I am in love with our chauffeur when it comes to love. But when it comes to marriage . . . and it has come to it . . . I naturally choose a presentable, dreamy boy with dissipated blue eyes who fits into the picture of Mr. and Mrs. Julian Guest, née Anne Hazard, snapped in the Sunday morning sunshine of Park Avenue."

JULIAN took his gaze from the alleged road, hit a few more bumps, stopped. "There is," he said, "absolutely nothing to recommend me to any healthy-minded . . ."

"That is too bad, Julian. Because she certainly is healthy, if you know who I mean. I can see whole rows of great stalwart children all joining hands and going out to the fields to make daisy chains. And so you refuse me, do you? Well, I can only take it like a man. I'll have our mothers attend to it. Get going, will you? I'm cold and damp and it's getting murkier by the minute."

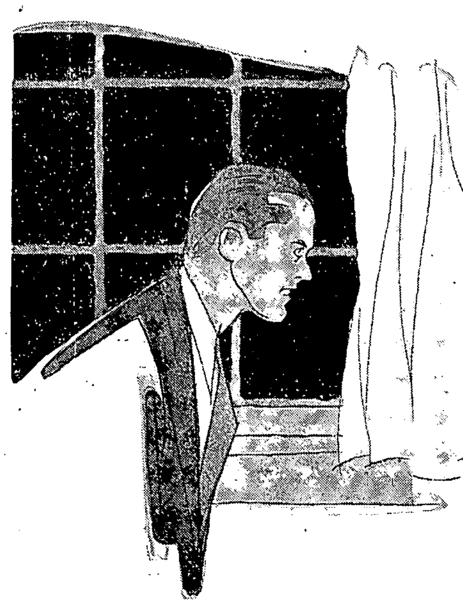
He didn't make a move. "No use,

Anne. We're lost. We missed the south turn and we haven't passed a human habitation for five miles. I thought I saw a sort of shack as we came up that last hill. Did you? I ought to go down there and get somebody to tell us where we are."

"What an adventure! All right, Mr. Haliburton, go ahead. Hurry. If you're a gentleman, you will be gone not more than fifteen minutes. You may also consider the possibility that I may drive on without you. Have you any last message for you know whom?"

Julian stalked away over the top of the dune without a turn of his head or an audible word. He was muttering to himself, however, something about "that darned girl," and "she means it too, every word of it," and he was wondering if Genevieve would be worrying and watching for him from an upstairs window at East Hampton. He paused on the summit and looked down a fairly deep ravine, filled with scrub, patches of pale dune grass and, at the lower end, a thick, white, creeping mist. Beyond was the stretch of gray sea. The shore was mist-drowned. There was no sign of any shack or house.

He went on, turning away from the road, shivering because of the chill bleakness of it all, an uncanny, almost prehistoric isolation. High in the gray heavens was a big black bird, apparently motionless. That was all, just the two of them. Julian began whistling and walked halfway down the ravine and then climbed the steep ascent of its farther side. He was wearing plus fours and a lot of little burs from the dune grass clung to his golf stockings.



Higher up again, a stir of air touched his face and refreshed him. He took off his brown, pulled-down felt hat and noticed that there was perspiration on the inside band. Long tentacles of white mist stretched toward him through the dead grass, curling about his knees. He started to climb higher, up toward the road again. He couldn't see where he was going. The white cloud swirled over and beyond him, fathoms deep, dark but white-dark, full of vague patterns.

After fifteen minutes' walking, upward he thought, across a little hilltop, down into dune depressions where there was no grass and only the ash-white sand, he found no road and he felt queer and panicky. He struck out in a new direction.

But he found nothing, not even a bush or a bit of scrub, only the ghastly dune grass and this crowding white blindness and stillness that stifled all his senses. Surely it was some other sense than hearing which warned him that something or someone was near him. It could be within fifteen feet, without his seeing or hearing it. But he felt something was very near.

Julian took a step forward, peering as if he could stare a hole into the mist. He heard a faint shifting of sand and advanced again. He had to know. Among the ghostlike, trailing shadows a more definite form took shape, slowly, not all at once. It was a girl. She was standing very still. She always had a certain little way of standing and, of course . . . it was Anne.

THE release of tension made him laugh. The girl screamed. She vanished. He ran after her shouting, "Anne! Anne, you crazy little idiot, it's I. It's Julian!"

He searched frantically for a long time. She had disappeared, as the house had disappeared, and the road. The mist had taken a new shade now, mauve. So it would soon be dark. Then it was dark. He sat down in the sand and watched it get blacker than any night he had ever seen, so black that it seemed hard to draw breath. He got up and walked blindly, wondering if Genevieve would believe all this. Once he thought about Anne. She must be terrified, poor youngster. He was terrified himself. Well, it was her own fault. Well, it would do her good even if it weren't her own fault. Perhaps she wasn't scared, though. She was never what she ought to be, a girl like Anne. Genevieve was always what she ought to be and that was why . . . if Anne wanted to know. The worse a man is himself, the more he wants a girl to be just what she should be.

Julian afterward remembered holding his wrist watch to his eyes and reading seven o'clock just before the yellow glow appeared. Or, if it had been there all along, that was when he first noticed it. It was a very faint glow, like a shrouded moon. But it wasn't any moon. It was more like a dim light behind a thickly curtained and draped window.

So Julian found the house. He couldn't really see it or make out its nature, even when a few breathless steps brought him to the door. He could see the massive door and a few feet of weathered shingle on either side. His repeated knocking echoed through the house without answer.

He gave it up eventually and tried the door. He must get in, light the place up, make some sort of signal to guide Anne. He'd have to do that much for his worst enemy. The door was unlatched. It gave way easily and smoothly.

JULIAN stepped boldly into what, at a glance, was the living-room of a small shooting lodge: gun racks, the various species of Long Island duck—canvasback, teal, widgeon, redhead, mallard—mounted against dark wood panels. A five-foot log breathed red and white in a wide, well-screened fireplace, its glow reflected again against the heavy pieces of Georgian furniture and the sideboard reproductions of Sheffield plate and old English silver. A short stairway indicated what must be very small rooms above. In the center of a great table was a curiously shaped bottle of whisky and a small glass.

Julian shouted, "Hello, there! Hello!" His voice sounded strange, even to himself. There was no reply. The log broke in the fireplace with a rustling of ashes. A window drape stirred. He started with each sound and turned sharply to face the slightest movement. Trying to carry himself naturally and yet proceed with a certain caution, he investigated a low swinging door at the far corner of the room.

Pantry and kitchen. An electric refrigerator. The place must have its own little power plant. Returning toward the fireplace, he passed the center table and considered the bottle of whisky. The truth was he had been considering it from the moment he had opened the door and seen it. A fellow does not allow for cold, drenching mists when he goes on the wagon. He drew the cork without a twinge of conscience. "That's what comes of overworking a conscience," he muttered. "It quits on you."

One whiff was enough to tell him it was good whisky, of the very best. He wet the back of his hand with it and inhaled while it evaporated. He swallowed a neat glass, the sort of Scotch whisky not often to be had, not even in Glasgow. He tried another dash of it just to make sure and then, pausing with the empty glass still in his hand, had his first suspicion of this little shooting lodge in the North Shore dunes with its gun racks, its power plant, and its superfine Scotch.

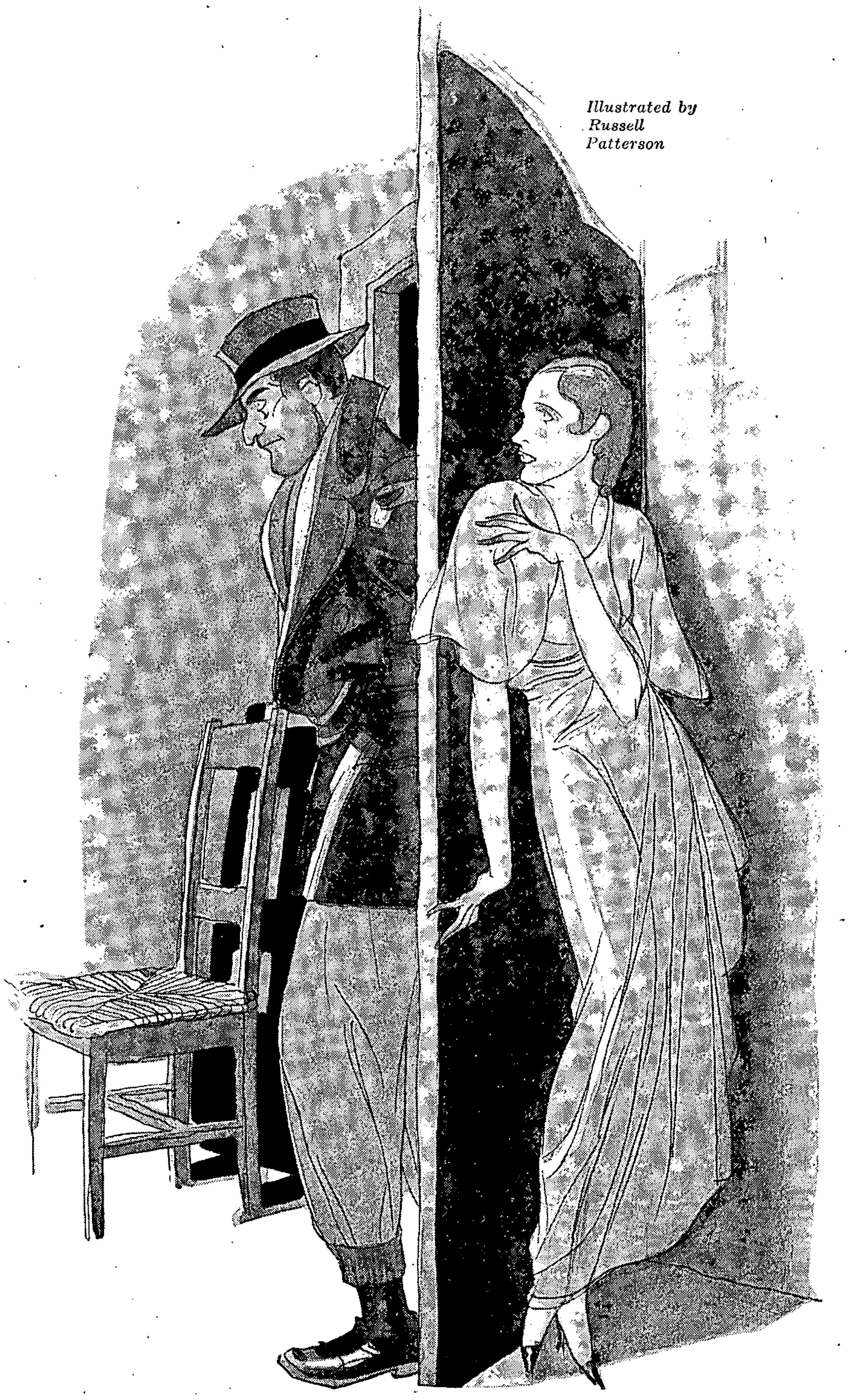
But he didn't dwell upon it. He now felt confident he could handle any situation which might arise. He felt himself again and even doubted that he ever felt better in his life. He doubled his fists and flexed his biceps and finally sat down on one of a pair of dark leather settees placed at right angles to the fire. Julian began to think of a good way to signal Anne.

RIGHT away he had it. That was how good he felt. The guns, of course. He would fire out the window at intervals. He went to the rack and selected a beautiful double-barreled, twelve-gauge duck gun. Then he began scouting around for shells. A table drawer was full of them. He glanced at the caps before slipping a couple into the breech. . . . USMC Buckshot. "Buckshot! If they shot a duck with buckshot, there wouldn't be so much left as a quack."

Julian sat down on the leather settee again with the gun across his knees. Well, that settled it. Anne Hazard might be better off lost in the mist, if she wouldn't catch pneumonia. As for himself, he was a man. He wasn't afraid of all the desperate rum-running gangs on the Long Island shore.

Julian leaped to his feet. He wasn't exactly afraid but he thought he'd heard

(*Continued on page 49*)



Illustrated by Russell Patterson

A tall, red-faced man lunged in as Anne slid behind the door

The Wrong Wife

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE the week-end guest of former Senator Carmichael at Lake Warumkeg, Maine, Richard Cordova, Assistant District Attorney of New York, is informed by the senator that New York City's next mayor will be—Richard Cordova! "But," adds the ex-senator, "not unless you win that Builders and Drovers case." "I'll win it," says Cordova. . . .

Back in New York, Cordova surprises himself. Carmichael has two charming nieces: Del and Deborah ("Deb"). Having met them in Maine, Cordova has fallen in love with Del. Impulsively, he writes to her, pours out his heart to her. Then, to his consternation, he learns—through Grady, a newspaper man—that a group of politicians (including Carmichael) is plotting, trying to force him from office!

A severe shock, that; but nothing to what follows. Deborah—*not Del*—Carmichael comes to New York, goes to Cordova's apartment. "I got your letter, darling," she says, "and I've come to you—I love you." . . . Cordova thinks quickly. His letter (he reasons), addressed somewhat illegibly to "Del," had gone, instead, to "Deb." What to do? Cordova's answer is an amazing one: dreading the thought of hurting the girl, he marries her—the wrong wife!

Then—on a train bound for Lake Warumkeg—Deborah confesses. "Dick," she says, "I knew that letter wasn't for me. But I wanted you, had to have you."

Cordova is furious. "We shall be divorced," he announces, "*after* I'm mayor." Whereupon Deb gives him another surprise. "So you don't care for me," she laughs. "Well, Dick, I might as well admit it now: I don't love you, either!"

Carmichael and Del greet the couple. It is easy to see that Del—who determined to marry Cordova the first moment she saw him, and who feels sure that he loves her—is at a loss to explain the marriage. Wondering what could have happened, she draws Cordova aside later as they are standing at the lake's edge ready for a swim. "Dick," she whispers, "how did Deb do it? I know quite as well as you do that you *don't love her.*"

IX

SHE had used the word "extraordinary" to define his emotion toward Deborah, but it seemed to Cordova that the word would be more fittingly used to describe her own question. Yet, because she must be as flawless in character as she was in body, Cordova resented his own unspoken criticism of her.

"Pity? How on earth could anyone pity your cousin—my wife?"

"Not now," she smiled. "As the wife of the brilliant young attorney, Richard Cordova, she rates only envy."

"And love," he added.

"Too bad, then, that she doesn't receive what she rates," said Del.

Cordova eyed her with a puzzlement that he hoped impressed her.

"Please, Dick," she continued, "with me there is no need for—evasion, is there?"

He wanted to squirm, like a guilty child, before the wise pity in her eyes.

"Dick, you don't love Deborah."

"Don't love her?" Again he tried to laugh loudly, but it seemed to him that he only achieved a discordant cackle. "Then why on earth did I marry her?"

"That," she said, "is exactly the question I'm asking you."

"And my reply is that I love her," he said.

"Which brings me back to my question of a moment ago: how did she arouse your pity—for your love is that—so tremendously?"

"There are"—he hated to venture even this mild criticism—"certain things that can't be discussed."

"You mean that I have no right to ask such questions?"

"What do you think?" he countered.

"I think that if a man loves a woman, he owes her utter honesty," she said.

"Which is what I shall always try to give to my wife," he said.

She sighed ever so slightly, as one whose faint impatience has not reached—and never can reach—the point of exasperation.

"I was not talking of Deborah," she said. "I was speaking of the woman you love."

"Which is my wife," he said.

"Is it?" she asked.

"Could it be anyone else?" he demanded.

"Men have been known," she smiled, "to marry one woman while loving another."

HE LOOKED out toward the little island where Deborah sunned herself. She was seated on the sand, knees raised, arms clasped about them. She made an attractive picture, but it seemed to him that her attitude was a trifle forlorn. He turned back to her cousin.

"Shall we join my wife?" he asked.

She took up the challenge instantly.

"Lawyers," she said, "are notoriously evasive; they use words to disguise thoughts, Dick. But I hoped better of you. You've done an extraordinary thing, Dick."

"You've called it that before," he said. "Is an elopement—I suppose that's what it was—so unusual?"

"I think the occasion for this one is most unusual," she replied.

"I don't see why. A lovely girl—"

"And an ardent youth—that's what you'd like me to believe?"

"What else can you possibly believe?" he asked.

"I can believe what is true," she replied. "I can believe that a young woman tricked a man, that she played upon his gallantry, upon his pity—"

He eyed her sternly.

"You aren't by any chance speaking of Deborah?"

"Please. You needn't be stilted, melodramatic. Of course I'm speaking of Deborah—and of you. And I thought, knowing what I know of you—"

"And what can you know of me?" he demanded.

"That you love me," she answered.

She waited until the crimson had receded from his cheeks, until his skin was pale, and then, with a laugh so gay that it was almost childlike, she dashed to the water's edge. Over her shoulder she glanced back at him, standing there, stricken. Her pose was as graceful, as lovely, as anything that Cordova had ever seen. Her bathing suit was as scanty as the one worn by Deborah, only her skin was creamy where Deborah's was tanned. She had that skin which resists all efforts of the sun; which neither burns nor freckles, nor cracks in the wind.

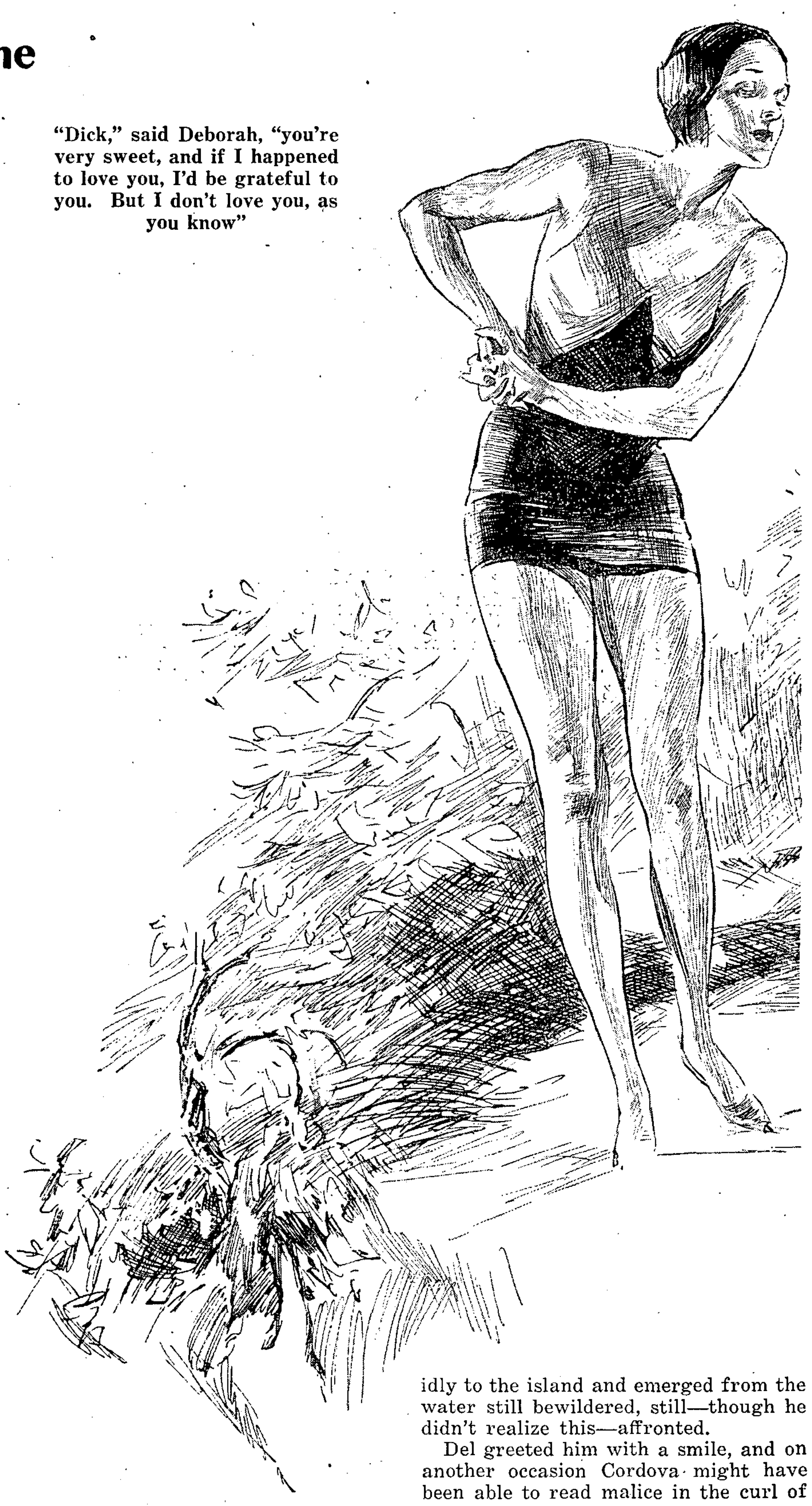
She laughed again, as might a mischievous child who has surprised an elder by a revelation of unsuspected knowledge, and then she dived into the water. Her body was as graceful in motion as it was lovely in repose, and the rounded limbs, so utterly feminine in appearance, concealed sturdy muscles, for she swam rapidly.

Cordova noted these things with one part of his mind. Another part was busy digesting her amazing statement. Of course, it had been evident, almost from the start of her cross-examination, that she had been leading up to something like this, but Cordova had refused to believe his own perceptions.

She *couldn't* know. Not unless his heart were worn upon his sleeve and Del's name were engraved upon it. Del might have gathered, as a woman will, that her charms had smitten him deeply, but she could not have gathered, from any look in his eyes or inflection of his voice, that he *loved* her. And his marriage to Deborah ought to be clinching proof that he had survived the assault of Del's fascinations.

And even if she knew that he loved her, she shouldn't have told him so. Good Lord, he was married to her cousin, had been a bridegroom only twenty-four hours—less than that. But his mind refused to sit in judgment on this gorgeous creature.

She was reaching the island now, was wading up the little beach, was speaking to Deborah. He ran down the few feet of lawn and plunged into the cool waters of the lake. He swam rapidly to the island and emerged from the water still bewildered, still—though he didn't realize this—affronted.



"Dick," said Deborah, "you're very sweet, and if I happened to love you, I'd be grateful to you. But I don't love you, as you know"

Del greeted him with a smile, and on another occasion Cordova might have been able to read malice in the curl of those perfect lips.

"I've kept the bride and groom apart too long," she said. "Besides, what we were saying should have been said before Deborah." She turned to her cousin. "I was asking Dick what trick you had used to get him to marry you."

NOW this was brutal, and Cordova, obsessed though he was by passion, found the first flaw in his goddess.

"The trick," he said, "is a lovely face and a lovely soul."

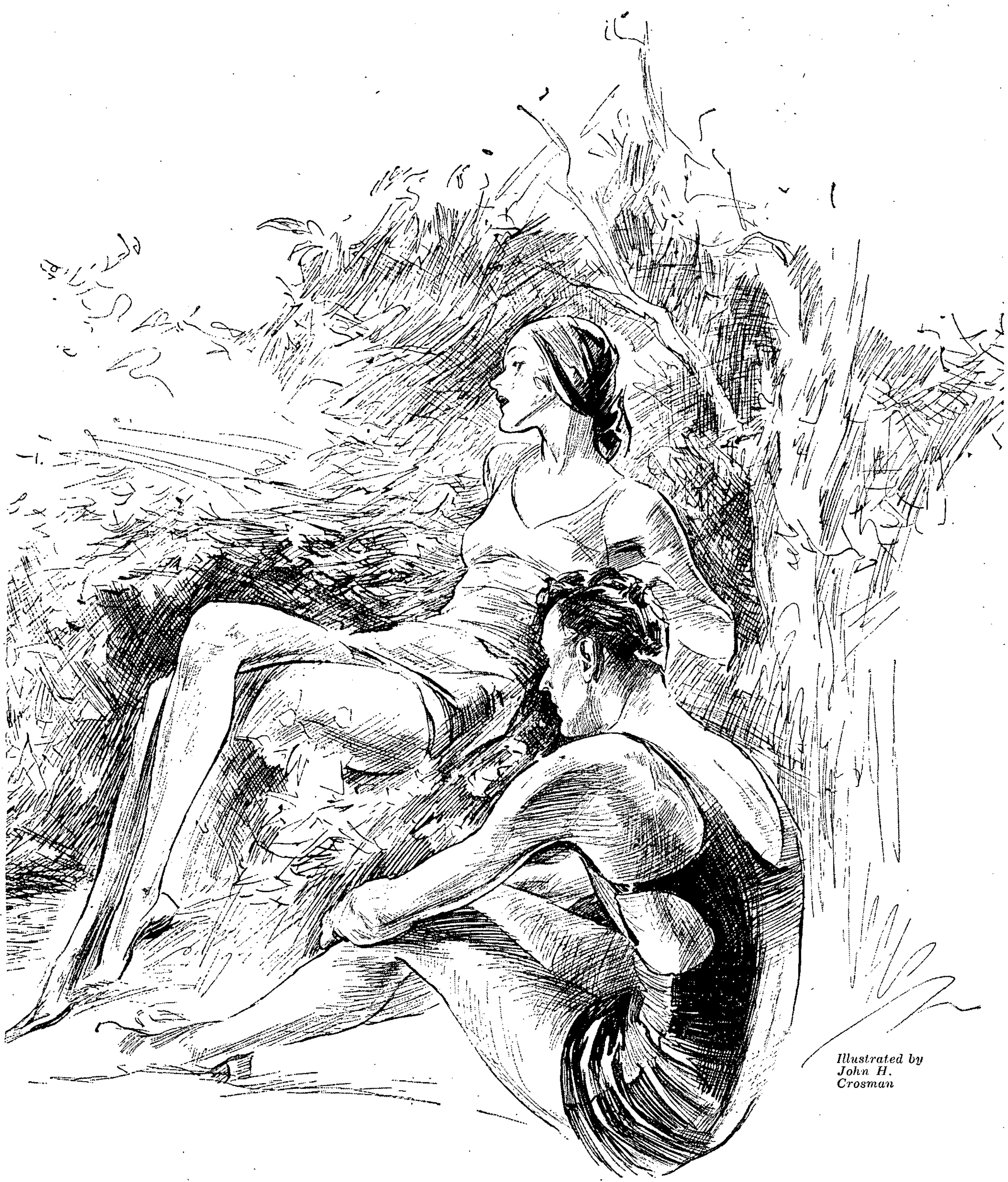
He bent over his wife, took her face in both his hands, and kissed her upon the mouth and sat down beside her. He turned to Del.

"I find the joke not too humorous," he said.

"And I find the situation not too gay," said Del.

"And how do you suppose I find it?" demanded Deborah.

She stood up, and Cordova found himself comparing her figure to that of



Illustrated by John H. Crosman

Delmar. Not quite so smooth, perhaps, but bearing promise. He looked into her candid eyes and found that gray was as lovely a color, almost, as blue.

"Dick, you're very sweet. And if I happened to love you, I'd be grateful to you. But I don't love you, as you know."

"Perhaps I'm all wrong," said Delmar. "Perhaps it was Dick who tricked you—"

"Please, Del," interrupted Deborah. "I told Dick that—that you ought to know. You had a right to be told. He loves you, and—"

"You opened the letter meant for me—"

"You knew that?" gasped Dick.

DEL looked at him.

"I thought our little Deborah was leaving the camp on a rather sudden whim. So—I looked around her room. I found a letter that might have been meant for me—"

"It was meant for you, Del," said Deborah quietly.

"You read Deborah's mail?" asked Cordova.

"Wasn't it my mail?" retorted the girl.

"Deborah's mail," insisted Cordova. "I wrote her a love letter. She came to New York. I begged her to marry me then and there. She did."

"Oh, Dick, you *are* sweet," said Deborah. "But—what's the use? I did a dreadful thing. But—Dick and I have talked it over. I will give him a divorce and—"

Cordova felt a queer exasperation with his wife.

"There was no need of this," he exclaimed. "I—I—"

"There was every need of it, Dick," said Deborah. "If Del loves you—"

"Has anything been said that would intimate that?" asked Delmar.

Deborah's eyes were wide.

"But don't you? I mean—if you didn't—what would you care how I had managed to marry Dick?"

"I don't care," said Del. "It was simply that—"

"You don't love Dick?" asked Deborah.

"Why—how can you ask such a question?" said Delmar. Her blue eyes glinted with an anger that Cordova could not believe their lovely depths could hold.

Vaguely he realized that he was witnessing one of those battles between women of which he had read, but which he had never seen or heard. And it also seemed to him that his wife was getting the best of the struggle. She turned to him, and her gray eyes were smiling.

"Poor Dick. Nobody seems to love him."

He had felt angry, ridiculous. But now he felt that sense of stupid futility which a man must feel when he finds that a woman is making fun of him.

He fought desperately for dignity.

"I—I think—we're all being rather silly, and—"

"Except Del," said Deborah. "Knowing that you didn't care for me, Dick, and guessing at what I had done, she has the satisfaction of knowing that her guess was right."

"I DIDN'T want anyone to know," said Dick shortly. "Your uncle—"

He paused uncertainly.

"I don't think Uncle should know," said Delmar. "But you two absurd young people—" She paused, as though their folly were something incredible, yet slightly amusing.

The tide of battle, Cordova felt, had shifted. Somehow, in the last second, by her last speech, Del had seemed to make Deborah seem futile and silly.

"One absurd young person," Deborah corrected her. "Myself. Dick has been nothing but—he's been everything that's wonderful. I've made a fool of him through my own wickedness; and there's been enough of this, hasn't there?"

In sudden anger she stared at both of them, and with a movement so rapid that it was accomplished before Cordova realized what she was doing, she threw herself into the lake and began swimming—racing—toward shore. He half started to follow her, but Del's cool voice restrained him.

"Don't follow her now, Dick. Give her a little time. She feels too badly—"

"She needn't have," he said.

"Meaning that I was cruel to her?"

"What else would you call it?" he asked.

"I'd call it a rescue," she replied.

"A rescue?"

"Of you. Chivalry made you do a lot, Dick. Chivalry might make you do more—that you would regret."

"And what do you care what I do?" he cried.

"What difference does it make to you—what I care?"

"*Do* you care?" he demanded.

"Do you?" she asked.

He stared down at her. The curve of her lips; the blue of her eyes; the tender tendrils of her ash-blond hair that peeped from beneath her bathing cap; the seductive lines of her body. He felt a sudden impelling urge to take her in his arms, to kiss those red lips. . . . And then he felt a reaction that seemed amazing to him.

HE WAS married; the girl who had just plunged into the water, who had fled in an anger that was mostly humiliation, was his wife. She was more than that. She was someone whom he wanted to take in his arms. The touch of her lips, which he had just experienced, became vivid in recollection. Those lips had been unresponsive now, but yesterday—the night before—they had responded eagerly, and today's cool acceptance of his chivalrous gesture could not make him forget that on those other occasions acceptance had not been cool.

"I love Deborah," he said stiffly.

"After all that has been said, after Deb admits that her letter was meant for me—"

"It wasn't. It was sent to her," said Cordova.

The blue eyes opened wide now.

"But you said yourself—you admitted that the letter was sent to me."

"I couldn't have," he declared. "I wrote it to Deborah, because I had fallen in love with her at sight, and wanted to marry her."

"And if I should tell you," she went on, ignoring his response, "that if *I* had received the letter, I might have done exactly what Deborah did—what then?"

"I would say," said Cordova, "that you were making fun of me."

"Look at me," she said. "Do I look as if I were making fun of you?" Her eyes were grave and hinted at delectations beyond belief; her bosom, rising and falling, betrayed an agitation which he could not fail to recognize.

"You look," said Cordova, "as though you were making fun of me."

She rose swiftly to her feet. Cordova noted that she did this as gracefully as she did everything else. She walked to the water's edge. Then she spoke to him.

"I have gone farther with you than I have ever gone with any man, Dick."

"In making fun of me?" he asked.

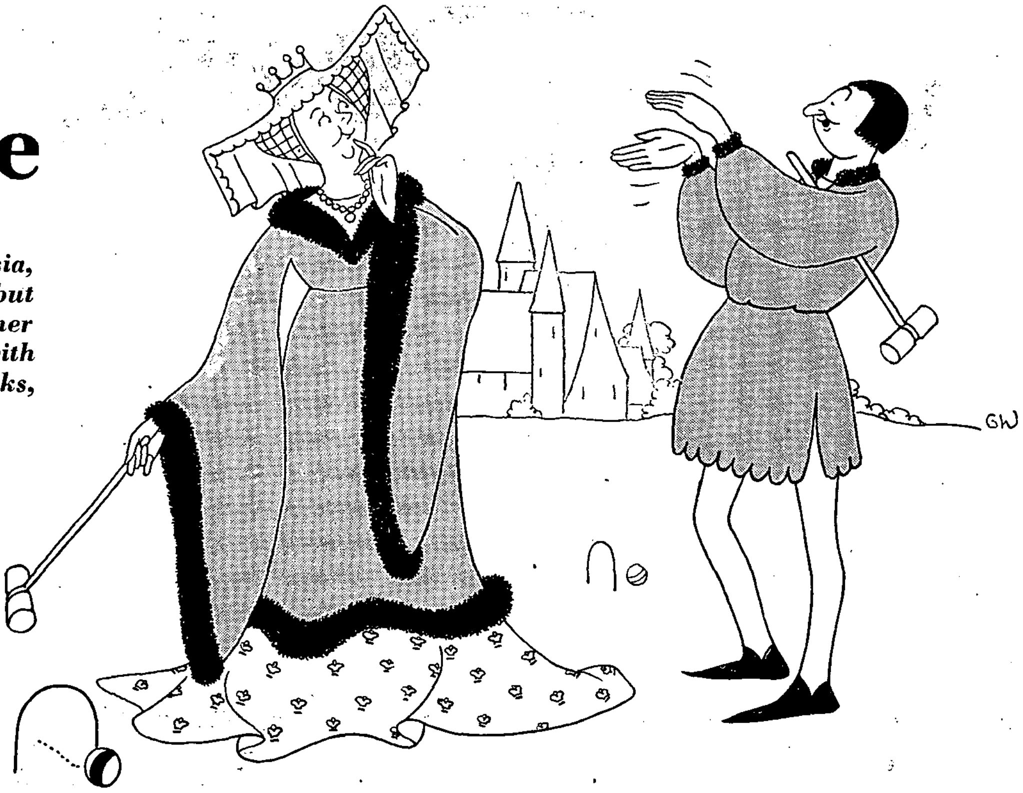
"In letting you read—things that I do not care to have read. Dick, the opportunity will not come your way again.

(*Continued on page 40*)

The Royal Road to Someplace Else

"There are no real kings left, 'Lonzo. Of course, Persia, Afghanistan an' Abyssinia are said to be despotisms, but all three rulers keep their bank accounts in some other country, have special trains parked in the back yard with steam up, an' never turn down a chance to join the Elks, the Moose, the Masons or the Eagles"

Uncle Henry



Owen ap Tudor happened to catch the attention of the English queen

I USED to think I'd like to be a king," said Uncle Henry, "but now I don't know. Modern monarchs don't know what it is to have a restful moment. From dawn to dusk they're crouched on the mark, waitin' for the shot that will start 'em off on a dead run for the nearest port. An' how can anybody get a good night's sleep between sheets furnished by the United States Steel Corporation, especially when he's encased in bullet-proof pajamas?

"To make matters worse, a king's life is jes' one darned Cabinet after another. He never knows who he's workin' for. Every time he answers the buzzer, there's a strange face in the swivel chair, an' a strange voice givin' him his orders for the day. Trippin' down the corridor of a mornin', he spies a roughly dressed individual in the parlor, sprawled comfortably on the best divan, with his muddy feet all over the cushions.

"'Hello,' he observes hesitantly. 'I don't think anybody sent for the plumber.'

"'Plumber!' comes the hot retort. 'I'm the new premier.'

"There are no real kings left, 'Lonzo. I mean the kind that could cut off a head without havin' to plead temporary insanity, or start a war any time he woke up with a hangover. Of course, Persia, Afghanistan an' Abyssinia, are said to be despotisms, but all three rulers keep their bank accounts in some other country, have special trains parked in the back yard with steam up, an' never turn down a chance to join the Elks, the Moose, the Masons or the Eagles or any other lodge.

"The others don't amount to much. Carol of Roumania has been a flop, an' as for Zog the First, his only distinction is that he'll also be the last. An' united Albania is behind him, an' heaven help the poor devil if they ever catch up.

"As for the King of Italy, who's heard of him since Mussolini signed on? Nobody knows whether he's dead or alive, an' Victor Emanuel himself, when asked, refused to answer on advice of counsel.

"An' take the case of the King of England. No wonder he's never without a cold. Jes' as he's slipped off his shoes an' has his feet in the oven of the kitchen stove—about the only warm place in Buckingham Palace—down comes an order for him to lay a corner stone or open another exposition.

Royalty's Greatest Error

"The kings have only themselves to blame, however. Their great mistake was comin' out into the open where people could get a good look at 'em. Back in the days when royalty wore armor, dressin' an' undressin' with a can opener, an' never left the palace except to wage a war, kick a parliament loose from its pants or grab a new wife, people accepted them at their own valuation, an' never dreamed of quarrelin' with the theory of divine right.

"But when kings an' princes began runnin' around race tracks, bettin' on the wrong horse jes' like any other sucker, an' plankin' their rolls on the red with black comin' up every time, their erstwhile loyal, lovin' subjects lifted their faces from the dust, gulped excitedly for a minute or so, an' then muttered angrily, 'Why, the big bums, they're no better than we are.'"

"What's this theory of divine right?" asked Mr. Stubbs. "I see where Alfonso XIII said that the Spanish people can't take it away from him."

"I'm inclined to agree with him," said Uncle Henry. "The theory of divine right means that the statute of limitations has run. The stolen goods can't be recovered because the owners didn't go to the police at once. After loot has been in the same family for three or four centuries, can you wonder that the possessors fall into the pleasant belief that God gave it to 'em?

"Let's take Alfonso's own line as an example. The first Bourbon was a rough guy named Ademar who took his last name from the town he lived in. After several centuries, one of the Bourbon boys won out in a gang fight an' made himself King of France. Spain had a royal line of its own, but when inbreedin' began to turn out idiot after idiot, Louis XIV picked out a grandson who hated work, an' sent him over to the Spanish throne. That's Alfonso's divine right.

"Comin' to the royal houses of England, I don't think that even his closest friends would have called William the Conqueror a divine selection. As a matter of fact, he was the Al Capone of his day, the first great gangster to grasp the value of organization. The force that he took to England wasn't an army at all, but a company recruited from the toughest mugs in all Europe, an' formed entirely for purposes of loot.

The Lowdown on the Tudors

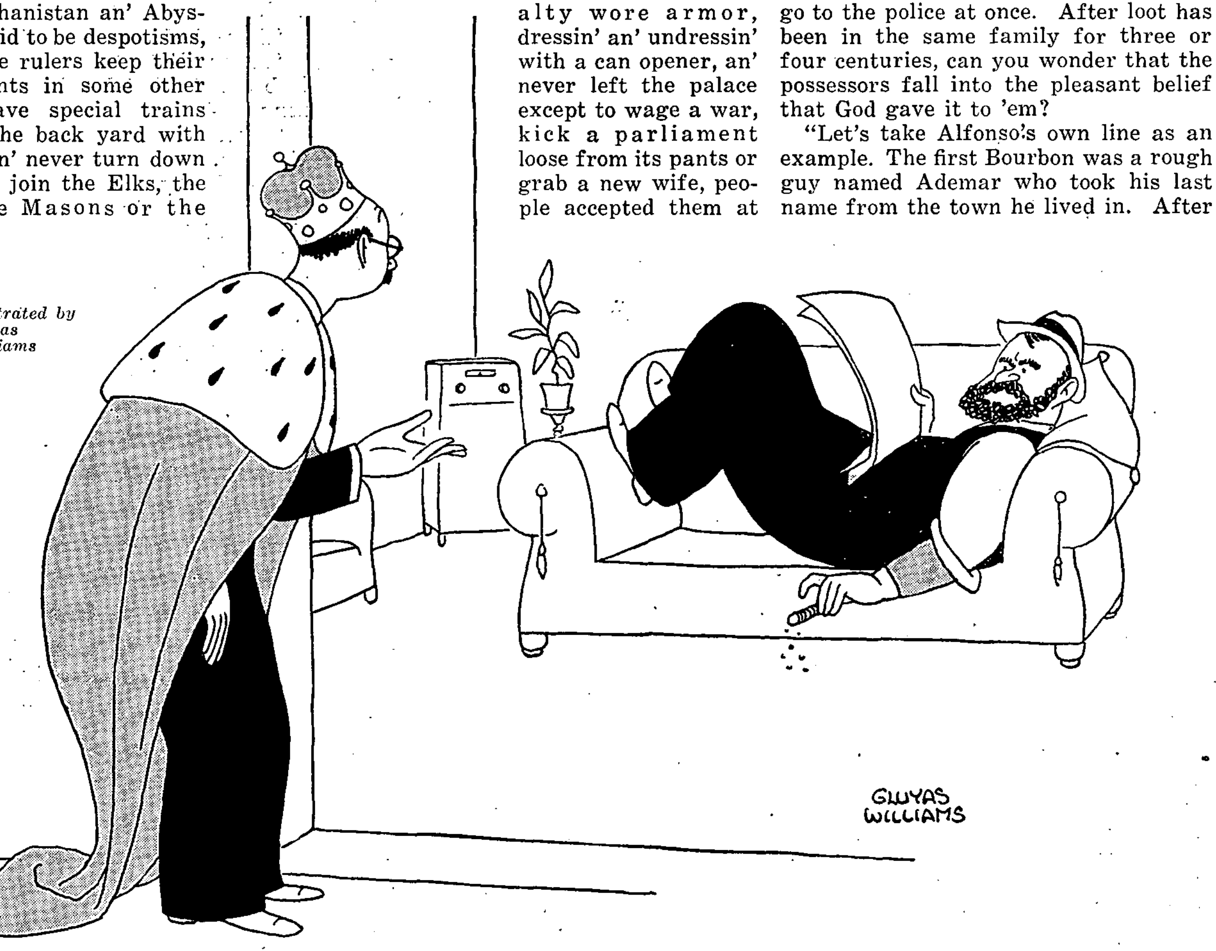
"Owen ap Tudor, from whom Henry the Eighth an' Elizabeth derived the right to rule, was a young Welshman with nothin' to go on but a dimple, a bold eye an' a fine pair of legs. While hangin' around the English court, wonderin' how he could cut down the time between meals, he happened to catch the attention of the widowed queen, an' children came to bless the friendship.

"The queen died before she could make Owen an honest man. One of his grandsons, however, got control of his ward, an' when Richard the Third took up assassination as a life work, young Harry Tudor had sufficient political influence to head the opposition. Winnin' the celebrated battle of Bosworth Field, he made himself Henry the Seventh.

"Now for the Hanovers. They started in a German place called Hohenufer, meanin' High Bank, an' I don't suppose the world ever saw a thriftier lot. Any time a bee got away the whole family gave pursuit. When Queen Anne died, England was in an awful fix for a ruler, an' finally sent over for George Louis, Elector of Hanover. Thus came the four Georges, all of whom went crazy worryin' whether the Hanover tenants were stealin' the egg money."

"Well, we've got no such thing as divine right in this country, thank the Lord," exclaimed Mr. Stubbs.

"But we have," said Uncle Henry. "Young Teddy Roosevelt is insistin' that the Republicans nominate him for vice president with full rights of succession."



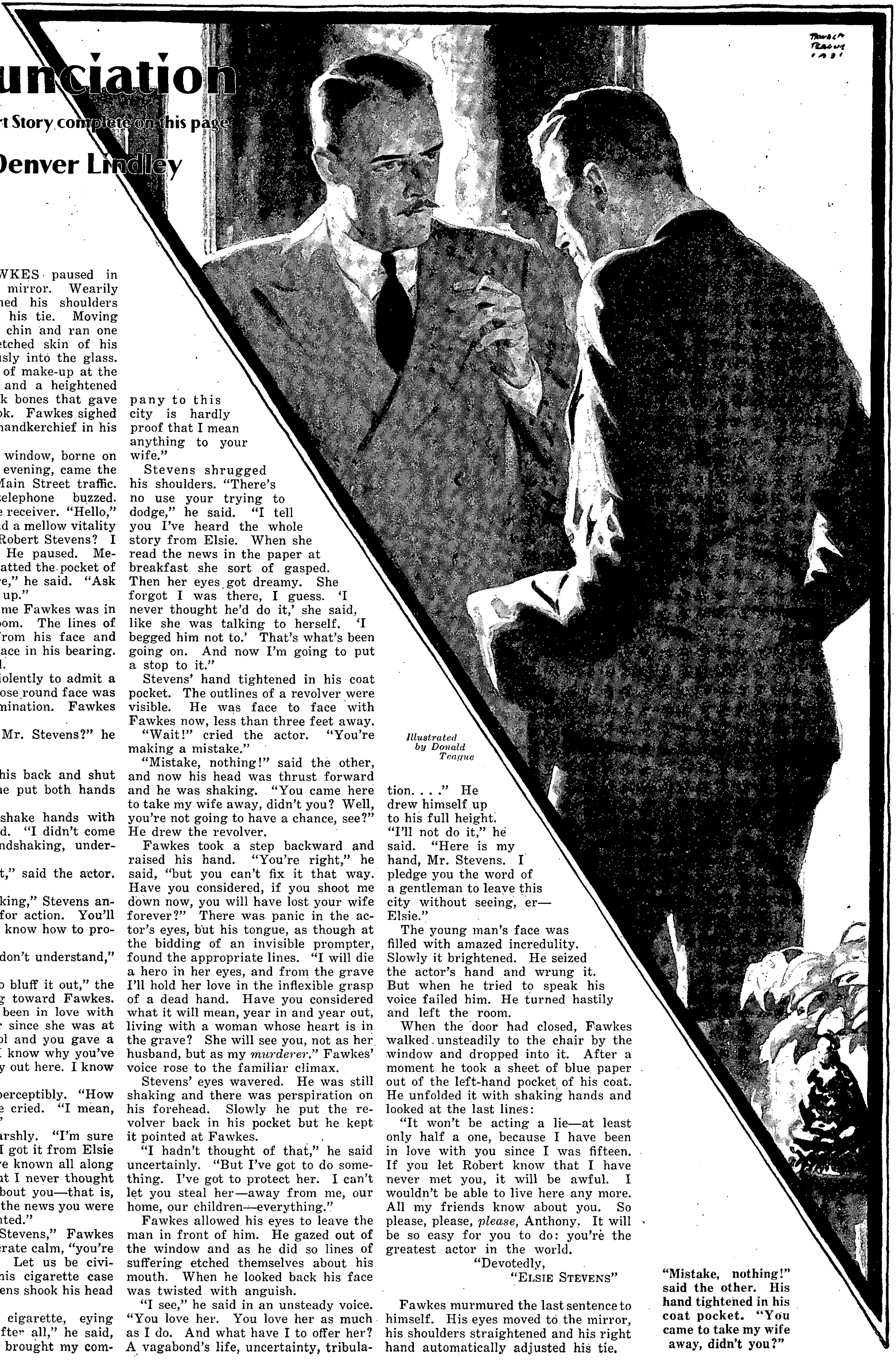
Illustrated by Gluyas Williams

"Plumber!" comes the hot retort. "I'm the new premier!"

Renunciation

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Denver Lindley



Illustrated by Donald Teague

"Mistake, nothing!" said the other. His hand tightened in his coat pocket. "You came to take my wife away, didn't you?"

ANTHONY FAWKES paused in front of the mirror. Wearily he straightened his shoulders and adjusted his tie. Moving nearer, he lifted his chin and ran one hand along the stretched skin of his neck, peering anxiously into the glass.

There were traces of make-up at the corners of his eyes and a heightened color about his cheek bones that gave his face a mottled look. Fawkes sighed and reached for the handkerchief in his breast pocket.

Through the open window, borne on the hot air of early evening, came the rattle and hum of Main Street traffic.

Abruptly the telephone buzzed. Fawkes picked up the receiver. "Hello," he said. His voice had a mellow vitality that carried well. "Robert Stevens? I don't know him—" He paused. Mechanically his hand patted the pocket of his coat. "To be sure," he said. "Ask Mr. Stevens to come up."

When the knock came Fawkes was in the middle of the room. The lines of fatigue were gone from his face and there was an easy grace in his bearing.

"Come in," he said.

The door opened violently to admit a stocky young man whose round face was set in lines of determination. Fawkes extended his hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Stevens?" he said.

STEVENS turned his back and shut the door. Then he put both hands in his pockets.

"I don't want to shake hands with you, Fawkes," he said. "I didn't come here to do any handshaking, understand?"

"I'm afraid I don't," said the actor. "Tell me about it."

"There's no use talking," Stevens answered. "I've come for action. You'll find that out here we know how to protect our wives."

"I'm still afraid I don't understand," said Fawkes.

"You needn't try to bluff it out," the other said, advancing toward Fawkes. "I know that you've been in love with Elsie for years—ever since she was at Miss Waldron's school and you gave a performance there. I know why you've brought your company out here. I know everything."

The actor recoiled perceptibly. "How did you find out?" he cried. "I mean, are you sure of this?"

Stevens laughed harshly. "I'm sure all right," he said. "I got it from Elsie herself. Of course I've known all along that you loved her, but I never thought she cared anything about you—that is, not until the morning the news you were coming here was printed."

"Come now, Mr. Stevens," Fawkes interposed with deliberate calm, "you're getting wrought up. Let us be civilized." He opened his cigarette case and extended it. Stevens shook his head vehemently.

Fawkes chose a cigarette, eying Stevens sharply. "After all," he said, "the fact that I have brought my company to this city is hardly proof that I mean anything to your wife."

Stevens shrugged his shoulders. "There's no use your trying to dodge," he said. "I tell you I've heard the whole story from Elsie. When she read the news in the paper at breakfast she sort of gasped. Then her eyes got dreamy. She forgot I was there, I guess. 'I never thought he'd do it,' she said, like she was talking to herself. 'I begged him not to.' That's what's been going on. And now I'm going to put a stop to it."

Stevens' hand tightened in his coat pocket. The outlines of a revolver were visible. He was face to face with Fawkes now, less than three feet away.

"Wait!" cried the actor. "You're making a mistake."

"Mistake, nothing!" said the other, and now his head was thrust forward and he was shaking. "You came here to take my wife away, didn't you? Well, you're not going to have a chance, see?" He drew the revolver.

Fawkes took a step backward and raised his hand. "You're right," he said, "but you can't fix it that way. Have you considered, if you shoot me down now, you will have lost your wife forever?" There was panic in the actor's eyes, but his tongue, as though at the bidding of an invisible prompter, found the appropriate lines. "I will die a hero in her eyes, and from the grave I'll hold her love in the inflexible grasp of a dead hand. Have you considered what it will mean, year in and year out, living with a woman whose heart is in the grave? She will see you, not as her husband, but as my *murderer*." Fawkes' voice rose to the familiar climax.

Stevens' eyes wavered. He was still shaking and there was perspiration on his forehead. Slowly he put the revolver back in his pocket but he kept it pointed at Fawkes.

"I hadn't thought of that," he said uncertainly. "But I've got to do something. I've got to protect her. I can't let you steal her—away from me, our home, our children—everything."

Fawkes allowed his eyes to leave the man in front of him. He gazed out of the window and as he did so lines of suffering etched themselves about his mouth. When he looked back his face was twisted with anguish.

"I see," he said in an unsteady voice. "You love her. You love her as much as I do. And what have I to offer her? A vagabond's life, uncertainty, tribulation. . . ." He drew himself up to his full height. "I'll not do it," he said. "Here is my hand, Mr. Stevens. I pledge you the word of a gentleman to leave this city without seeing, er—Elsie."

The young man's face was filled with amazed incredulity. Slowly it brightened. He seized the actor's hand and wrung it. But when he tried to speak his voice failed him. He turned hastily and left the room.

When the door had closed, Fawkes walked unsteadily to the chair by the window and dropped into it. After a moment he took a sheet of blue paper out of the left-hand pocket of his coat. He unfolded it with shaking hands and looked at the last lines:

"It won't be acting a lie—at least only half a one, because I have been in love with you since I was fifteen. If you let Robert know that I have never met you, it will be awful. I wouldn't be able to live here any more. All my friends know about you. So please, please, *please*, Anthony. It will be so easy for you to do: you're the greatest actor in the world.

"Devotedly,
"ELSIE STEVENS"

Fawkes murmured the last sentence to himself. His eyes moved to the mirror, his shoulders straightened and his right hand automatically adjusted his tie.

The Dirty Dozens

Continued from page 13

short of a catastrophe. And that was just the beginning.

"And he about de biggest man in de line, too," he heard a woman say to her nattily dressed companion. "And gittin' yawled at by de mate for bein' lazy befo' he gits offn de plank! I swear! I used to think dese river niggers was dis and dat, but dey sho' is gittin' worthlesser all de time!"

"Can't expect 'em to be no 'count," agreed her companion. "Looky yonder what he's runnin' around wid." And he pointed to Big Raney, who now was standing up, holding to a post, and shouting shrill, sweet encouragement to Bugaboo.

BUGABOO ducked his head in shame. He tried to close his ears to the chatter-chatter, and he worked as hard as he could. But in his embarrassment he made blunder after blunder. He piled boxes on the wrong stack and was growled at by the driver.

But it was on his last trip up that he sank to ignominious depths to which even the most inexperienced roustabout seldom falls. He was toting a case of eggs up the plank, and halfway up he slipped and almost fell.

He clutched desperately at the crate of eggs instead of minding his footwork. As a result, his legs got tangled with each other, and the springy stage sent him sprawling. When he fell, every ounce of his more than two hundred pounds of muscle and bone landed squarely on top of the thin egg crate. The crate was crushed and the contents were turned into one big, drippy omelet.

"What's the matter with that nigger!" roared the mate.

"He in love, Cap'm," a woman on the bank shouted. Whereupon the mate delivered a four-minute speech of profane reflections on love and roustabouts who indulged in it when there was work to be done.

The mate's observations were so pointed and so personal that Bugaboo decided, then and there, to get up and walk off the steamboat, and never come back. But while the mate, from the main deck, was blistering the air with his remarks, Old Folks, the hard-hearted driver, was acting. He had left the freight shed on the bank and was charging directly on Bugaboo, his hickory stick waving with a meaning that could not be misinterpreted.

Bugaboo made up his mind. Curses from the mate were just curses from the mate, but Old Folks' hickory stick was a physically vicious thing to encounter. He turned and scooted toward the mate as fast as his feet would carry him. He sailed up on the main deck, and passed the mate so fast that the mate's kick missed him by ten feet, and he circled the boiler and engine-room before he could check his speed enough to take notice.

And just as he took notice, he saw the stick-waving, charging old driver slip and fall in the mess of eggs, halfway down the stage. So inglorious was the driver's accident that Bugaboo could not help grinning a little as he saw the old man, hands and feet waving frantically in the thin air, sliding down the plank.

The accident to the driver eased the tension. It was a ridiculous sight, and somebody hazarded a discreet chuckle. The laugh quickly was seconded by a boisterous guffaw and soon everybody was in good humor.

Even the driver, who got to his feet uncertainly, grinned when the mate called out, "Watch out, Old Folks, you'll bust your dignity."

"Sho' is a mess, ain't hit, Cap'm?" the driver admitted. "But efn hit wan't such a soft mess, hit'd a busted ev'y bone in my dignity, I bet." And he sheepishly began scraping the scrambled eggs from the seat of his breeches.

The ruckus was so great that even old Captain Cooley himself strolled over to the hurricane deck rail and watched it quietly.

"How much are eggs, Joe?" he called to the mud clerk, who was on the bank.

"Four-ten, Captain," the clerk replied. "I got the nigger's name that broke them, and I'll charge them against his wages."

"Nothing of the sort," declared the captain. "Give him ninety cents change. That show was worth five dollars."

THE boat pulled out and everybody was happy. That is, everybody except Bugaboo. He scraped the eggs from his clothes as best he could, and then sat down by himself, behind the boiler.

"I kin play dozens to I'm deef and dumb," he said, "widout makin' no woman think I'm sweet-tawkin' her. And I don't see how come she can't do de same."

That was as far as he got with the riddle, no matter how he worried his mind over it.

After an hour of pure misery, a cabin boy came down and found him.

"Mister Joe wants you up at de bar, son," the boy told Bugaboo. "Gonter make you eat all er dem eggs you scrambled awhile ago. And den he gonter make you pay for 'em, I bet."

Bugaboo swung, disinterestedly, at the boy and missed him. Then he walked dejectedly up to the boiler deck and to the mud clerk.

"Here," said the clerk. "Here's ninety cents the captain said give you. It's your change."

"Meanin' I'm fired offn de boat and dat's all de wages I got left after bustin' dem eggs?" Bugaboo asked. He didn't care, but he hoped to ride down to New Orleans.

"No, you're not fired," the clerk explained. "This ninety cents—well, you wouldn't understand it. But take the money and don't ask questions."

BUGABOO took the money and didn't ask questions. There were a few questions that he wanted answered, however. He looked around the boiler deck for Big Raney, but she was nowhere to be seen. "Whar at dat ole, ugly, fat woman which was up hyar?" he asked the clerk.

"Raney? Oh," the clerk looked about. "She's probably up on the hurricane deck talking to the captain's wife."

Bugaboo had no business on the hurricane deck that would give him a chance to get up there. It was bad enough for a rouster to stay on the boiler deck after his business had been attended to, and, in the language of the mate, "few white people and no niggers at all" were allowed on the hurricane deck.

It wasn't until nearly sundown that Bugaboo got to see Big Raney. The boat already had whistled for the landing at Angola, and the big woman waddled down the steps to the main deck. She carried a bundle of clothes in her hand, and had about her the air of a person whose journey had been completed.

"Good-by, sweet darlin'," she grinned at Bugaboo.

"Listen, woman!" he exploded. "How come I'm gittin' to be yo' sweet darlin'? Who ever tole you I was makin' love wid you?"

Big Raney laughed good-naturedly.

"Son," she said, "you don't know my name, does you? Well, I'm gonter tell you."

"You needn't trouble," Bugaboo said.

"I'm named," she continued, ignoring Bugaboo's suggestion, "Big Raney. Dat's de name dey calls me by over to Donaldsonville. But when I was maidin' for ole Cap'm Cooley on his steamboats, de fo'ks all called me Big Ole Dirty Dozens Raney, 'cause I always put ev'y nigger in de dozens which opened his mouf at me."

"I ain't studdin' what you been," Bugaboo grumbled. "All er dat stuff don't give you no call to come sweet-tawkin' at me when I'm workin'."

"Son, be a steamboatin' man," advised Big Raney. "Dey tole me you was de onliest natchal-bawned steamboatin' man roustin' up and down dis river. And you do right good, most er de time. You got de strenk and you got de songs and you got de gaits up de gangplank. And yo' tawk ain't bad. But you's too easy to git put in de dozens, and when you gits put, well, you gits rattled."

"Who put me in de dozens?" demanded Bugaboo. "I said de last words at you yistiddy—"

"Yeah," agreed Raney, "but I said de last words at you today, when you was goin' up de plank, didn't I? And what I'm tawkin' 'bout, I slipped you so hard in de dozens wid my love tawk dat you didn't know yo' name."

The light of understanding began to penetrate Bugaboo's brain, just as the boat nosed in at Angola landing.

"So you don't love me, den," he grinned. "You was jest sweet-tawkin' me to git me in de dozens, hunh?"

"'Cou'se I don't love you," declared Raney. "Or else, how come I'm comin' all de way up hyar to Angola to see my husband which done got made a trusty? Love you? Humph! You's too black and ugly for me to love, son. You looks like a black stump wid hen aigs on top for eyes."

A WINCH screeched and the plank started down. Already an audience of a dozen or so people had congregated upon the bank to watch the boat land and the roustabouts work. Bugaboo grabbed a sack of beans and leaped upon the stage. "Well, all right, lady," he said. "You ain't so purty yo'se'f."

"De trouble wid you," Big Raney called to him, "yo' mamma used to keep you awake ev'y night. Barkin'."

"Soap and water," retorted Bugaboo. "And maybe a little sand."

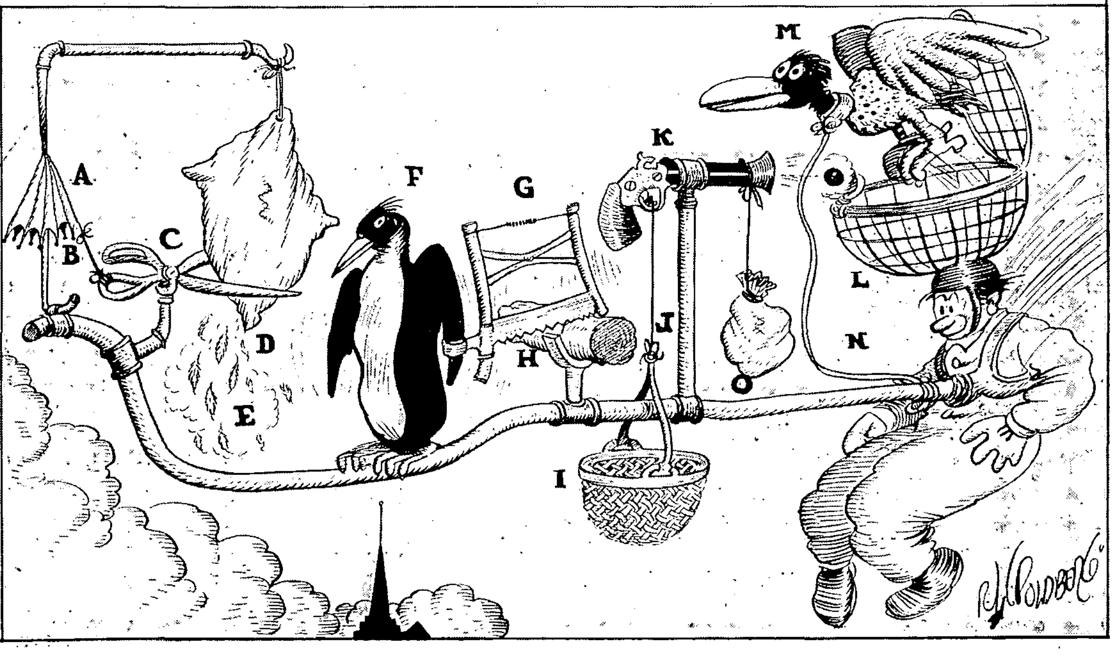
The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

PROFESSOR BUTTS GETS HIS WHISKERS CAUGHT IN A LAUNDRY WRINGER AND AS HE COMES OUT THE OTHER END HE THINKS OF AN IDEA FOR A SIMPLE PARACHUTE.

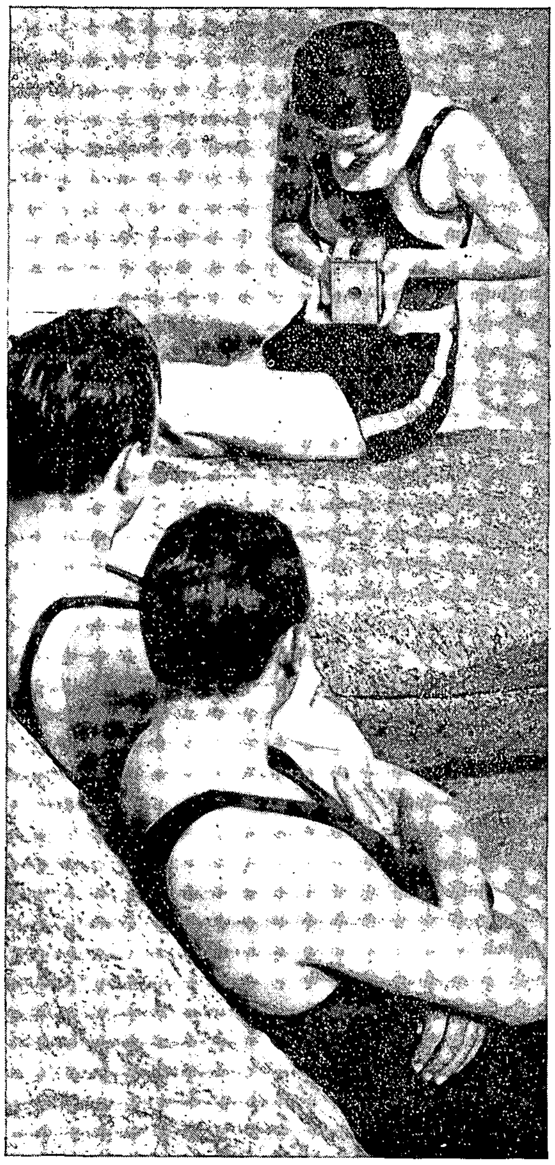
AS AVIATOR JUMPS FROM PLANE FORCE OF WIND OPENS UMBRELLA (A) WHICH PULLS CORD (B) AND CLOSES SHEARS (C), CUTTING OFF CORNER OF FEATHER PILLOW (D). AS WHITE FEATHERS (E) FLY FROM PILLOW, PENGUIN (F) MISTAKES THEM FOR SNOW FLAKES AND FLAPS HIS WINGS FOR JOY WHICH DRAWS BUCK-SAW (G) BACK AND FORTH CUTTING LOG OF WOOD (H). AS PIECE OF WOOD FALLS INTO BASKET (I) ITS WEIGHT CAUSES ROPE (J) TO PULL TRIGGER OF GUN (K) WHICH EXPLODES AND SHOOTS LOCK FROM CAGE (L) RELEASING GIANT UMPHA BIRD (M) WHICH FLIES AND KEEPS AVIATOR AFLOAT WITH ROPE (N). AVIATOR BREAKS PAPER BAG OF CORN (O) CAUSING CORN TO FALL TO GROUND. WHEN BIRD SWOOPS DOWN TO EAT CORN, FLIER UNHOOKS APPARATUS AND WALKS HOME.

THE BIGGEST PROBLEM IS WHERE TO GET THE UMPHA BIRD. WRITE YOUR CONGRESSMAN.



Snapshots!..$100,000 for Snapshots

Big Cash Prizes Offered for Pictures in Kodak's International Competition



Any amateur may enter . . . with pictures made in May, June, July, August, 1931. Your simplest picture may win you as much as $14,000.

The owner of a Brownie, a Hawk-Eye, or the simplest Kodak has the same chance to win as users of costly cameras

SNAPSHOTS made at home . . . snapshots made on your vacation! Snapshots at work and at play, at the beach and in the mountains. Snapshots of places or people or things!

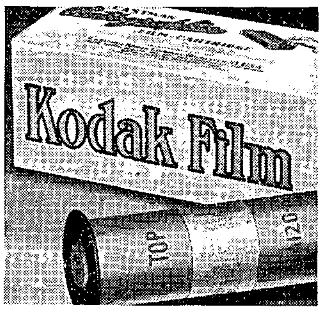
They're all eligible, they all stand a chance to win a big prize in Kodak's International $100,000 Competition.

There are 1,000 prizes, totaling $25,000, for pictures from the United States alone. And first-prize winners in U. S. A. compete for international awards amounting to an additional $16,000.

Easy to enter, easy to win

A simple snapshot may win you as much as $14,000. Only amateurs may compete, any picture subject may be entered, and the user of an inexpensive camera is on the same footing as the owner of a costly outfit.

Winners of the United States prizes will be determined by a committee of distinguished judges consisting of Mary Roberts Rinehart, foremost authoress; Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, conqueror of both Poles by air; Rudolf Eickemeyer, eminent photographer; Howard Chandler Christy, celebrated artist; Kenneth Wilson Williams, editor of "Kodakery."



For pictures of the prize-winning kind, use Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box, or the new Kodak Verichrome Film in the yellow box with checkered stripes.

Lay in a supply of film today. Keep your camera busy. Send in your pictures . . . as many as you please. Clip the entry blank below. And enter to win.

* * *

Tune in for news of the Kodak contest over N. B. C. Red Network every Friday evening, 10:00 p.m. Eastern daylight saving time. Pacific Coast program, 9:30 p.m. Pacific time.

$25,000 *in* U. S. Prizes

SIX PICTURE CLASSES

1,000 Chances to Win!

YOU may submit pictures of *any* subject in this contest. Prizes will be awarded in 6 classes, and your entries will be placed for judging *in the classes in which they are most likely to win.*

A. *Children.* Any picture in which the principal interest is a child or children.

B. *Scenes.* Landscapes, marine views, city, street, travel or country scenes, etc.

C. *Games, Sports, Pastimes, Occupations.* Baseball, tennis, golf, fishing, gardening, carpentry, etc.

D. *Still Life and Nature Subjects, Architecture and Architectural Detail, Interiors.* Art objects, curios, cut flowers, or any still life object in artistic arrangement, any nature subject, etc. Exteriors or interiors of homes, churches, schools, offices, libraries; statues, etc.

E. *Informal Portraits.* Close-up or full figure of a person or persons, excepting pictures in which the principal interest is a child or children. (See Class A above.)

F. *Animals, Pets, Birds.* Pets (dogs, cats, etc.); farm animals or fowls; wild animals or birds, either at large or in zoos.

Prizes for United States

GRAND PRIZE

$2,500 in Cash and a Bronze Medal

141 PRIZES IN EACH CLASS

For the best picture in each class	$500
For the next picture in each class	250
For the next picture in each class	100
For each of next 5 pictures in each class	25
For each of next 133 pictures in each class	10

(*847 prizes, totaling $16,330*)

STATE PRIZES FOR CHILD PICTURES

153 state prizes totaling $8,670 have already been awarded for child pictures made and entered in May and June. 141 other prizes for child pictures (see Class A) made in May, June, July and August will be given at the end of the general contest which closes August 31.

International Awards

The best picture in each class from each country automatically enters the International Competition to be judged for later awards at Geneva, Switzerland.

GRAND AWARD: Silver Trophy and..$10,000

SIX CLASS AWARDS: Best picture in each class, a Gold Medal and $1,000.

* * *

Total U. S. Prize Money	$25,000
International Awards	16,000
Prize Money for rest of world	59,000

NOTE that one picture may win a $500 class prize, the $2,500 grand prize for U. S. A. . . . plus a $1,000 international class award and the $10,000 international grand award . . . a total of $14,000 for a single snapshot.

Read these simple rules for U.S.A.

1. This contest is *strictly for the amateur.* Any resident of U. S. A., Hawaii or Alaska is eligible, excepting individuals and families of individuals engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Contest starts May 1, closes August 31, 1931. (Also see No. 14.)

3. An entrant may submit *as many pictures* as he pleases and at as many different times as he pleases; provided that the pictures have been *made on or after* May 1, 1931, that they are mailed under postmark dated *not later than* August 31, and that they reach Contest Office not later than September 7, 1931. (See No. 14.)

4. Any Kodak, Brownie, Hawk-Eye or other camera and any brand of film, chemicals and paper may be used in making pictures for this contest. A contestant need not own the camera. The finishing, of course, may be done by his dealer. Pictures may be made from roll film, cut film or film pack negatives. But pictures made from plate negatives are not eligible.

5. Both regular-sized contact prints and enlargements are eligible. No picture is to measure *more than 8 inches* the long way. Prints shall be made from unretouched negatives only. *No coloring* or artwork of any kind shall have been done on either negative or print. *Prints shall be neither mounted nor framed.* Do not write even your name on either front or back of your pictures.

6. Enclose an entry blank with each lot of pictures. Mail entries to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. Use the entry blank on this page, obtain others from dealers, copy the form, or write to the Prize Contest Office for a supply.

7. *No entries can be returned.* All mailings are at owner's risk. *Do not* send negatives with entries but be sure they are in your possession and *hold them* ready to send on request.

8. All pictures will be *judged solely on general appeal*—the interest they arouse. Photographic excellence or technique will not be the deciding factor in determining the prize winners.

9. The decision of the judges shall be final. In the event of a tie, the advertised award will be paid to each of the tying contestants.

10. Each prize-winning picture, together with the negative, and the first and sole rights to the use thereof for advertising, publication, or exhibition in any manner, becomes the property of the Eastman Kodak Company.

11. Winner of first prize *in each class, including winner of U. S. Grand Prize,* will automatically enter the International Competition.

12. Although no entrant may win prizes on more than one picture, he may win *several* prizes with the one picture. Naturally, *the more pictures you send in, the greater the chance that one of them will win a prize—or prizes.*

• • •

The following additional conditions apply to the offer of prizes for the best child pictures made in each state, during May and June, 1931.

13. To be eligible for a prize in the Child Picture Contest, a picture shall fulfill the requirements of Class A, Child Pictures.

14. Special State Child Picture Contest closes on June 30, 1931. Entries must be mailed under postmark not later than that day and must reach Contest Office not later than July 7, 1931. All entries in Child Picture Contest, including winners, remain eligible for further prizes in Class A at the end of the general contest.

Important! Do not specify classes into which pictures should go. Each picture will be placed in the class in which it is most likely to win. ◆ So that judges shall not know the names of contestants, entries will be filed numerically and each entry acknowledged by a postal card bearing its number. *Please do not* write about entries. Winners will be notified as soon as possible after the judging.

Entry Blank—*Clip it Now!*

Mail blank with your entries to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y. Do not place your name on either the front or back of any picture.

*Name*______________________________
(*Please Print*)

*Street Address*________________________

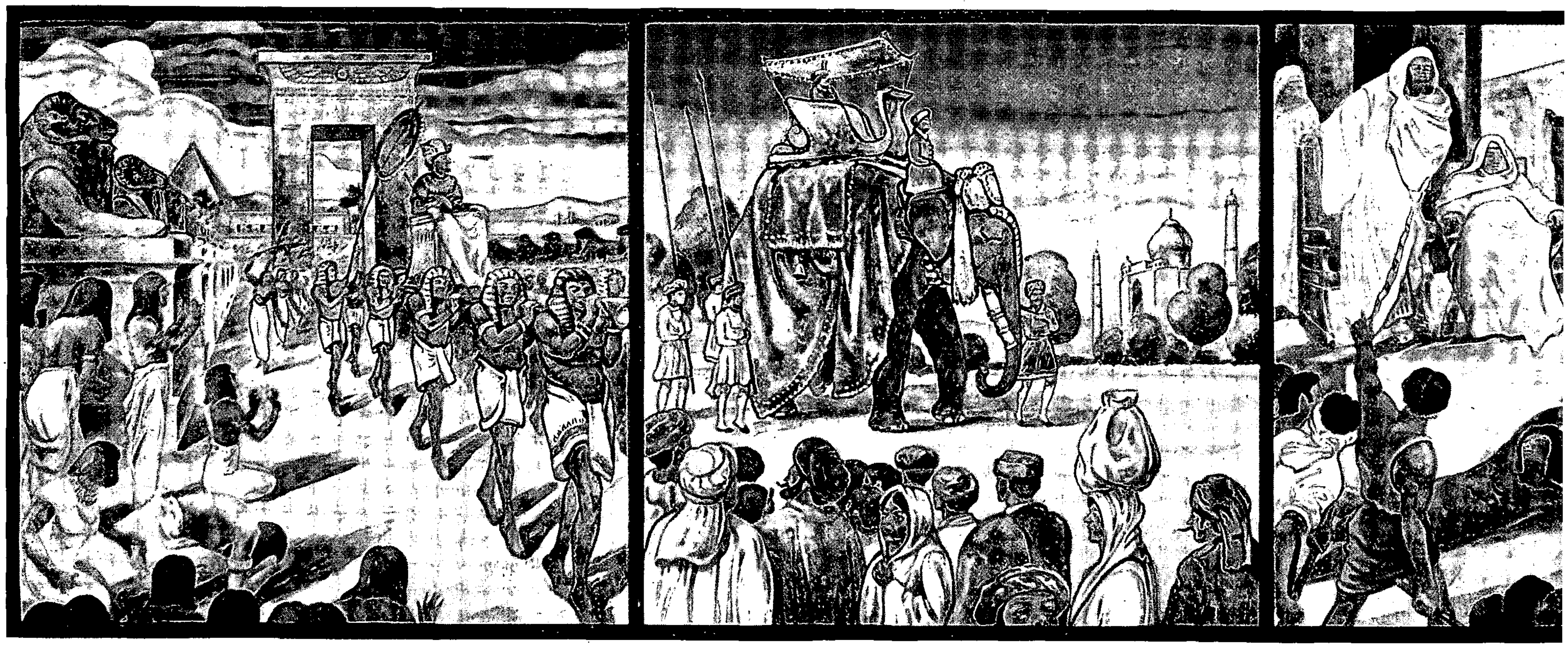
*Town and State*________________________

*Make of Camera*_______________________

*Make of Film*____________ *Number of pictures accompanying this blank*________

COL. 8-8

KODAK INTERNATIONAL $100,000 COMPETITION *for Amateur Picture-Takers*



When a Nation

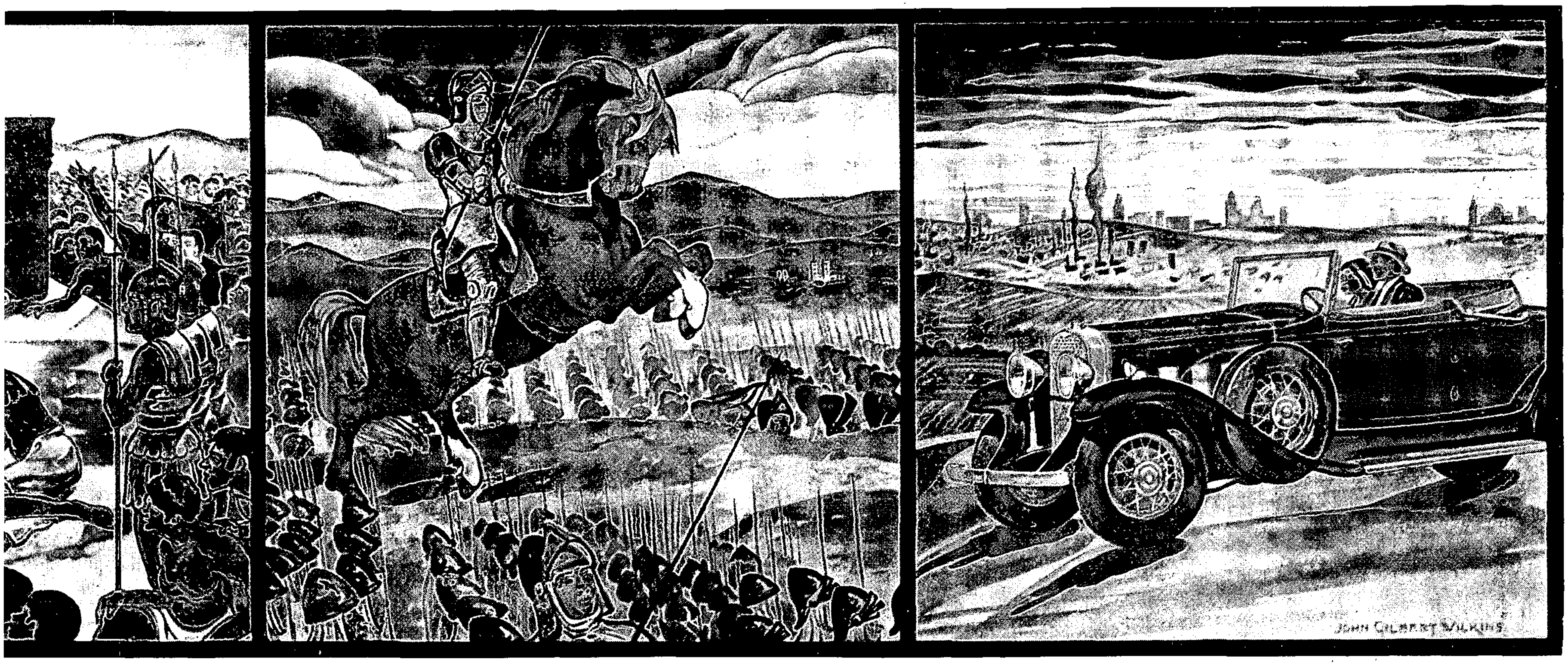
This new era of widespread personal power is filling so strange a place in history that even those of us who are thinking about it are baffled most of the time.

We buy an automobile, for example, and plump ourselves down into its soft seats, never realizing that the untold millions of people who have swept through history have lived and died without even the vainest dream of the power that comes to us with the simple turning of a switch and the pressure of a toe.

We are like a nation of kings, each of us on his own throne, behind the wheel of his own power.

* * * * *

If you want to get a thrill which will stay with you for the rest of your life, stop your car some time when you are in some far distant land, call one of the peasants in from the field, put him, barefooted, at the wheel, and spend an hour in teaching him to drive. Gradually, as the fear goes out of him and this thing of life comes under his control, you will see his gnarled hands grip the wheel, you'll see his shoulders straighten and a look of awe come into his face that you will never forget.



Sits On a Throne

And you will suddenly realize that what you are looking at is the thing that mankind has been striving for through all the centuries—that longing for personal power that has suddenly been fulfilled.

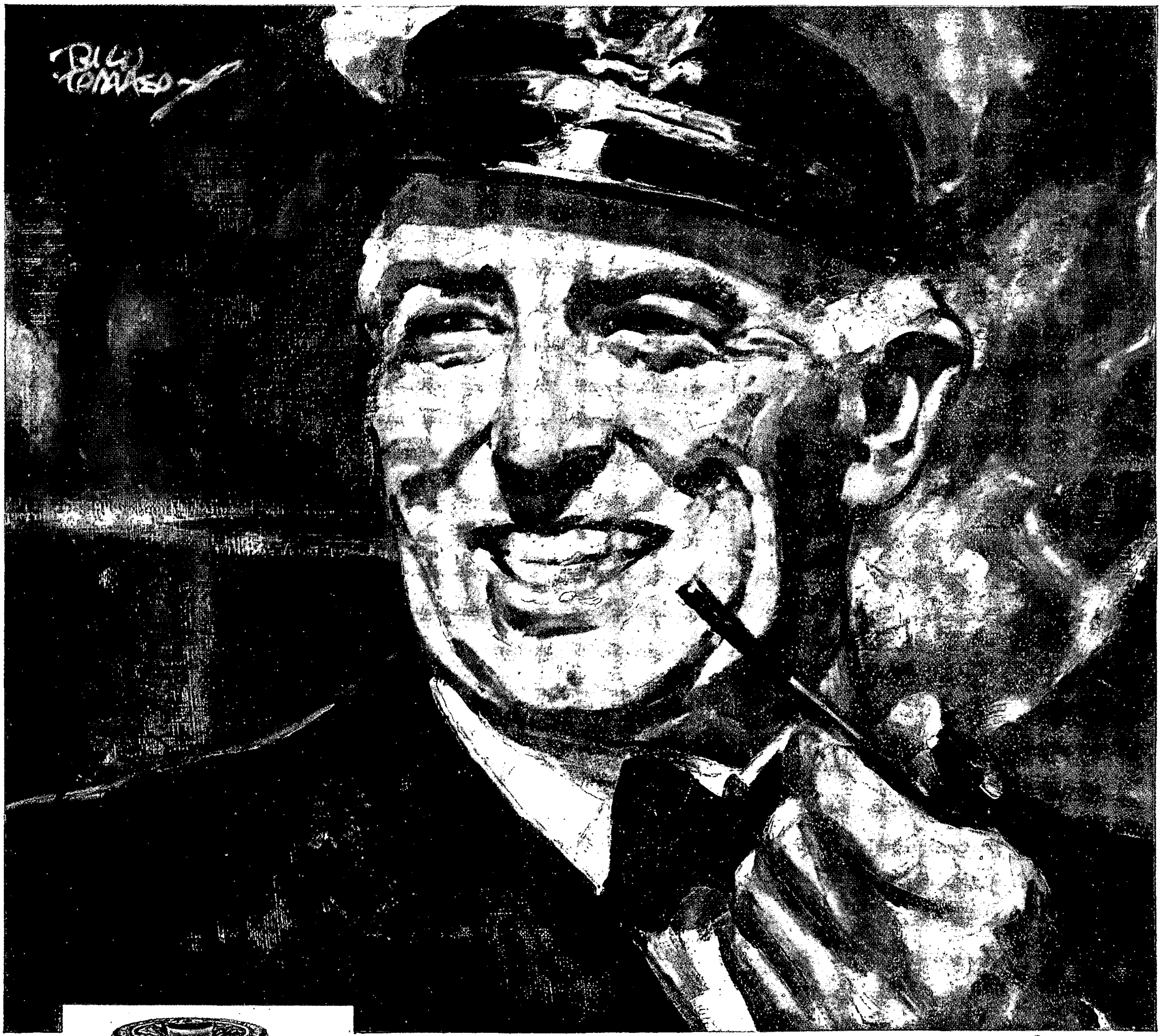
We say quite casually to a friend, "I've just bought a new car." And we get in and drive off without ever a thought of what it means in the history of the world. We swing down the boulevard with a sense of equality and of personal power such as the world in its past has only dreamed of in its wildest dreams.

We have a carriage of wood and steel and beauty beside which any of the old coaches of state seem crude and cumbersome. We have a motor the feel of which transcends any previous sense of power mankind has ever known. And a speed which in any of the old mythologies would have given us the quality of gods instead of men.

And yet, because we live in this strange era, because ours is a part of this new equality of power, because nothing like us has ever happened before, we sum it all up in the casual remark, "I've just bought a new automobile."

GENERAL MOTORS

CHEVROLET ▴ PONTIAC ▴ OLDSMOBILE ▴ OAKLAND ▴ BUICK ▴ LA SALLE ▴ CADILLAC ▴ BODIES BY FISHER



© 1931, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

"Anchors aweigh, men, here's tobacco!"

Yes, and *pipe* tobacco, too. Made and cut for pipes—and cut "rough"; the one right way tobacco *should* be cut to burn right. Big shaggy flakes that smoke sweet, cool and clean.

Granger lasts *longer* per pipe-load, too. Time it and see for yourself.

And our old-time Wellman's Method brings out the richness as nothing else can.

Men, here it *is:* flavor, fragrance, deep rich mellowness—just what you *want* in tobacco. A cooler smoke and a drier pipe—anchors aweigh!

GRANGER
GRANGER
ROUGH CUT
PIPE TOBACCO
GRANGER
ROUGH CUT
PIPE TOBACCO
GRANGER ROUGH CUT

1. Cut for Pipes Only
2. Big Flakes that Burn Slow and Cool.
3. Sweet to the End—No Soggy Heel
4. Made by Wellman's Method—an 1870 Tobacco Secret

Load on the installment plan; pack tight.

GRANGER ROUGH CUT

Flower Tips

Continued from page 17

And it isn't only color-clashes! Some people refuse ever to mix flowers of different kinds. If you do mix them—but nobody has to beg you to remember about birds of a feather! You wouldn't dream of putting dainty flowers and husky flowers together ordinarily, even if their colors were compatible, would you? Like—well, to be very exaggerated—like white orchids and calendulas? Of course not—just a passing reminder of another rocky reef to steer away from.

Tips on the Market

When it comes to putting flowers and dinner guests together, there are a few more little matters to whisper into your ear. The most vital is to practice simple humanity and shun the tall flower arrangement—or anything over twelve inches in height—nine times out of ten. This is to prevent your guests from getting cricks in the neck trying to look at each other around the obstruction. The tenth time is the exception—when you are giving a really formal dinner, where people will be talking only right and left and not straight over. Then a tall flower arrangement is most usual.

Color pointers to remember about your flowers for the table include some simple phenomena which many people overlook often: that pale lavender, pale yellow and blue, for example, fade out under electric light and get wishy-washy and ineffective; while purple goes almost black and is too somber.

And by the way, where do you get most of your flowers? Your garden? Then there are things you should know about making them last. Your florist? Then there are things you should know about making your money last.

Start with the florist and your pocketbook. With nearly everything he offers, there are times when it is wild extravagance to buy and other times when it is easy on the mind and the penny bank. It's all a question of supply and demand and distance from the shipping center. Every section of the country is served by some special shipping center—and one of the main causes of high prices is going out of your own district to order. The principal shipping markets for flowers include San Francisco for the Far West, Denver for the Rocky Mountain section, Kansas City, Missouri, and St. Louis for the Southern Central, Chicago for the Central West, and New York, Rochester and Boston for the Eastern. Better limit ourselves to just one great section; for illustration, the East is perfectly representative.

In winter, for instance, when orchids are sent from California by heated airplane, the swankiest ones are ten dollars each and the second-best six dollars. But in summer, when most of them come from northern New Jersey, Westchester county, New York, and parts of Massachusetts, the finest are as low as three dollars each and very tolerable ones can be had for a mere dollar bill—which is practically democratic when it comes to orchids.

Gardenias, which also hail from northern New Jersey and from Connecticut, range in price from three dollars apiece in winter to a quarter and a half dollar each in May, for very good ones; while you can often snare second-best ones from street venders in the very fullest season for a dime. And so on down the line.

Your garden comes next. There are a few fine and helpful things to know which are neatly gathered together by Professor Emil C. Volz, Professor of Floriculture at Iowa State College, in his book, Home Flower Growing.

The gift of longevity for the flowers you cut yourself starts right in the garden. There is a best-time-to-cut for all flowers. Still in partial bud—that's best for roses, poppies, peonies. In full bloom—that's best for all flowers of the aster type, calendulas, tulips, chrysanthemums, narcissi; and all the spike flowers—larkspur, snapdragon, gladiolus—when the lower blooms are fully opened and the upper ones are still in bud.

A sharp knife is the best of all implements. Breaking mangles stems, and garden shears often crush them, so that later the flow of life-giving water is retarded. Bring the flowers in and lay them down full length in a tubful of water for an hour or so—the stems suck up water and become firm-bodied. Many people re-cut the stems again, under water, to prevent tiny air bubbles getting into the openings of the stem tissues and clogging them against the free flow of water. And, too, there is a special treatment for all flowers with sap inside. Poinsettias, heliotropes, dahlias—these always should have their ends plunged into boiling water for a moment directly after cutting, to sear off the end tissues so that the vital fluid won't run out.

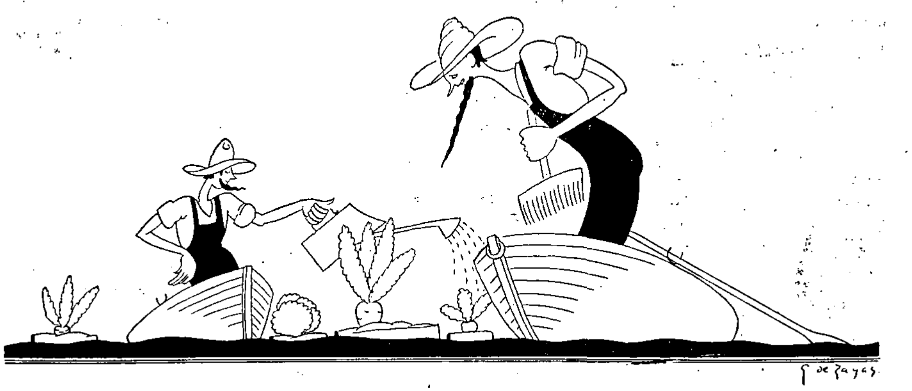
Your containers for any flowers will of course be absolutely clean. Any trace of acid or grease or dirt inside a bowl makes flowers ill and weak. Keeping them in rooms where there is a tiny leakage of illuminating gas, or any coal fumes, will kill them off rapidly. All the suggestions you get from loving friends about putting aspirin or salt or sugar or what not in the water to make flowers last longer have all been tested carefully by specialists and found very dubious and generally useless. Flowers vary too much—what might give a little extra life to some would be the death blow to others.

Just do be sure to treat them to a change of clean cool water every day. Be sure, too, that the under leaves of the flowers are not going slimy in the water, for any mold and bacteria aid putrefaction. Clip a bit off the stems every other day; clipping under water is the best though more troublesome way. For the rest, be sure to keep your flowers out of the glaring sun, out of overheated, steamy rooms and out of gales of wind.

Winter Cheer

And for the drear days of winter there is plenty of grace and color in berries and leaves. Imagine a copper bowl—for with the more subdued hues of winter leaves and berries, it is a just compensation to have brighter containers—with two or three trailing, uneven sprays of Chinese lanterns, either alone or in combination with ground pine or spruce. In a dark corner, some warmly glowing bowl of peasant pottery might hold the silvery disks of Honesty. There is bittersweet, too, for warmth and color—try a dark brown jug for it; or a dull green one, or some pewter again. Green huckleberry leaves are charming and inexpensive. Scarlet barberry is an available blessing, too, and Virginia creeper and waxy bayberries.

But winter or summer—always when you are arranging and placing leaves and flowers, look them frankly in the eye and see them as others are going to. Then only will they fully reward you.



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

On the Dal Lake in Srinagar, India, poor farmers live on boats and raise vegetables on "floating farms" made of a thick layer of earth laid on raft-like foundations of interlaced reeds.—*By Mrs. Josephine Rumble, Long Beach, Calif.*

Scientists now are able to grow tobacco which contains no nicotine.

Twenty years ago in New York, when dining was an art, a sumptuous dinner for two, with cocktails, wines and liqueurs, cost about $12. Today the same dinner and liquors cost between $60 and $70.

The largest organ in the world—with 35,000 pipes, 1,000 stops and 8 keyboards—is installed in the big Convention Hall on the Boardwalk in Atlantic City.

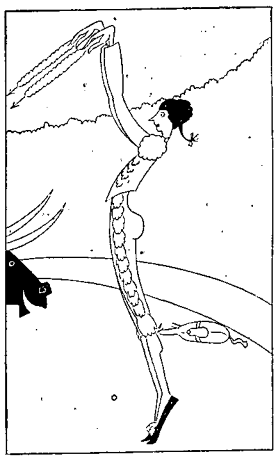
Japan believes that it has preserved—for 10,000 years to come—a history of its tragic 1923 earthquake, the documents being in fused-quartz bottles filled with argon gas and encased in thick coverings of asbestos, lead and carborundum.

On the Aran Islands, off Ireland, the natives wear rawhide sandals which must be soaked in water every night and wet frequently during the day to keep them soft and comfortable.—*By O. H. Ellis, Detroit.*

In Funchal, capital of the Madeira Islands, the streets are so steep that wheeled traffic is impossible and the citizens use sledges which are pulled "uptown" by oxen and coast "downtown" on their greased runners.

The average arson fire does about 12 times as much damage as the average accidental fire, thereby arousing suspicion which results in an investigation.

The average American college graduate today knows only 1 out of every 90 live words in the English language.



During every Spanish bull fight, 6 bulls and about 25 horses are either wounded mortally or killed outright in the ring.

No major surgical operation ever is completed today without the use of some animal product, such as ligatures for stitching and various gland extracts for healing and stimulating.—*By W. A. Kanorr, Norfolk, Va.*

Pure-blooded Indians constitute more than 33% of the entire population of Mexico today.—*By W. H. Arp, Worthington, Minn.*

The highest price ever paid for a race horse was the $300,000 given for "Call Boy" in England in 1927.

An Englishman advocates the "pooling of blood"—the intermarriage of all races—to procure universal brotherhood and world peace, and German educators want families of different countries to exchange children for months to promote international tolerance.

Longevity is influenced far more by inheritance than environment, and is more closely influenced through the male parent.

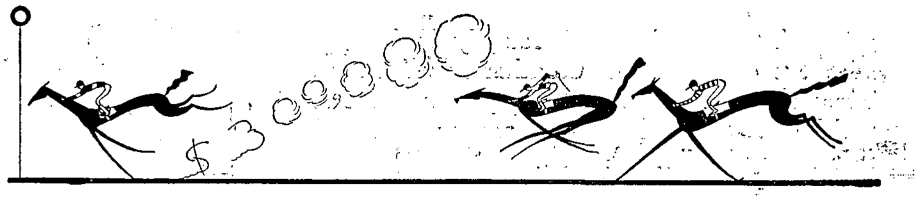
Leprosy is disappearing among the white people, but not among the other races, there being, for example, at least 200,000 cases among the Chinese and Japanese in the Philippines today.

A ten-year study of several thousand children reveals that those whose tonsils had been removed developed fewer head colds, sore throats and dental infections, but suffered more from sinusitis, bronchitis and pneumonia than those with tonsils.

In the catacombs of Guanajuato, Mexico, hundreds of bodies, mummified in excellent condition by the climate, are stacked against the walls in a standing position, having been placed there because the rent on their niches in the mausoleum has been left unpaid.

About 50% of the largest corporations in the United States will not employ any person who is physically or mentally handicapped in any way.

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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Fulfilling a tremendous demand!

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TO WOMEN

A Special Announcement

Here's what one woman writer says of the new Home Library Edition of The Harvard Classics:

"Here, at last, is a home library in tune with modern ideas of artistically arranged rooms. Men have had a tendency to say, 'What does the paper and binding matter? It's what's in the books.'

"But women want and demand, in addition, a library that suits the plan of their home design. I congratulate the publishers of The Harvard Classics for adding dignified style to the unquestionable excellence of this wonderful set . . . and more especially since they have maintained the popular price."

• • •

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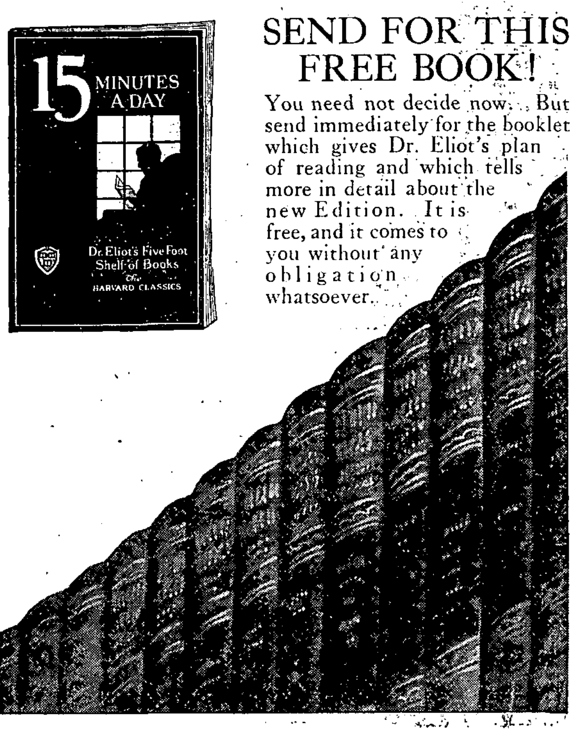

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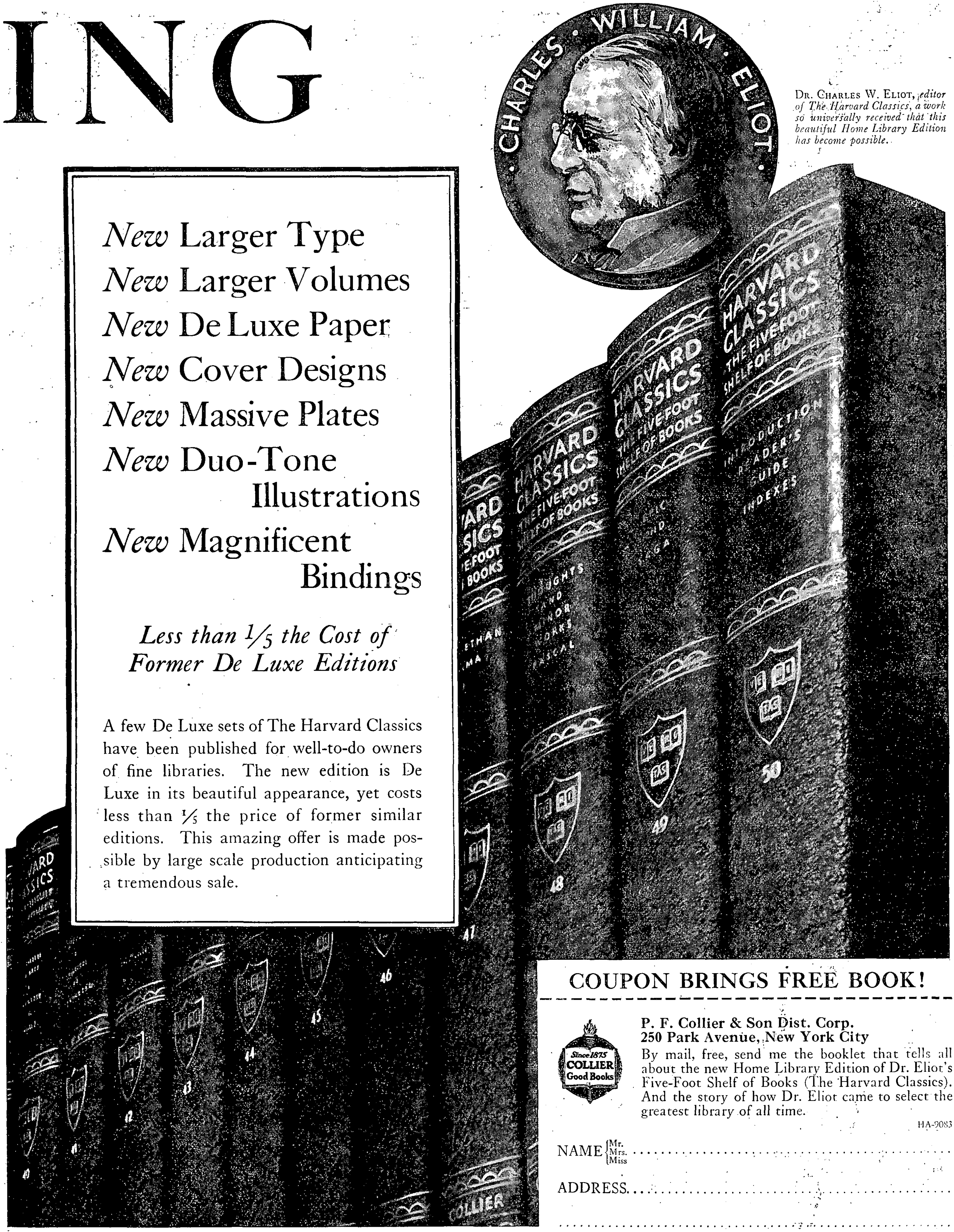
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Sin takes a Hot Bath

Continued from page 11

Now the government makes no provision for these throngs. The hotels are privately owned and so are the rentable bungalows and flats. The government makes no effort to regulate room rates and house rentals. Neither does the Department of the Interior build sewage-disposal plants. That, says the Department, is up to the city of Hot Springs, up to the nineteen bathhouse owners who pay meter rates to the government and pass the water on to their clients at the rate of sixteen to twenty-four dollars for a course of twenty-one baths.

Unforgetful of its democratic inspirations, the government has erected one free bathhouse wherein the waters may be entered, drunk, snuffled and inhaled without cost to the partaker. It requires of the applicant merely a pauper's oath wherein, under pain of a twenty-five-dollar fine or thirty days in jail, he must swear that he is without funds and is unable to get them. There are doctors in attendance who charge you nothing, but you must be able to support yourself while there—to pay for your own bed and board. Furthermore you must show that you have transportation back home. About a hundred thousand of us take the pauper's oath every year for the privilege of sloshing in the free baths. To the frank disgust of a considerable portion of Hot Springs, the town loses money on these indigents and the government declines to finance the loss which is, after all, an indirect one.

Which fetches us to the situation which Mr. McLaughlin has turned into a personal triumph. Now I do not go so far as to say that Mr. McLaughlin is the author of the Hot Springs Plan. So many lay claim to its parentage that it is better to let them squabble for the honors and hope that truth prevails. But Mr. McLaughlin, who is so worldly-wise, so facile with the patois of the underworld, so comprehensive in his knowledge of why boys go wrong, so thoroughly aware of what he is doing that he seems curiously out of place (so does Hot Springs) in that naïve sector of the country, is operating it as no predecessor has had the courage and skill to do.

Wanted: A Business Man

When, some time ago, it became apparent to the designers of the Hot Springs Plan that free-lance gambling could not be controlled, the town looked about for a strong man who could be relied upon to coöperate with its government and conduct the gambling racket on modern business lines. It meant the banishment of many a picturesque character whose departure would leave the general scene the poorer, who would take with him many of the hectic hues that warmed the eye of the distant beholder. But the truth about him is that he was generally a thug and a marauder, up to no good and fit for nothing worth having. A picturesque bum. Hot Springs wanted a business man.

She got him, after many were considered. His name is Jacobs, Mr. Bill Jacobs of Memphis. Or William S. if you must. There was a vigorous but not numerous element which held that it was not necessary to get any gambler, businesslike or otherwise. But that faction was ignored. Gambling was as much a part of the life of Hot Springs as steel is of Pittsburgh's, as beef of Chicago's, as textiles of Philadelphia's, as movies of Hollywood's. Stop gambling and the baths could be used to wash flivvers in. Let the baths fail and—well, you might as well give the valley back to the Indians. If they'd take it. Such, anyway, were the arguments.

So Mr. Jacobs was chosen. He is a large, dark, taciturn man who, legend has it, hasn't exhibited an emotion since the moment of his birth when, it is further alleged, he uttered the battle cry of freedom. At any rate he is credited with not having uttered a single squawk since, never even raising his voice above its customary murmur. Mr. Jacobs has charm.

Like Mr. McLaughlin, Mr. Jacobs knows all about life. The Hot Springs concession being one of value, with prestige and personal honor, he graciously agreed to see what could be done. Not that Mr. Jacobs, whom close contact with many people has made a cynic, leaped at the proposition until he had investigated the nut (the overhead expenses of his monopoly privilege) and obtained the city's solemn promise that gambling should have no other boss besides him. Mr. Jacobs looks but never leaps. But it all turned out to be eminently satisfactory. With all the dignity and genial calm that characterize his Belvedere Club, characteristics beloved by Mr. Jacobs and therefore carefully cultivated by him, he took over the hot side of Central Avenue, that broad and graceful country road meandering between four gentle mountains.

Make Yourself Comfortable

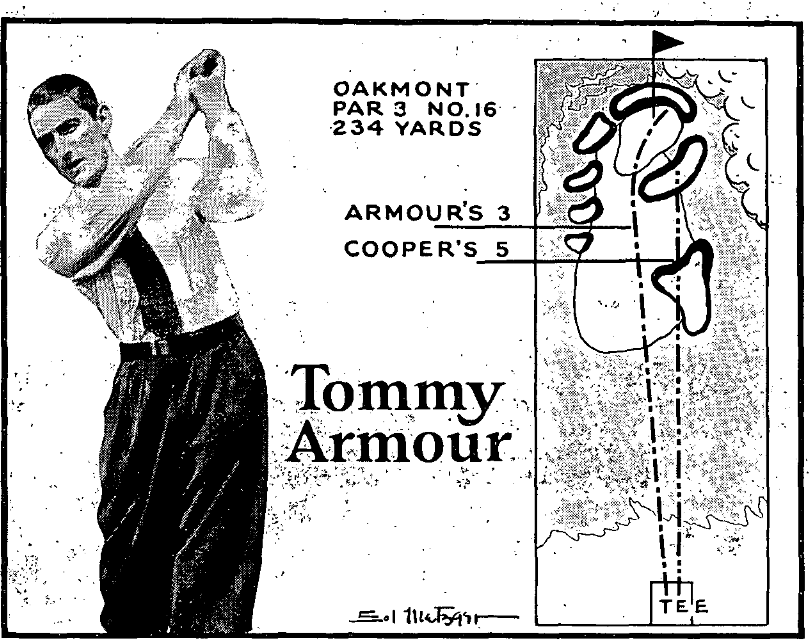
His is the historic side of the town's main street. There thrive the Southern Club, the Kentucky Club, the Ohio Club, the Arkansas Club and several more, smaller, not so famous. There, without any silly effort at dissembling, they hold forth urbanely, smooth as the pearl in Mr. Jacobs' cravat. Walk in and be beamed upon by Doc Klothe, Goldie Gardner, Matt Pichi, Roscoe Johnson, Cleveland Young or any other of Mr. Jacobs' managers. You are not solicited. Your affairs and intentions are assumed to be your own business and therefore inviolate. Walk in. You need no introduction; sit down. The chairs are huge and comfortable. You may bet on any race being run in any park. Or guess at the number and color the roulette pill will settle in. You can bet on baseball games or tennis matches. There's a cup game yonder (very popular) and just beyond that door you can find out how good you are at stud. Or you can just look on. No obligation whatever.

Of course it's illegal. The Arkansas law is specific about it. You are liable to jail or a fine, your only solace being that you won't go to jail and you won't be fined. Mr. McLaughlin says so. Under the law Mr. Jacobs is a criminal. His business is set down as unlawful, and nasty penalties would be his reward if the state officers didn't understand perfectly that Hot Springs needs Mr. Jacobs more than he needs Hot Springs. For the most part, the clergy and the other rigid church people outside of Hot Springs prefer to repudiate the whole thing, the whole city. They prefer to take the attitude of the parent who banished from his door the erring daughter. Conveniently, they assure you that Hot Springs is Hot Springs and not Arkansas nor any part of Arkansas.

Even Mr. McLaughlin appreciates that gambling is unlawful. It is clear to him, being an excellent lawyer, that his friend Mr. Jacobs is pursuing an illegal profession. Mr. McLaughlin used to be city prosecutor. So naturally something had to be done about it. The Hot Springs Plan took care of all that. And Mr. Jacobs' contract (a verbal one with the strength of a gentleman's agreement between gentlemen) removed all doubt of the Plan's working qualities. Of course, too, if Mr. Jacobs doesn't coöperate, out he goes.

Every so often, then—sometimes weekly and in off seasons every two weeks, depending upon how much money the city needs and how the gambling racket is going—Mr. Jacobs and his boys trudge to City Hall and pay a fine. You can call it what you wish; the City Hall calls it a fine. But there's no nonsense about it. Mr. McLaughlin doesn't have to admonish them. They appear voluntarily with the money in hand. No grousing nor sullen looks.

(Continued on page 36)



Imported Scotch

By Sol Metzger

ALL golf knows of Tommy Armour's finish at Oakmont, of the poke, the pitch and the putt that produced a birdie 3 on the 457-yard eighteenth to force a play-off next day with Harry Cooper for the 1927 National Open title. But Tommy alone knows the inside story of this play-off.

Cooper led down to the No. 15 green of the last round. Here each second found a trap. Each exploded in turn from its ribbed sands, a type of hazard that has cracked the nerves of such mighty linksmen as Bobby Jones and Ted Ray. Whereat the silent Scot sank a 30-footer to square the match.

"I knew I had him then," the present British Open title-holder told me later.

The next hole, No. 16, of 234 yards, proved the prophecy. It's a down-hiller, calling for a fade from the left through a narrow entrance to a green rising abruptly some twenty feet from bordering traps. "I knew I had him then," repeated Tommy, "because this hole demanded a shot I could play, a left-to-right."

Armour drifted his ball to it with a spoon, a lazy fade. Cooper's fell to the right, bedding itself deep in sand. His explosion caught the high grassy slope to the green. He got on in 3. Tommy holed in that figure to lead one up.

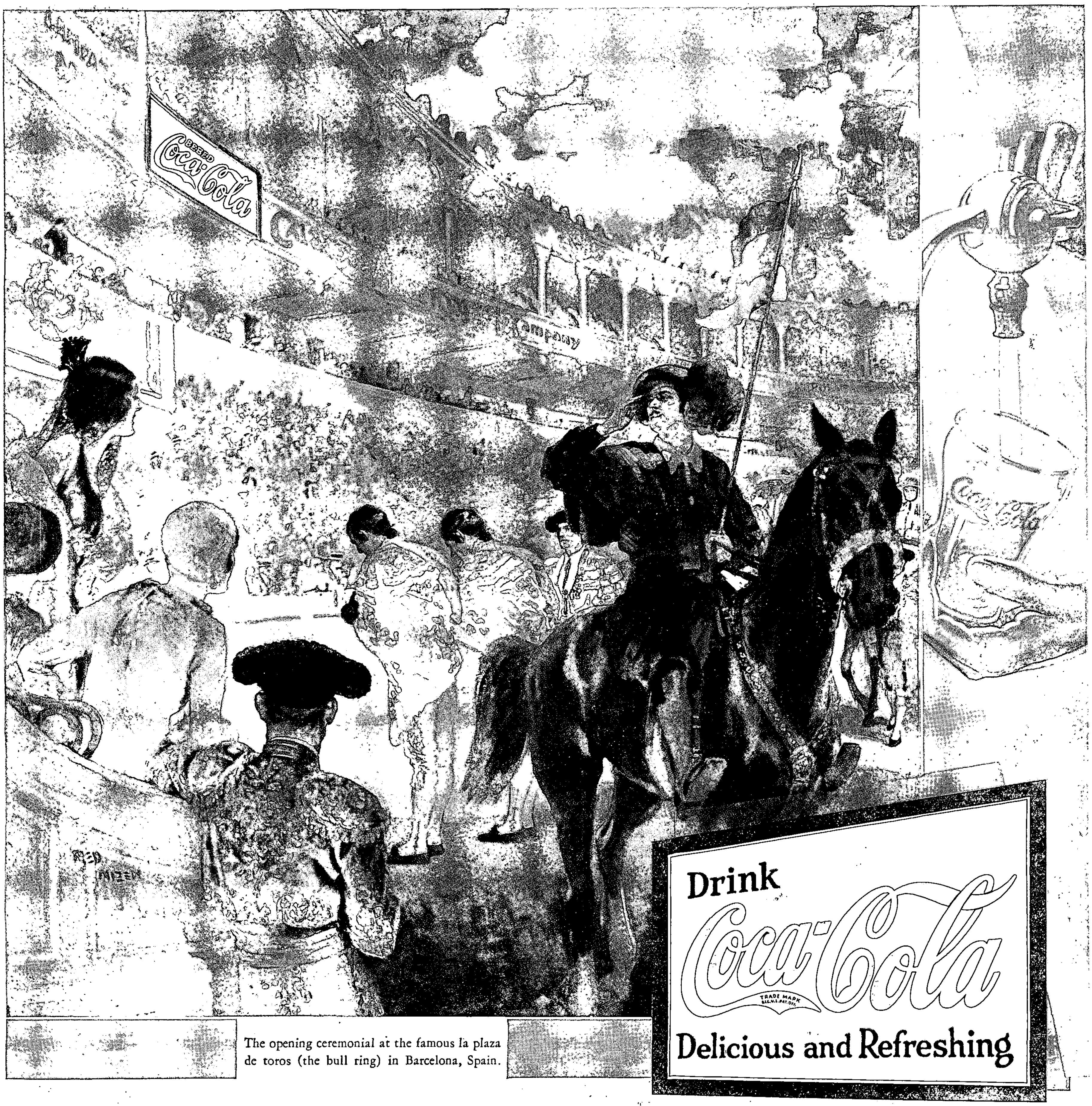
With just two holes to go this should have settled matters, but Oakmont isn't that sort of course. Its next hole, No. 17, for example, is a vicious, uphill, dog-leg affair of 302 yards, as nerve-wracking a test as any in the wide world. Armour's longer drive caught the rough. Cooper, away, laid his approach two feet from the flag.

Anything could happen now. The young Scot faced a heart-breaking mashie-niblick pitch over a sand cavern to a green of lightning-like speed with similar traps. Armour takes a long time to play a telltale stroke. He wiggles, he waggles, he glances up, he glances down. He merely is making dead certain. In this case a pitch too long or short meant disaster. It was a fifty-thousand-dollar stroke—the value of this title. Then he played. Tumult and shouting. Tommy was inside. The title was his.

Tommy Armour began golf as a child. He made of it a serious study. At fourteen he saw the old masters—Braid, Herd, Taylor and Vardon—play in the British Open. "They hit their irons differently," he commented. He went to the best pros available to learn their method. That was the beginning of his unparalleled iron stroke.

The Scotch Amateur crown soon came his way, as did the World War. The latter cost him an eye; shrapnel shattered his left arm. Thus, it was a somewhat withered left he brought to America. As it controls the golf swing it handicapped him, as records show. Time passed. Armour turned pro. His left arm strengthened; so did his game. Came Oakmont as proof.

A month before the recent British Open I talked with Tommy's brother Sandy. "Tommy's left grows stronger each year and so does his game. Some day he'll be good," he winked. Judging by the result at Carnoustie Sandy is as canny a prophet as a Scot can be.



The opening ceremonial at the famous la plaza de toros (the bull ring) in Barcelona, Spain.

BALL PARK OR BULL RING . . . THE SAME RED SIGN SIGNALS: *Pause and refresh yourself*

It's a long way from an American ball park to a Spanish bull ring. But there's a touch in both which shows the whole world is kin: The same red sign signals and the same great drink brings *the pause that refreshes. . . .* The popularity of Coca-Cola began with sports and recreation. It has followed them around the world—into 76 countries. Naturally, workers have caught the point. A little minute is made long enough for a big rest. In America ice-cold Coca-Cola is ready around the corner from anywhere. A tingle with delicious taste. Giving a cool after-sense of refreshment. *The pause that refreshes* with this great drink means to come up smiling for what's ahead. Don't miss it. The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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COTY'S SHAVING CREAM embodies *the "analgetic" shave.* It *lulls* the skin because it contains a balm-like ingredient perfected by Coty which tranquilizes—comforts—making the skin indifferent to the razor-touch. And this lulling sensation l-i-n-g-e-r-s—saves your skin from after-burn!

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Sin takes a Hot Bath

Continued from page 34

The Plan works. Everybody understands. Across the avenue from the gambling houses, the proprietors of Bathhouse Row are in quiet accord although here and there you will find them pretending to be shocked. It costs nothing to be shocked. But if the gamblers weren't plying their fascinating trade across the street, those bathhouses and the huge and pretentious hotels would be taxed groggy—perhaps off the scene. Therefore, more power to Mr. McLaughlin, who keeps the tax rate down, and to Mr. Jacobs, who makes it possible. Even the clergy of the city have warmed to Mr. Jacobs, who is always approachable and always generous when the offerings of the congregation are insufficient to pay for the church's new roof or the pastor's vacation.

Leave it to Mr. Jacobs

One of the more cynical of the bathhouse proprietors explained it nicely:

"We, on our side of the street," said he, "accept Mr. Jacobs and were very glad when Mr. Jacobs made it clear that he accepted us."

The fine assessed against the gamblers is not an arbitrary one; it depends upon the city's budget—how much the city is going to need, how much it owes. For example, there is the sewage-disposal plant that the city is about to build—a four-hundred-thousand-dollar project designed to safeguard the health of a little valley hamlet which must take care of 250,000 visitors each year. Were it to meet the requirements of the permanent population—16,000 souls, the huge majority of whom work either for the baths, the hotels or Mr. Jacobs—a hundred-thousand-dollar plant, or none, would do. If it weren't for the baths and Mr. Jacobs no plant at all would do nicely because there would be no Hot Springs.

How, then, do you suppose this small wage-earning town would build a four-hundred-thousand-dollar sanitary outfit? By taxing its non-industrial citizenry? By imposing ruinous excises upon the hotels? By asking the government—which, by the way, lays down the most stringent health rules for the hotels, the privately-owned bathhouses and the city generally? Not at all!

No. Mr. Jacobs and his house managers will take care of it. Those periodic fines will build the sewage-disposal plant that the United States Health Service and the health authorities of Arkansas demand. Thank you, Mr. Jacobs, call again.

Similarly, who is going to provide the money for street paving and cleaning? The hotels and bathhouses? Don't be absurd. You don't understand, perhaps, that only by keeping busy all the time are the bathhouses large-profit producers. If it were left to the bathhouse proprietors to fix the rates for baths their income would be much larger and far speedier. But the United States fixes the rates, just as it supervises the bath attendants and stipulates how you shall use the water. So Mr. McLaughlin has to look for money for his highway department in other pockets.

Gambling produces it. Mr. Jacobs and his associates have contributed as much as $40,000 a year to Hot Springs' streets.

And what do you suppose might happen to all those wealthy men and women who troop into Hot Springs annually to soothe their nerves in the gentle waters and ruin them all over again at roulette, if their sole reliance for security depended upon that handful of solemn hillbilly cops that are the police force? Good, tough boys they are, those cops, but they would be about as useful against a general invasion of bandits as a feather duster against a machine gun. The peaceful valley would ring without ceasing with the br-r-r-raaang of the automatic and the desolating screams of victims.

But stick-ups are virtually nonexistent in Hot Springs. The only one of any importance in the past three years had Mr. Jacobs himself for its victim and he got his money back in no time. A few details a bit later. The enjoyable truth is that Hot Springs, where you can do practically anything you can pay for, which lacks practically all the common civic inhibitions, which recognizes none of the conventional prohibitions and asks only that the visitor observe the right of his neighbor to enjoy himself in his own peculiar way, has no crime waves and very few crimes.

Now and then they have a murder, but you have to go back several years to find one that involved a visitor or had its inception in gambling. Now and then a hillbilly, overstimulated by the corn whisky of his own Ozarks, will shoot his neighbor over some passionate difference such as the ownership of a still, a hog, a brook, a customer or a woman; or a Negro will decide that another Negro has lived long enough. But these unhappy incidents are infrequent.

Not that ordinary morals have anything to do with it. Crime is bad for business and Mr. McLaughlin is a thoroughly businesslike gentleman.

"Look here," said he to me, "all that you have heard about police work of the deduction school—Sherlock Holmes stuff—is the bunk. Cops don't solve one crime in ten thousand with their brains; they do it with their ears. The cop's best friend is the stool pigeon. Hot Springs has plenty of them. Well, sir, if a stool pigeon can tip a cop off as to who committed a crime, why can't he inform the cop of the presence of a person who is given to committing crimes? No reason in the world. See? The most efficient agent of crime prevention is the stool pigeon. That's not a theory. We know. It works here."

The Ounce of Prevention

On the hot side of Central Avenue there are gamblers from every section of the country—wise guys who know the big cities like the backs of their big hands. They and their followers have learned a lot of things about human nature, and how to make quick character readings. Much observation, inspired by the necessity of self-preservation, has developed their identification sense to abnormal acuteness. They can even classify the stranger's degree of crime propensity or virtuous stamina and they make few mistakes. Therefore if you are a known and established crook the chances are somebody on Gambler's Row is pretty sure to know you. If you haven't won your spurs, if you are just about to take a fling at crime, they sense it. Anyway, even if they suspect that you might be worth a bit of watching, you're handicapped to start with.

For example, there was Mr. Lazarus. Within fifteen minutes after he had stepped off the train the City Hall (Mr. McLaughlin) knew of his presence in town. Mr. Jacobs' boys don't invite competition, you understand. Therefore invading sharpshooters seldom have a chance. Like Mr. Maxie Sittler, otherwise known as Bones.

Mr. Sittler is dead, having come to a very violent end in Florida. It is rather a tribute to Mr. Sittler that he lasted as long as he did, although they shot him twice in Chicago and once in St. Louis. Among Mr. Sittler's minor offenses in Chicago was the kidnapping of a child of a bandit who, in the goodness of his heart, had taken Mr. Sittler into his home when Mr. Sittler was fresh from jail, broke and sick. With the child Mr. Sittler took his benefactor's loose change, fur overcoat and derby hat. He abandoned the child when the pursuit became too warm. For some unexplainable reason he failed to murder the baby.

Somehow Mr. Sittler had become possessed of a nice mess of blackmail material involving a lady who was not only merry but rich. She was resting in Hot Springs, whither Mr. Sittler hastened. He had scarcely registered at a hotel before one of the boys from Gambler's Row recognized him and dutifully telephoned City Hall.

Mr. Sittler Leaves Town

An hour later, while Mr. Sittler was strolling on Central Avenue, two of Mr. McLaughlin's most valuable cops joined him. Mr. Sittler protested. He talked fast and comprehensively. He protested that he had done no wrong—in Hot Springs. And of course he hadn't. He hadn't had a decent opportunity. Presently one of the cops interrupted him to reckon that it was just too downright bad that Mr. Sittler had squandered with talk the time it would have taken him to go back to his hotel and gather his things together.

"The train you're taking," explained the cop, "leaves in seven minutes. That gives us just time to get to the station. Come on."

"Yeah?" whined Mr. Sittler. "Who says so?"

"'Most everybody who knows you're here. Gosh, mister, you must be right unpopular. Come on. Send us a wire from where you land and we'll send your clothes."

At the train they were considerate enough to tell the luggageless Mr. Sittler that it was really all for his own good, that several of the boys had expressed a desire, a terrible urge, to murder him then and there—on general principles. Only the sternest command by Mr. McLaughlin had prevented it. Mr. McLaughlin was not opposed to things happening to Mr. Sittler but he was firm in his determination that they shouldn't happen in Hot Springs. And, as you may have gathered, what Mr. McLaughlin says goes in his home town. So Mr. Sittler lasted until Florida, which would indicate that plans went awry between there and Hot Springs.

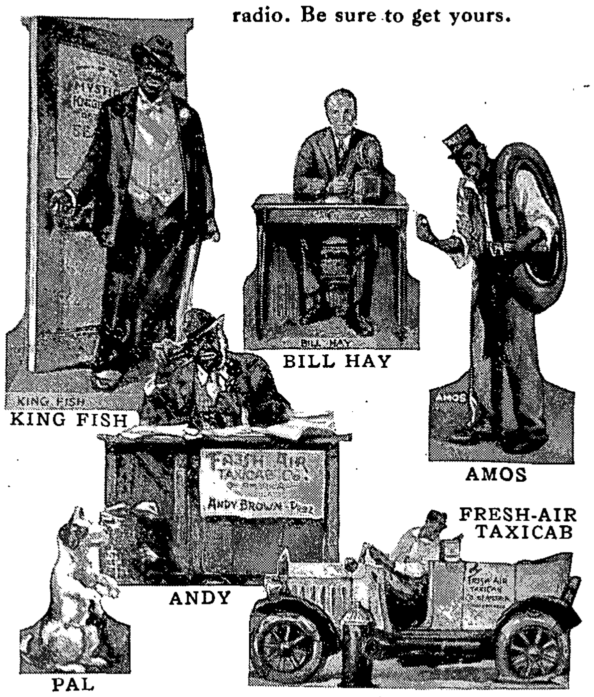
You may scoff if you choose at the Hot Springs Plan and the practices of its one-man directorate. You may think that it can be broken down by corruption and police bribery. But that would indicate that you haven't quite got the point; or that I haven't made myself clear. The simple singleness of control, the clear-cut liaison between Mr. McLaughlin and Mr. Jacobs leave very little room for bribery. Bribe a cop? Why? What could he do for you? You couldn't get up a gambling shop of your own. Mr. Jacobs takes care of all that. Bribe the whole force? Mr. McLaughlin is the police depart-

(*Continued on page 38*)

FREE!

AMOS 'n' ANDY PRIZE

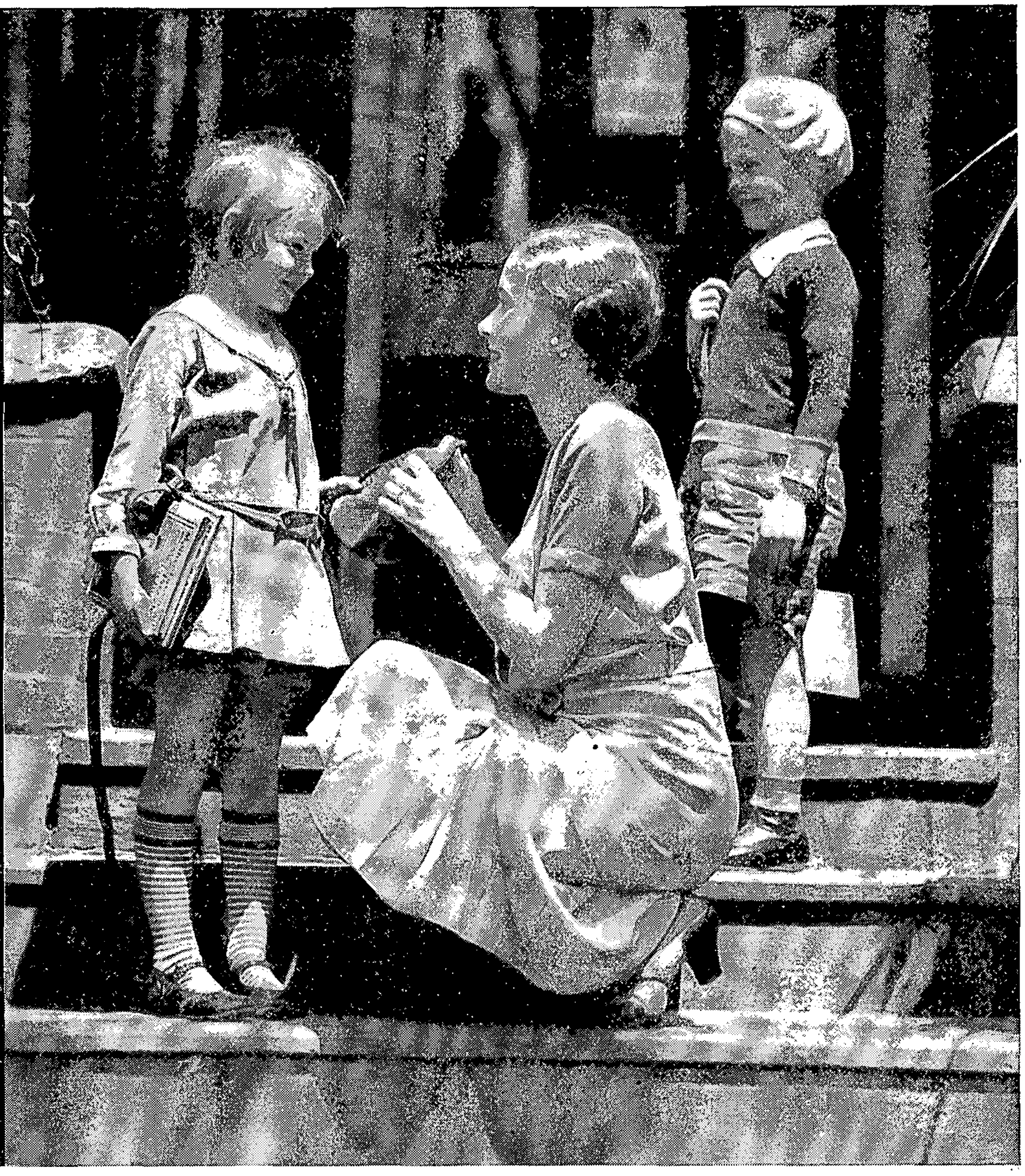
Have them right in your own home on cardboard cut-out figures. Six inches high, full colors, with fold-back flaps so they can stand on your radio. Be sure to get yours.



Children! See the Dentist Before October 1st. Win this free prize!

MOTHER: Simply write a note giving your child's name and address—also name of dentist and date of visit. Address the Pepsodent Company, Chicago, Ill. The free Amos 'n' Andy prize will go forward at once.

(Expires October 1st)



Don't start them to school until they've seen the dentist

Nothing is so imperative to children's health as keeping teeth in repair. Give them every chance this year in school.

BETWEEN now and school time your child *must* see the dentist! Surveys show 90% to 95% of all school children are found in need of dental care. That is a tragic situation. Mother, you can commit no greater crime against your child than to neglect his health.

Decay works rapidly

Children's teeth are softer and more porous than adults. Decay acts far more rapidly. That's why children should see the dentist often. Why teeth that were sound this spring may need attention now.

Many parents make the serious mistake of thinking first (baby) teeth don't matter. That belief is wrong.

Baby teeth when neglected impair second teeth. Once they become diseased they undermine the entire system. Therefore, keep them in repair.

Why we sponsor this advertisement

The Pepsodent Company publishes this advertisement because our business is built upon the vital principle of better teeth. We know that as people go to dentists they become "tooth conscious." They pay more attention to their teeth at home.

Hence our interest becomes partly selfish for it's those who are most concerned about their teeth that eventually turn to Pepsodent—the special film-removing tooth paste.

What film does

Your dentist will tell you about film on teeth. That it should be removed because it harbors destructive germs of tooth decay and other troubles. He will recommend the twice daily use of Pepsodent due to its special film-removing properties.

Film glues germs to teeth so stubbornly ordinary ways cannot remove it. Film absorbs the stains from food and smoking. It discolors teeth and makes them dull and unattractive.

Pepsodent tooth paste removes film—gently. It embodies the finest, softest polishing agent known—one whose discovery makes a great advance in tooth pastes. Pepsodent is safe, completely safe to the softest children's teeth.

Use Pepsodent tooth paste twice each day. It is the finest precautionary method science knows. Get it at your drug store and use it constantly.

Pepsodent

—Use Pepsodent twice a day—
see your dentist at least twice a year.

ment. And he is in favor of Mr. Jacobs. Bribe Mr. McLaughlin? Well, that doesn't sound reasonable to me. Let's not waste our time with improbabilities. We have too many facts to look at.

In Hot Springs, as a jolly comic supplement to the major gambling, there are about a hundred slot machines—ten- and twenty-five-cent contraptions. You may have seen their like. You slip your coin in the slot, plunge the crank downward and wait for the wheels to stop spinning. Frankly, you're just wasting your time if you are thinking to beat them. They aren't built that way.

These boxes, placed in hotels, cigar stores, pool rooms and other gathering spots, are leased from a corporation in Chicago. Forty per cent of their intake is divided between that corporation and the lessee or owner of the premises where they are located. The remainder—sixty per cent—goes to the City Hall. That you may not regard this as trifling, you might as well know that in one hotel (not the largest by any means) the two machines, one ten cents and the other twenty-five, gather in an average of $300 a week. In one pool room the two machines (there are never more than two under any one roof) produce a weekly sum of $450.

A Western Monte Carlo

I am in no position to make public what the City Hall's sixty per cent is devoted to. I don't know. I have heard many rumors; but we aren't dealing in rumors.

Instead of worrying about it, let's go down to Mr. Jacobs' Belvedere Club. It is located just outside the city. It will be rather a pretty place when Mr. Jacobs gets his lawns going and when the numerous young trees grow up. The building itself is large but somewhat barnlike. Inside it is divided into three large compartments—on the left as you enter is the gambling room. The center is a sort of reception hall where you are made most welcome. On the right are the restaurant and dance floor, where the food is excellent and the music atrocious. The kitchen is in the rear, adjoining Mr. Jacobs' modest office, in which the most imposing object (excepting Mr. Jacobs, when he's there) is a colossal safe.

You need no card of introduction. On the piazza, one on either side of the door, you'll behold two extremely brawny gentlemen who are by no means of the conventional doorman type. Their easy courtesy prepares you for the geniality within. You are scrutinized calmly, directly, pleasantly, and the doors are opened for you. In the foyer you are met by a large, friendly gentleman in dinner clothes. He bows without servility, unobtrusively, like a gentleman, and hopes with a nicely controlled solicitude that you are in splendid health.

You will observe that three or four more tuxedoed gentlemen, looking oddly like him and just about the same size, stand here and there in the reception hall—at what you might call strategic points.

Any of these gentlemen will be glad to join you in conversation. Remarkable versatility to their tongues, too. Nominate your topic and they'll meet you halfway. You'll like them. I mentioned to my reception committee that I was somewhat surprised that one did not have to be introduced; that no card of identification was necessary. Did they ever have any trouble? Any rough stuff?

"Good gracious, Mr. Davenport," said he in what seemed to be amazement. "Good gracious, no. Not since that deplorable evening when three ruffians held up the club. Dear me, dear me. And between us, my dear sir, Mr.

Sin takes a Hot Bath

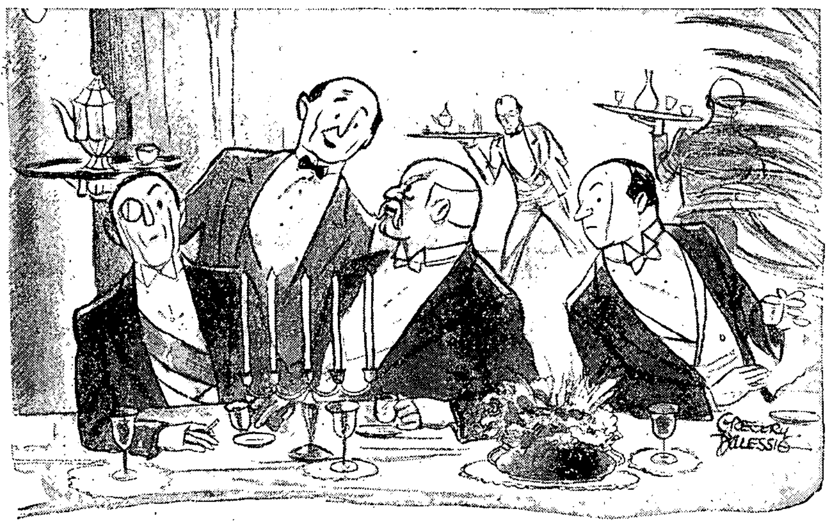
Continued from page 36

Jacobs' heart was well-nigh broken with anxiety lest they molest our guests which, thank heaven, they did not. Good gracious, what an evening. Mr. Jacobs hasn't been at all well and between us I attribute it to the shock. Dear me. Let me hope, Mr. Davenport, that you spend a pleasant and profitable evening with us. It is my great pleasure, sir, to bid you welcome."

With his hand, which he would have some trouble inserting into a five-gallon keg, he shook mine and bade a smooth, yellow Negro take my hat as if mine was the only really worth-while hat in America. I felt like apologizing for something.

The gambling hall is conventional enough—faro, roulette, craps, hazard, chemin-de-fer, and more craps. In adjoining rooms you can play poker at your own price or contract at a dollar a point although you probably wouldn't care to. However, if you must play contract you can do it for ten cents a point. It's up to you, you know.

A genial crowd, full of reminiscences and a genuine love for conversation. You hear all sorts of tales. Everything considered, business has been good—ah, quite good, thank you. (It is impossible to imagine Mr. Jacobs admitting that anything is bad.) To be sure, the ladies and gentlemen have not had that verve and *esprit* that the house saw before the stock market tripped over something and broke both legs; but one cannot complain. Something always saves a situation.



"I'm just dying to hear the end of your joke, Colonel. Will you hold it 'til I get back?"

A Welcome Guest

Dear me, yes. For example, there was that celebrated manufacturer who came down last winter seeking to cleanse his mind of worry. On the first night he dropped a mere seventy-three thousand but it did him so much good that he shook hands with everybody, thanking them most cordially. He returned on the following night and lost twenty thousand. A rare sport and a mighty, mighty fine gentleman. What a time he had—what a time. My conscience!

He remained two weeks, departing over fifty-five thousand out. Dear me, dear me.

Of course there have been regrettable incidents too. A doctor arrived in town fetching with him his wife and two beautiful children and their governess. He installed them in an expensive suite in an expensive hotel and betook himself to Mr. Jacobs' Belvedere Club.

Now you may win or lose at Mr. Jacobs' club and attract no attention whatever until your winnings or losings creep into the thousands. Then they begin to pay attention to you. If you are known—a recognized rich man—the interest is quite impersonal. But if you are an unknown, Mr. Jacobs begins to pinder. Without offending you, or even letting you know, he assigns a couple of his boys to gather a few facts about you. Can you afford to lose? Can you afford to win? Where did this money come from? How much money have you, anyway?

In the Interests of Business

Well, this doctor lost twenty thousand dollars and Mr. Jacobs made inquiries. One doesn't try to explain these things, but this doctor had lost every cent he had in the world. When he left home he had tucked the entire bankroll into his pocket. And now he was broke—stony. And there were his wife and two lovely children in expensive quarters.

A messenger from Mr. Jacobs called upon the doctor and handed him ten thousand dollars. Also a message from headquarters. The doctor was no longer welcome to gamble in Hot Springs. But the imbecile took the money and marched across the street to the Southern Club where, he reasoned, he would recoup. There he was told, most politely, that he might not participate. He tried the Ohio Club and the Kentucky Club. But no. He was not wanted as a gambler. And then it dawned upon him that Mr. Jacobs' ban upon his money included all the cards, dice and wheels in the city.

Morals? Not at all. Compassion for the wife and kiddies? Nonsense. It would have been bad business to have a thing like that broadcast. Oh, very bad business for the doctor's wife to have returned home to tell her friends, or the newspapers, or the police that her husband had been robbed by gamblers. And the chances are that he would have laid it to robbery. Mr. Jacobs' wise generosity permitted the doctor to keep his folly a secret.

You notice, if you look the place over carefully, that there are no public telephone booths in the Belvedere. No public telephones at all. If you must telephone, Mr. Jacobs will be most glad to let you sit at his desk and call. He will even bow himself out of the room that you may have privacy. Mr. Jacobs and his retinue prefer it this way because you can never be sure what a stranger is saying over a pay-station line. Of course they could be tapped, these pay-station lines, but why go to all that trouble? Besides, no gentleman likes to eavesdrop. So they don't have pay stations.

The place has been held up just once. Surveying the premises, the surrounding terrain, the door men, the reception committee and so on, one gathers that it is not an easy place to crack. Almost anything could happen to a bandit or a number of bandits before they even reached the Little Rock highway. No, it wouldn't be easy. In fact, we advise against it.

But three young enthusiasts from Oklahoma did it one night, a few months ago. The affair is still befogged with shreds of mystery. At any rate the trio entered, backed the guests into corners, trained their guns on Mr. Jacobs, who was sitting at the roulette wheel, and listened solemnly to him while he made them welcome to the three thousand dollars he had. Mr. Jacobs' demeanor did not change. His voice was the customary gentle murmur. He even thanked the boys for their promise not to molest his guests. They succumbed to the charm of Mr. Jacobs, his politeness being contagious, until one of them suspected that they had been beguiled into lingering too long.

Just Amateurs

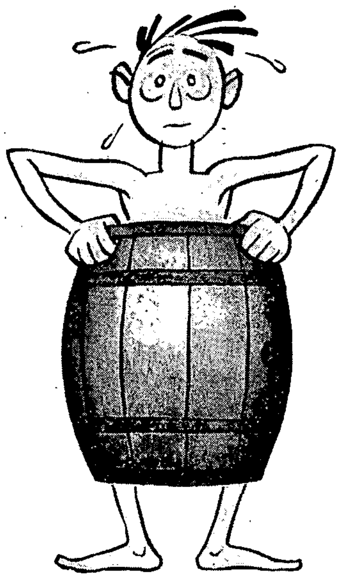
And he was quite right. They weren't very expert bandits, having little more than the optimism of youth and several pistols. They didn't seem to know, for example, that there are but two exits from Hot Springs, one at each end of the town. So the police had plenty of time to man both escapes. Two of the boys were caught. So far as I was able to find out neither seems to have been seen since. Neither of them had the money. The third, with Mr. Jacobs' three grand, made his escape. But within a few days the money, minus a trivial sum (probably deducted for expenses or services or something) was returned—quite mysteriously. After all, what do we care? It seems to have been a terrible lesson to somebody, and if you are thinking of trying your skill at banditry start with something easy—the United States Treasury or a small cigar store.

There remain just two things that Hot Springs wants. With one accord the hotels, the baths and the gambling houses hope that the new ninety-day divorce law will survive the attack the Arkansas Home Protective Association is making upon it. The reasons are obvious. The other hot desire is that the somewhat befuddled Arkansas legislature will come to some definite decision about horse racing and permit Hot Springs to open that most beautiful of sporting parks, Oak Lawn, to the thoroughbreds. However, it is not at all unlikely that Oak Lawn will be put into commission this fall whether the legislature agrees or continues to stumble around. The only doubt exists in the possible reluctance of horse owners to take a chance.

But aside from these two desires, Hot Springs is pretty well satisfied. She has no complaint to make against other laws or absence of laws. For example, she doesn't care about the state anti-evolution law. In fact, a number of her most worldly citizens concede that it is a very good law. Mr. Padlock Gaffney of Gambler's Row, for example.

"Listen," says Mr. Gaffney, "lay off that law. Us boys are all for it. I've worked towns where about every guy I meet is trying to make a monkey outa me. See? No protection at all. But down here this here law says you ain't allowed to do it and that suits me. Lay off it. Us boys need it."

NOW HE INSISTS ON PURE PENNSYLVANIA



A driver whose name was McFrances
With any old oil would take chances
He just didn't care
Till a bill for repair
Took his coat and his vest and his pantses!

M.R. COOPER

If you are a motorist who accepts any motor oil without question, sooner or later somebody is going to sell you a crankcase full of trouble—sooner or later your motor will get a dose of poor oil. And by the time you find out that a poor oil is poor, it's too late to do anything but pay for the repairs!

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The Wrong Wife

Continued from page 23

Why are you such a fool? Deborah doesn't love you—you heard her say so."

"She has assured me of that," he said.

"Then why—if a silly mistake has been made—or is it that you're so old-fashioned that, so long as you are married you won't be guilty of the slightest breach of a vow?"

"Del, you're a charming thing," he said. "I don't mind anyone as charming as you making fun of me. But, whether Deborah loves me or not, whether she knows it or not, whether I can ever convince her or not—I love her, and expect to love her always."

"And you still insist that the letter was meant for her?"

"It was meant for her," he said.

She dashed into the lake. He stood a moment watching her easy stroke. Then he walked into the water and began swimming to the mainland. And the echo of his last words rang in his ears: "Meant for her."

Why, of course it had been. Though he had not been aware of it at the time, though his heart had been obsessed with Del, he had loved Deborah, her cousin, the girl he had married.

He must have loved her. For surely he loved her now. And must convince her instantly.

Del was running up the lawn, which Deborah had already crossed, when he reached the mainland. He wanted to run after her, to tell her that what he had falsely assured her a moment ago had miraculously come true. But he was afraid that it looked as though she were running from him, and so he preserved a dignified pace across the grass. Too, although he knew that for reasons of her own Delmar had been making some kind of sport of him, after all, she *had* intimated that she would not have been unresponsive to a love letter from him, and to race after her to tell her that her responsiveness would have been unwelcome seemed hardly the thing to do.

He could feel his heart thumping as he climbed the stairway to the second floor, and its action was not due to the swift swim from the island. He loved his wife! His recognition of a frame of mind that certainly was not unusual in a bridegroom was the recognition one gives to something incredible.

But he had been in love with Del. That was the amazing thing. He had fallen head over heels in love with Del, and had married Deborah, and within twenty-four hours had seen Delmar and known that it was Deborah he loved. He wondered vaguely if the fact that he had seen Del had anything to do with his discovery of love for Deborah.

He couldn't see why. She—Del—was perfect. She was so alluring that a man must be forgiven if his senses blurred at sight of her. Indeed, there had been a moment—only moments ago—when Cordova had wanted to clasp her in his arms.

BUT the moment had passed and with it the urge. He loved his wife. Did Del compare unfavorably with Deborah? He didn't know. He had not yet reached a point in self-analysis where he was able to examine his reactions toward things she had said.

He reached the landing, went down the corridor, and opened the door to what he thought was his own room. A faint scream of surprise informed him, before his eyes did, that he had made a mistake. Her bathing suit a wet heap by her feet, Deborah stood by a window, her slim body utterly concealed—save for bare toes and one shoulder—by the most enormous towel Cordova had ever seen.

"Oh," he said. "I thought this was my room."

"So I see," she said. "Yours is the next. You can reach it through the bath." She kicked at the wet suit on the floor. "I hope you won't think I'm always as untidy as this. But I wanted to let you take off your suit in the bathroom—"

Deliberately he closed the door behind him. He walked toward her. The huge towel, more voluminous than a dressing-gown, was as modest an article of raiment as she could have worn, but she hugged it a little tighter about her.

"Deborah," he said, "I love you."

She paled slightly.

"The need for chivalrous play-acting is over, Dick. Thanks just the same. You didn't convince Del, but—it was sweet of you."

"I'm not trying to convince Del—I'm telling you," he said.

"And that is generous," she said, "but —unnecessary. Run along and get dressed. We're delaying luncheon."

"Luncheon can wait, I think," he smiled, "while I tell my wife that I adore her."

"But you don't have to, Dick," she protested.

"Not because I feel I have to, but because I've just discovered it—that's why I'm telling you," he said.

HE REACHED for her, but she evaded his clasp. Her pallor had departed now, to be replaced by the most fiery blush.

"Please, Dick. Someone might come in, and—"

"A maid would hardly be so indiscreet," he laughed. "And if she were, would it be so terrible if she found me kissing my wife? Like this?"

This time she made no effort to evade him. He drew her to him, but as his lips approached hers, something in her eyes deterred him.

"Don't you want me to kiss you?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"Don't you love me?" he demanded.

She shook her head again.

"You mean you want me to believe that nonsense of this morning—that you had found out you didn't care for me?"

"It wasn't nonsense," she whispered.

"Of course it was," he cried. "How could you love me yesterday and not today? You can't make me believe that."

"You believed it this morning," she reminded him.

"Because I wanted to believe it; because it seemed to make things easier. But it doesn't make things easier; it makes them harder. My God, Deb, I'm in love with you."

"I'm sorry," she said.

He released her roughly.

"So you're sorry, eh?" he sneered. "You trick me into marrying you, and then, when I'm ready to go to my knees and thank God that you tricked me, you discover that you made a mistake, and that you didn't want the toy after all."

"PLEASE don't be angry, Dick," she begged.

"What do you want me to be?" he cried.

"The generous gentleman you've been all along," she said.

"Generous? Gentleman? Why should I be generous? Why should I be a gentleman? I tell you, Deborah, I love you."

"You needn't strike me to prove it," she said. She tried to keep her tones serious, but an irrepressible gurgle escaped her lips.

He stared at her. For a moment he felt within him a wild desire to do the very thing she mentioned. Then, slowly, his tensity relaxed, and his own mouth quivered in a smile. He sat heavily down in a chair, careless that his wet suit might ruin the upholstery.

"Was there ever such a mix-up?" he groaned. "Deborah, I ought to spank you. I'm not sure yet that I won't. You get me to marry you; I think I'm in love with your cousin; I hate you for what you've done; then, as you're falling out of love with me, I fall in love with you. Now, I suppose I'll fall out of love with you, and you'll fall in with me—"

"I don't think I will," she said gravely.

He put his face in his hands.

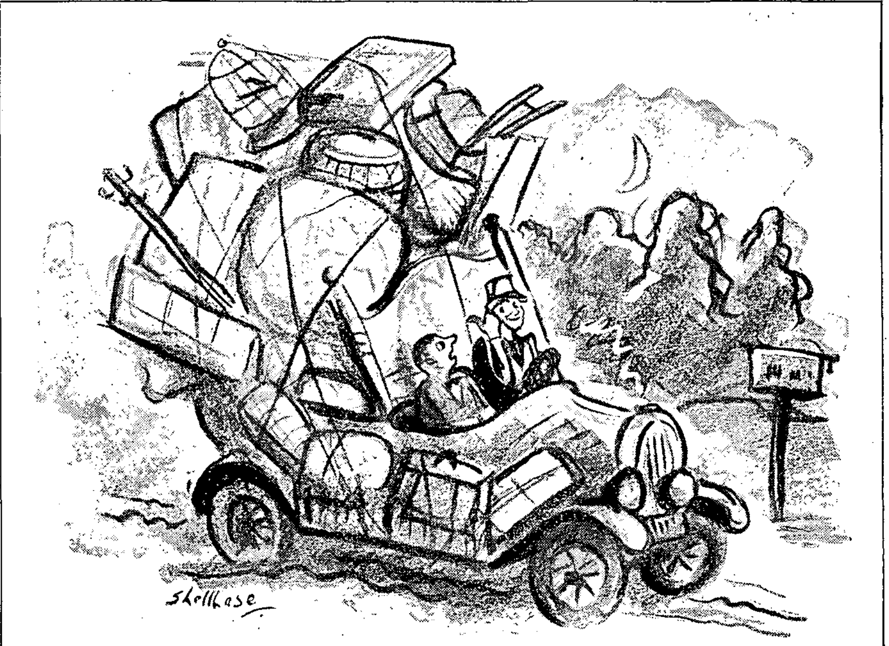
"Deborah, are you sure of that?"

"I'm sure," she said.

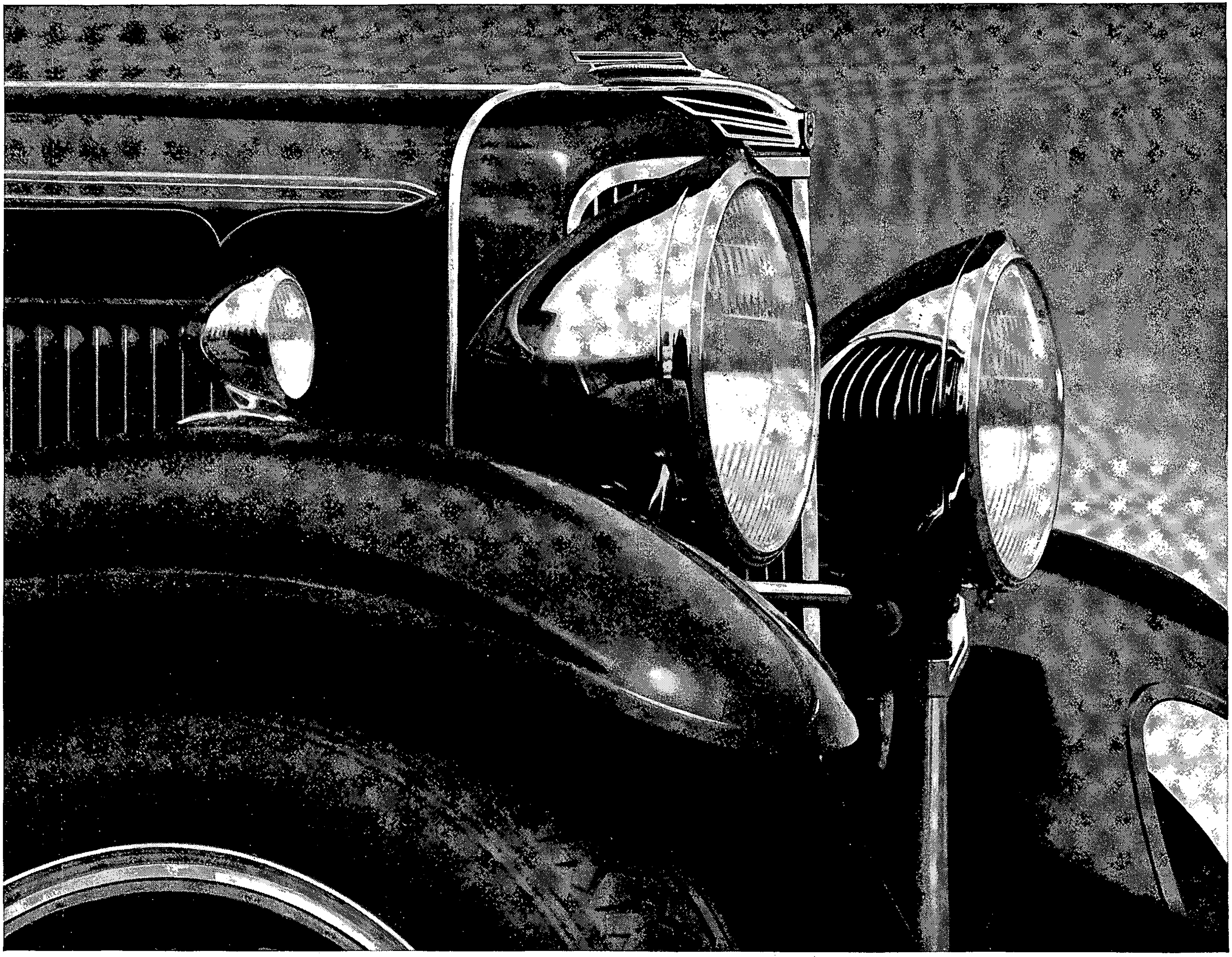
"But why—Deborah, did I behave so badly when—when—"

"When you were still in love with Delmar? How do you think you behaved?"

(*Continued on page 42*)



"I'm out of gas, Bill—luckily there's an emergency gallon under the rear seat"



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The Wrong Wife

Continued from page 40

"You said rather well," he reminded her.

"Pride compels certain statements," she explained. "Do you think you were behaving well when you left our—our drawing-room and—slammed the door on me? Do you think that when a woman—offers—herself—she can ever forget that the offer was refused?"

"Would you have wanted me to accept when I didn't know I loved you?" he asked.

"Of course I wouldn't," she cried. "But—I would have wanted you to *want* to accept."

"Perhaps I did," he said, "and hated myself—oh, Deb, we aren't getting anywhere. We're quarreling—Deb, you can't remain angry because I—seemed rude."

"I'M NOT angry. I'm merely explaining. Love is a funny thing, Dick. I don't think, really, there is such a thing. I think it's a belief we have, and the belief is fragile, easily destroyed. We imagine we care for someone. We cease imagining it. And it's ended."

"I'm not imagining anything. I *know*," he told her.

"And I'm sorry, Dick. But something happened to me last night. I still like you; I think you're wonderful; I wasn't fair, just now, when I questioned your behavior of yesterday. You acted beautifully. But—I just don't love you, Dick, and that's all there is to it."

"Except the divorce," he said heavily.

"Except the divorce," she agreed.

"And suppose," he said, "that I tell you I'll never let you divorce me?"

"I would say," she returned, "that you were not telling the truth, that the Richard Cordova whom I married would never fail in doing the right thing."

"And suppose you were mistaken in that estimate of me?"

"Then I would regret that I ever thought myself in love with you, Dick."

"Don't you regret it now?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"Why should I? There were a few hours in which I walked the mountain tops, Dick. There were a few hours when there was no crime, no despicable thing which I would not have done to have won you. I think that to be so submerged in somebody else that one has no thought of right or wrong—I think that's wonderful, Dick. And I'm grateful to you for having made me feel that way."

"I think," he said, "that you are the most extraordinary girl I ever met."

"And you are the nicest man I ever met," she said.

"Not the most lovable?"

"Again I'm sorry, Dick," she told him.

"Well, damn your sorrow," he blazed. "You're my wife, and I've a mind to—"

"To what, Dick?"

"To make you stick to your bargain," he cried.

She looked at him gravely, sadly.

In that moment—but only for that moment—he hated her again. She, who had wronged him, was putting him in the wrong. Then he wheeled and marched through the bathroom and into the other chamber of the suite.

A servant had unpacked his bag and laid out flannels and white-and-brown shoes. He dressed rapidly, and started out through the door that opened upon the corridor. Then, because he felt that an appearance of intimacy must at least be presented, he knocked upon the door that led to her room.

She called to him to come in, and he entered. If she had been distressed, there was no sign of it visible upon her countenance. She smiled gently upon him.

"Dick," she said, "let's try to be friends."

Already he was slightly ashamed of himself for his outburst. It was part of Cordova's code that a man did not quarrel with a woman. He might avoid her, might even run from her, but he did not quarrel. And he had violated that code.

"I won't have to try," he assured her.

"Nor will I," she said.

"And, Deborah, I told Del that I loved you."

Her eyes met his.

"You told her? Why?"

"Because, for one reason, it happens to be true," he said. "For another, I would prefer that no one—not your cousin or anyone else—should get the wrong impression about you."

"Del knows the letter was for her," she said.

"It doesn't matter what she knows as long as she knows that I love you," he said. "And she knows that."

"In convincing her you didn't convince yourself, did you?" she asked.

He shrugged.

"Perhaps I did. I don't know. What difference does it make so long as it is so?"

"If it *is* so," she ventured.

"Shall I convince you?" he asked.

She colored.

"I am convinced," she admitted. "We're late for luncheon, Dick."

They descended the great stairway arm in arm. Deborah did not repulse him when he passed her hand over his arm, and he felt a thrill at the touch of her. She guided him to the porch, where Del, cool and lovely in summery muslin, sat at a table. Cocktails and appetizers were before her.

"You two look happy," she said. If there was a sneer in her words Cordova could not find it.

"We are happy," he said.

"Do you speak for both, as a good husband should?"

"He speaks for us both," said Deborah softly.

Delmar lifted her glass.

"To the happy pair," she said. "And when, cousin of mine, did you discover that you had been—er—mistaken a little while ago in thinking that you didn't care for him?"

"When I discovered that he had not been mistaken in thinking he loved me," was Deborah's reply.

"WELL, it all sounds cryptic and bewildering, but the course of true love never did run too smoothly, did it? Uncle," she raised her voice, "you are just in time to drink a toast to the happy pair."

Cordova turned. Coming through the door was Carmichael, too dapperly dressed—as this morning—for a camp on a lake in the wilds of Maine, but wearing, as ever, that manner of cool authority which so well became him. His grim face was wrinkled now in a smile. He stepped aside and Cordova recognized the figure beside him. It was Ganley, president of the defunct Drovers and Builders Investment Trust Company.

"Deborah—this is Mr. Ganley, who is spending the week-end with us. Cordova, I think you've met Ganley."

"I think I have, sir," said Cordova coldly.

"Ganley feels that he is a trifle misunderstood in the matter of his company's failure, Dick," said the senator. "He tells me that he tried to put certain matters before you, but that you were a little doubtful of the correctness of listening to him."

"Except in my office, sir, with witnesses and a stenographer," said Cordova stiffly.

"Well, I'll do for a witness, I imagine," said the senator airily. "And we can dispense with a stenographer, I trust."

"I'm afraid not, sir," said Cordova.

"Well, we'll discuss the matter after luncheon, then," said Carmichael.

"I'd prefer not to discuss it at all, sir," said Cordova.

"It will be difficult to avoid talking it over," said Carmichael, mildly. "Ganley is here—at my invitation, Dick. He telephoned me and—well, I told him to come down here. I've not been very friendly to Ganley, but he showed me how wrong I had been. He may do as much for you, Cordova."

"In court, sir, possibly. But not elsewhere," said Cordova.

"Oh, come now," said the senator. "You're both guests of mine, and little private differences can be forgotten."

"They can be forgotten if they're not mentioned, Senator," said Cordova.

Irascibility showed through the veneer of easy good humor on Carmichael's face.

"I HOPE I misunderstand you," he said. "You are not by any possible chance, suggesting to me that certain matters are not to be discussed in my house?"

"I am more than making a suggestion; I am insisting," said Cordova.

"The insistence is ill-mannered," said the senator.

"My duty forces me into bad manners," said Cordova.

"But your good breeding—"

Cordova cut his host short.

"I'm sorry, Senator. This man has repeatedly tried to see me. I will not discuss the Drovers and Builders matter with anyone save an associate in the prosecution."

"That is rather high-handed, isn't it?"

"It is my conception of my obligation to my office," said Cordova.

"Men have been known to lose office," said Carmichael.

"And the minute I'm removed from mine, I'll be happy to listen to you and Mr. Ganley discuss the matter anywhere," said Cordova. "But until then—"

"Listen, Dick," said the senator. "The wise man sticks to rules and finicky ethics only when they're sane. Down here, as my guest, meeting another guest—"

"We can be wise only according to our lights," said the younger man. "You'll forgive me, Senator, if I ask you to excuse me while I pack."

"Pack? You mean you're leaving?"

"Unless Mr. Ganley decides to leave," said Cordova.

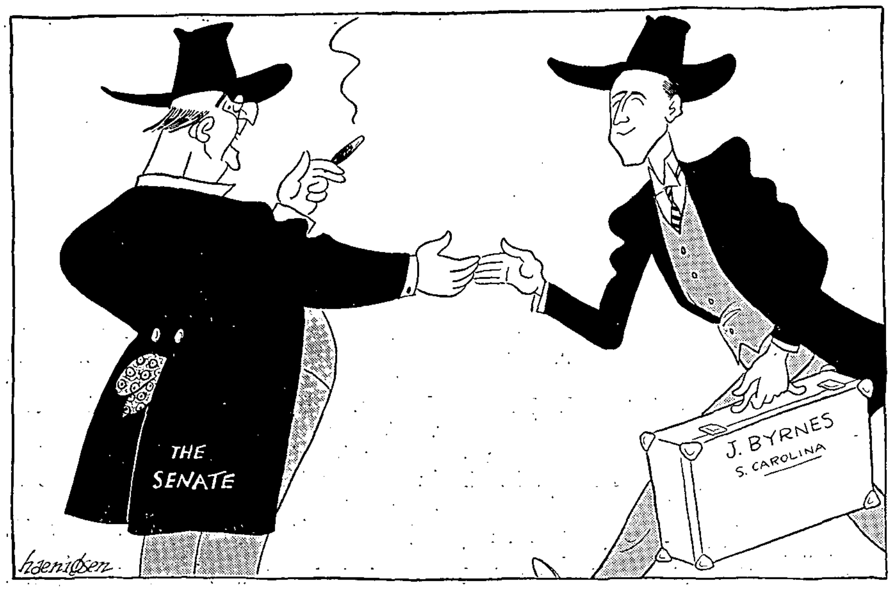
"But this is too absurd," cried Carmichael. "Cordova, there are great things in store for you. You wouldn't throw them over, would you? Cordova, you're a practical man. All men of sense are practical. Will you—not listen to Ganley, but—after luncheon—listen to me?"

Cordova heard steps. He felt a presence close to him. He turned to find Deborah beside him.

"Dick," she whispered, "I—I'd listen to Uncle."

To his utter amazement, he heard himself saying, "All right, Senator. I'll listen to you."

(To be continued next week)



Mr. Jimmie of South Ca'lina

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole

JAMES FRANCIS BYRNES, successor to the unlamented Cole Blease as senator from South Carolina, never "overspeaks himself." Like most Southerners, he is a good story teller. Here is one he tells on himself:

While he was public prosecutor—solicitor, the Southern title is—of the court circuit in which his home town of Aiken, South Carolina, is located, a young Negro was arrested for holding up a farmer. The colored man admitted the whole affair quite frankly to "Mr. Jimmie," as the young prosecutor was known. He had known that the neighboring farmer would come back from market with money in his pocket. He had taken his employer's shotgun and lain in wait for the returning farmer on a lonely part of the road. When the farmer drove up he had pointed the shotgun at him and demanded his money. He got it. He hadn't meant to shoot the farmer anyway, and he hadn't had to. All he asked was that "Mr. Jimmie," who was noted for being kind-hearted, would procure a light sentence for him.

A few days later Mr. Jimmie was surprised to find the persistent young Negro appearing in court with a lawyer for his defense, entering a plea of not guilty. He denied the charge that he had held up and robbed the farmer, and he established a defense alibi.

It came "Mr. Jimmie's" turn to cross-examine the young Negro. "Now, look right at me, Sam," said the prosecutor. "Didn't you come to my office two days ago and tell me that you held up Farmer Brown and took his money?"

A Bit of Carelessness

"My, Mr. Jimmie, you certainly do memorize," exclaimed the Negro.

"Now, Sam, look straight at the judge and the jury," directed the prosecutor.

"I'se looking right at 'em," said Sam.

"Tell the judge and the jury how you came to tell me the story that you did in my office and then come here and say you weren't even on the road when Farmer Brown passed," said the prosecutor.

"Well, Mr. Jimmie, I certainly overspoke myself in your office," answered the Negro, in whose pockets the farmer's money had been found.

The House of Representatives, in which Jimmie Byrnes has served hitherto, is not a place in which one has much chance to "overspeak" oneself. Oratory is not at a premium in the House. The time one has for speaking is short. And the audience is noisy and unruly. A House speaker at best is a sort of soap-box orator.

The qualities that win success in the House are other than speaking ability, though that helps. They are personality, industry and intelligence.

The new senator has personality. I don't know anyone in the upper house who has more charm than he has. An Irishman with a soft Southern voice, a gay, lively, friendly manner, a quick wit, a gift for story-telling—during the dozen or so years that he served in the House he was one of its most popular members. The real work of the House is done by a handful of members, and a man like Mr. Byrnes quickly makes his way into that small group.

A Prospective Leader

Mr. Byrnes, as a House member, served on the House Appropriations Committee. One hears a lot about the prodigious industry of certain prodigies in business. But I don't believe anyone in the business world ever works any harder than a working member of the House Appropriations Committee. Mr. Byrnes was always a working member. He has always been acquisitive of facts. He didn't make many speeches, but when occasion called him to his feet he spoke well and effectively.

He will probably speak more in the Senate. Everybody does. But the qualities that make a successful, all-around senator are the qualities that he has, those that make a man a popular member of the club, a man whose company is sought by the inside group irrespective of party politics—good sense, a knowledge of human nature, the ability to persuade by personal contact, together with industry in the business of legislation, and intelligence. So he is likely to be a leading man in the Senate with the Democrats coming into power.

The story of his life is not an unusual one. His father died when he was a young child. His widowed mother was left with him and another child, a daughter, and with little money. So he had to make his way in the world with not much assistance.

He studied law, and when not yet thirty he was a public prosecutor. Then followed several terms in the House, a campaign for the Senate in 1924, in which Cole Blease beat him, and another in 1930 in which he beat Blease.

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GLOVER'S IMPERIAL DOG MEDICINES

Irish Eyes

Continued from page 19

lost my job, and I'm wearing Marg'ret's old coat that she had before she was even married, and it's up to my knees, and this blue coat that's worth at least sixty dollars, I could have for twelve—and everything—"

"Sheila, you're terrible!" Angela murmured, looking at her in fascinated admiration. "You look about fourteen; even your hands look poor!"

Sheila was still defending herself.

"Listen, Mamma, who do you think I am? Here you want me to take back this money, when goodness knows we need it, with Joe and me out of jobs probably the whole rest of the winter, and here I'm *going* to return it, I *told* you I was, and now you won't even let me get any fun out of it!"

"That kind of fun is a lyin' kind of fun," the mother protested. But the others' amusement was softening her, and she added, half under her breath, "To hear ye, I'd think me own sister Maggie was talkin'. She'd the very voice you have."

"Do you care if I do it, and don't lie at all, Ma? Suppose I just tell 'em the truth, only I look like this? That'd be all right, wouldn't it? That'd be fair enough, wouldn't it, Ma? Listen, I won't say one word—honest, I won't say one word that isn't true. I'll say that I've lost my job, and that my brother is out of work, and that it's a hard winter, and that I thought maybe I'd buy myself a little coat—but that my mother, who is a widow, and one of God's saints at that, and her own good mother raised eleven of the creatures, back in the ould countra, and never but a little pig or two, or maybe a—"

"I'll take you over my knee, and learn you a little more, since you know all that," Mrs. Carscadden said with outraged dignity as Joe and Angela laughed at the familiar tale. But her mouth twitched.

And as her only further comment after a general inspection of Sheila's costume was a reluctantly admiring "You're a holy terror, and I wouldn't wonder did the police take you up!" Sheila was free to escape, with one more burst of laughter, into the winter streets, to follow up the invitation to adventure.

She descended through the house quietly enough—the few returning workers who were coming in, tired and grimy, at half past six, were not interested in the girl who slipped by them so unobtrusively—and once in the street she aroused no interest at all.

SHE took a downtown train, and came to the surface again only a few blocks east of her destination. The neighborhood into which she ascended was rather like her own home environment in the Bronx, but as she walked westward the street improved, with that abruptness characteristic of the biggest city, and the brownstone house before which she finally stopped was not only handsome in an old-fashioned way, but decorously set in a line of similar homes, and close to the white winter park.

Well, it wasn't an apartment house, anyway. Sheila and Angela had hoped it might be. "G. C. K." might be hard to locate, in a big apartment house, and the money remain with its finder, after all.

The house looked tremendous to Sheila; there were windows on both sides of the big door at the top of the brownstone steps. Bay windows, and behind them rich, heavy curtains, looped back, filled the little space between the lowered shades and the wide sills. And through this little space light escaped hospitably. These people were rich, all right.

Now for the butler. Her heart beating uncomfortably, Sheila rang the bell.

A kindly-faced, middle-aged Irishwoman opened the door and asked concernedly:

"Did ye want to see somebody, dear'r?"

Sheila was all but staggered. She recovered her brogue with a gasp.

"They lost a little pur'rse," she managed to stammer, "an' I found it. I brought it back to yez."

THE woman gave her so scrutinizing a glance that Sheila's heart failed her, and she wished herself well out of the adventure. But there could be no retreating now; she repeated her story, accompanying it with a shy smile. She extended the pocketbook, entirely forgetting her plan and her suspicions.

"Ye found it?" Mamie O'Connor asked, after another look.

"Wit' money in it."

Another pause. Then the woman said briefly.

"Stip in."

She closed the door behind Sheila.

"Kape it," she directed, as Sheila, still entirely forgetting her preconceived plan, would have given her the bills. "And set here whilst I go see," she added.

Sheila sat down on a marble bench; the maid disappeared at the back of the big hall.

The beauty, the warmth, the comfort of it stunned her. She had never been in such a place before. She couldn't go on with this; it frightened her. Sheila obeyed a mad impulse toward flight. Laying the purse on the bench, she was on her feet, she was at the big door.

The rattle of a key in the lock sent her back to her bench trembling. The door through which she had entered opened again, and a squarely built, black-headed young man let himself in.

He glanced at her; spoke to the returning maid:

"Is Mother home, Mamie?"

"She is not, then, Mr. Frank," the servant returned easily. "They've gone over to church. But the Judge and the baby are here."

The young man glanced again at Sheila, and as he was close to the maid now, could ask her a question in an undertone. Mamie's answer told Sheila what the question was.

"She found Miss Gertrude's blue bag in the street, and yure papa wants to see her."

"Oh, that's all right then!" he said, going on toward the stairs.

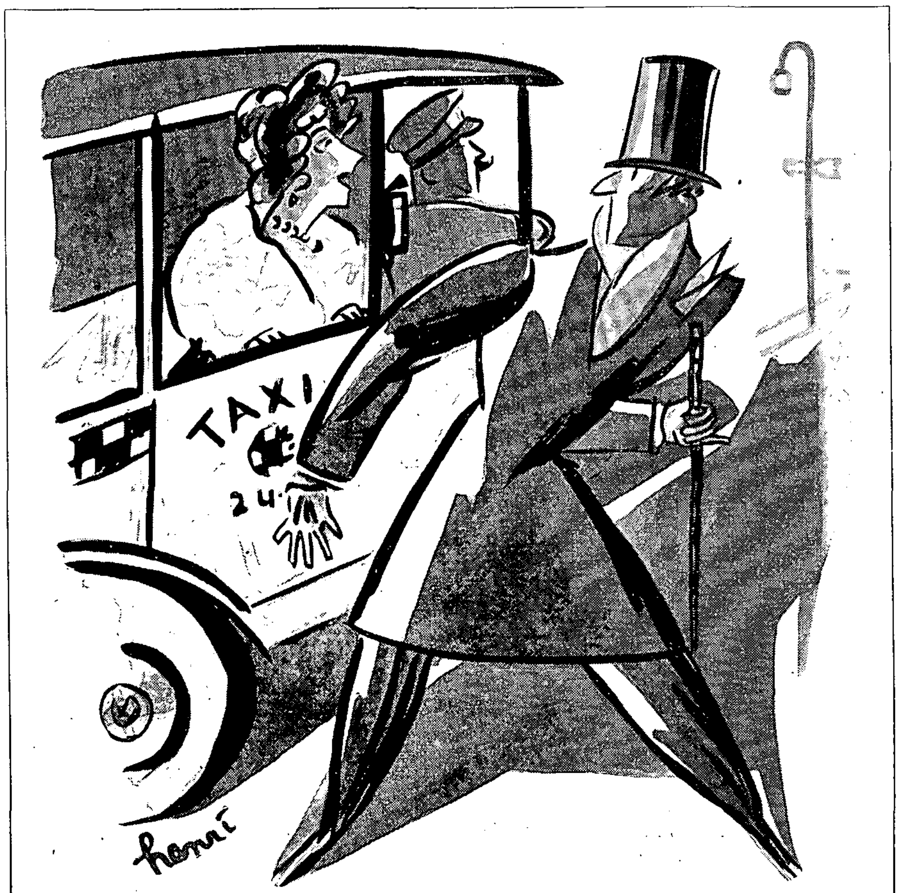
Sheila's heart was suddenly singing. A new young man, unexpectedly encountered, and looking admiration at her, sent her spirits up. This was beginning to be terrifically exciting—

She followed Mamie across the warm wide hall, with its rugs and statues and palms, and through one of the curtained great doorways that flanked it at dignified intervals on either side. They entered an apartment that Sheila knew instantly was the most luxurious she had ever seen, even though the details of it reached her consciousness much later, one by one.

THERE was a stout, middle-aged man here, a velvet-coated and comfortably dressed man, with a ring of dark curls surrounding a bald spot on his head. To Sheila he seemed, even at this first glance, to radiate good nature, kindness, strength. With him was a small romping girl in a smocked pink silk. Both got out of a deep chair as Sheila came in, and the child clung to her father's hand as she studied Sheila curiously.

"How do you do?" the man said. The tone of his voice added, "you dear, forlorn child," and Sheila felt her heart twist. "The maid told me that you'd like to speak to me," he went on.

That the maid, in the voice and with the majestic gesture of a sibyl, had pre-



"—and don't forget the mustard!"

dicted the wrath of God "for annyone who cud find it in his hear'rt to refuse to see a white-faced little ger'rl," the man did not add.

"Sit down there in that chair. Veronica and I are all alone tonight, aren't we, Pokey? They're all gone to church to rehearse for Gertrude's wedding—our foster-daughter, that is."

He was talking along easily to cover any possible awkwardness on the visitor's part and, unversed as she was in social usages, Sheila felt the kindliness of it.

"Yes, sir, Gertie lost her mamma and her papa when she was no bigger than Veronica here," Judge McCann went on. "And now she's to marry my second son, Peter. And his mother and I are well pleased with it."

"And Frank's going to be married, too!" Veronica announced, half-shy, half-bold.

"Yes," the father said, "Frank's to be married too, come June. That's my oldest son. He's marrying Judge Kennedy's daughter—a fine ger'rl. Both the boys, yes. But we have others. We've Monica, and Tony and Dan, haven't we, Von?— Sit down, child, sit down," he went on hospitably, sitting down himself, with the little girl on his knee. "And it's a bitter night out, isn't it? This is my baby Veronica; she's no baby at all, she's grown a monsther on me—"

HE DREW Veronica forward, with that obvious pride in a thin, gawky crowlike little girl that only a father can display. Immediately he turned his attention to the purse.

"Ye found a purse, Mamie tells me."

"I didn't find it, exactly," Sheila explained. She felt ashamed of her masquerade, before his honest, concerned blue eyes.

"I bought it at the rummage sale at St. Leo's," she explained. "And there was money hid in it."

His big arm was about his little girl's thin form. He did not look at the money and the purse Sheila displayed; his eyes were all for Sheila herself. With infinite tenderness and pity in his homely, rugged face he studied the girl's shabby clothes, her pale cheeks and blazing blue eyes.

"And your papa is dead?"

"Yes, sir'r."

"But do ye work?"

"I have been," Sheila said modestly. "But sure they fired me just yesterda'."

"And thin ye found the money, did ye?"

"Me little sisther Angela, that's a cripple," Sheila began, "was lookin' at the pur'rse and seen the letthers—"

And she exposed them for his inspection: "G. C. K." on the dark blue flap.

"That's Gertie's!" Veronica said shrilly.

"So I knew I cuddent kape it," Sheila said. "Annyway, Mamma wuddent l'ave me," she added, with truth.

"Your mamma wuddent?" he was still watching her closely.

Sheila shook her head, and smiled.

"And yet, it'd be your mamma's rent, I daresay?" the man persisted. "You'd bring back the rent itself, would ye?"

Sheila's eyes were all candor.

"She told me to," she replied.

"I wonder if we'd be as honest as that, Von?" the man asked his little girl.

"I would be!" the little girl said instantly and jealously.

"Well," he conceded musingly, "maybe you would, dear'r. Maybe you would." And he sighed heavily.

There was a silence. Sheila felt uncomfortable. The tender, fatherly look, the fireside in a room full of books, the little girl so sure of her position, all shook her to the roots of her being. She was conscious of wanting to cry.

"Fir'rst I'll tell you me name," the man presently said, in a thoughtful, unhurried fashion. "I'm Paul McCann. Veronica ye know. Then I want ye to take that fifty and put it back in the purse—I'll make it up to Gertrude.

"But more than that," he added, and was still. Sheila could not have spoken to save her soul.

"More than that," he commenced again, still regarding her thoughtfully, "I want to do something for ye—for your mother. The rent, now. It is very har'rd on a widow to pay it, as I well know. And then maybe one of our ger'rls would have a little coat—and a hat—something a ger'rl could use—"

Sheila's one hope now was to escape. The money burned in her hands; she did not want it. Her shabby dress had so worked upon his generous sympathy that he would not be content now without some pledge of help; this beggar should have a hat, a coat, promise of rent money.

"I *am* poor, and my mother *is* a widow, but I have a hat, and I don't speak with a brogue!" she thought of bursting out. But he would think she was crazy—

She hesitated. It was too late. Mamie was in the room, obviously with plans against Vonnie's peace.

"Yes, run along wit' Mamie, lovey," the father said. "But hould a moment—" he interrupted himself, as Sheila was about to go with the others, "I want your name, me dear'r, and to hear a bit more of ye."

Sheila sat down again, but before he could speak there was an interruption.

"Here they all are!" Veronica shrilled from the doorway. There was a great sound of bustle and confusion in the hallway; laughter, voices.

"It's our Gertrude—she's gettin' married to my boy Peter next Tuesda'," the man began, when Gertrude herself interrupted him.

She stood in the doorway, a stunning slim girl in a black suit and carrying sable furs. Her laughing voice came into the library. Sheila, who had gotten to her feet, stood staring at her, and at the man who stood beside her. A tall man, with black curly hair—

The floor rocked beneath her feet; her mouth felt dry and her head swam. She knew this man—she knew this man. He had kissed her, on a certain hot summer night beside the sea, under a low, hot moon. No other man had ever kissed her—it was Peter!

"Uncle Paul!" said Gertrude. "If you could have seen Norah Gaynor get mixed up with Peter's legs coming down the aisle, you'd remain away next Tuesday! Honestly, I never was so embarrassed in my life—"

SHE stared at the red-headed girl, but there was nothing unfriendly in her stare.

"Gertie, is your aunt there?" the judge asked.

Sheila could move her eyes to him, but she could not look at the door.

"She was," Gertrude said. "But of course the minute she saw her, Von put up a squawk, and Aunt Ellie went upstairs with her."

"I'll get her!" the judge said. Gertrude turned back into the hallway with him; Sheila and Peter were face to face for one whirling minute.

"Don't give me away!" she breathed.

"I won't," he said quickly, agitatedly. "But I have to see you. I have to see you. When can I see you? I've been trying to find you."

There was no more time; Judge McCann was returning, and with him was a tall, delicate-looking woman who turned an eager gaze toward Sheila. Gertrude and Peter disappeared; the others went back into the library.

(To be continued next week)

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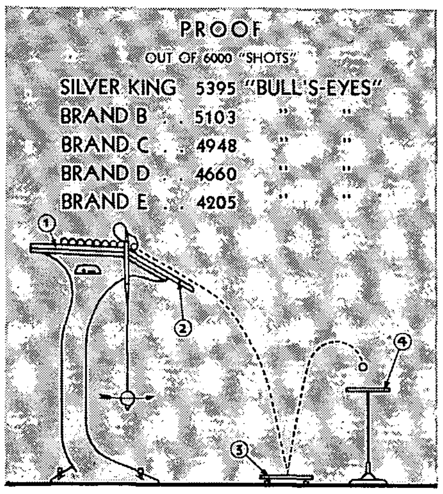

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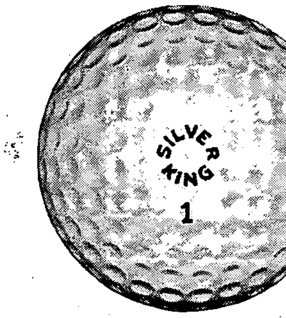

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Cold Blood

Continued from page 9

"He'd make very nice eating," Toto replied with spirit. "And if it occurs to me that I think more of you than I do *of him I'll ask him to call the engagement off.* I am truly fond of you, Jerry, but only as a friend."

Well, they made me a track pony, and I ponied the five four-year-olds around for the next week. Four of them had never been raced—in fact, they were only half trained. When Mr. Jerry's trainer decided to work them an eighth he put a boy up on them and the two-year-old and I, with my boy up, jogged around to the eighth pole and broke. That is, we started to run. So I saw right away that another part of a track pony's job was to teach the youngsters how to break, to run with them and give them courage; to stir up their ambition and imbue them with a wish to beat me. At first they ran clumsily and with short, chopping strides, but after two or three workouts they began to flatten out and take long strides and I had to hump myself to beat them. Only, my boy wouldn't let me beat them; he just held me head and head with them and finally it dawned on me that I was not supposed to make a race of it and beat them. That makes a youngster feel bad; gives him the notion it's no use trying too hard if he can't win.

BUD O'REILLY won the American Derby for Mr. Jerry—fifty thousand dollars added—and then the La Crescenta stable moved on to Belmont Park, New York.

Well, my life settled down into a humdrum rut. The hard work I was forced to do made of me one little ball of muscle. And one day, when an exercise boy rode me over to the judge's stand, after a race, to pick up a La Crescenta horse that had just run and jog him back to the stable, I heard somebody say "Oh, do look at that beautiful pony. Isn't he adorable? He's so prideful, with his head up and his neck arched and his tail set out."

But Bud O'Reilly always continued unfriendly. He was jealous of me. I never trusted him and realized he was merely waiting patiently for an opportunity to foul me. I treated him with courtesy, for I had long since learned that, no matter who the aggressor might be, I was not supposed to fight back. I was just a track pony, worth a few hundred dollars, and the aggressor was a thoroughbred worth thousands. If they hurt me that was my hard luck, but if I hurt them it was some more of my hard luck, because somebody thrashed me.

However, as the months dragged by and Bud O'Reilly contented himself with sneering remarks, I began to feel that that was about all I'd ever have to stand from him, so I ignored him. And then, when I came over to pick him up after he'd run a very bad race at Saratoga, he swung and let me have both heels on my right hip. He knocked me down and I went back to the stable on three legs and was laid up a month.

About that time I heard Mr. Jerry remark to his trainer that Bud O'Reilly was through as a stake horse. He'd bowed a tendon and been fired but Mr. Jerry figured he'd break down again. "Bud ought to make a jumper," he declared. "A jumper runs on turf and he doesn't have to run so fast to win. Let's train him."

Well, Bud O'Reilly made a jumper. He took to it like a kitten takes to milk. I think he enjoyed it, for he never refused a jump and five feet was pie to him. He won three jumping races at the autumn meeting at Belmont and then he bowed another tendon. Then Mr. Jerry sold him to some optimist for a thousand dollars. So the egg got away before I had found a chance to repay him for my month on the sick list.

We went down to New Orleans after the racing finished in Maryland, won three stakes, lost Princess Haphesie in a thirty-five-hundred-dollar claiming race which she won with, incidentally, a huge bet for Mr. Jerry, picked up and went on to Agua Caliente. When the winter and spring meeting closed at Agua Caliente we went up to Tanforan Park, near San Francisco, and I hope I may never munch a carrot if we didn't find ourselves stabled next to Jim Lee's nags, and who should have his ugly head sticking out of a box in Jim Lee's barn but Bud O'Reilly! We hadn't been detrained fifteen minutes before Toto, looking lovelier than ever, came into my box to look me over and pet me, and there Mr. Jerry found her.

"Hello, Toto," he saluted her. "Are you still Miss Lee?"

"Still Miss Lee, Jerry."

"Of course I'm too polite to ask questions, but what's become of the man you were engaged to marry?"

"Well, if you must have the truth, Jerry," says Toto softly, "he jilted me."

"Hurrah for our side," yells Mr. Jerry. "I just knew he was that sort of egg. And I still hope the hogs eat him." He took forcible possession of the hand that was stroking my nose. "Leave Beautiful Jimmy alone. Do you, or do you not, love me?"

"I love you, Jerry," said Toto.

Mr. Jerry stepped to the entrance and closed the half-door. Then he came back and took Toto in his arms and kissed her 'most a dozen times and Toto cried a little because she was so happy and I kicked the back of my box a couple of times to let them know I felt like cheering.

"And Beautiful Jimmy belongs to you, sweetheart," said Mr. Jerry. "Isn't he fit?"

WELL, when they were gone I stuck my head out and hailed old Bud O'Reilly. "Bud," I said to him, "it's a long lane that has no turning. We meet again—and before this meeting closes I'm going to find 'most a dozen places on your hide to carve your initials with heels and teeth."

"I'm in a jumping race next Saturday, runt," he replied with that socially superior air of his, "so lay off me until I've won the old man a purse. He picked me up for eight hundred in a claiming race I managed to win, after my other tendon was fired. While I can jump I can win and while I can win I can keep away from the abattoir. I'm not anxious to become dog ration. Suppose we forget our grouch."

"I forgot it once—and see what happened to me. A month on sick report, you traitor. Well, I'll get you toward the end of the meeting."

"Oh, forget it," he urged. "Jim Lee's in bad shape financially. "You do me up and you do him up and that means doing his daughter up—and she's a good friend of yours."

"She's fixed for life now, Bud, and Mr. Jerry will never see his father-in-law up against it. It's you for the abattoir, my friend!"

About a week later, as I was coming in after ponying a three-year-old around the track, whom should I see on the inside training track but Bud O'Reilly, with Toto up on him. The brush jumps had been set up on the inner track and she was taking him over them in grand style. So my boy pulled up to watch them—and then something happened. I saw it coming before anybody else.

It was a dog—a mongrel collie dog. Dogs of any kind are never permitted on a race track and how this dog got through the fence nobody ever knew. Probably sneaked past the watchman at the back gate. And when he saw Bud O'Reilly taking the jumps he was interested. Like so many of his breed he loved to chase things—running horses, automobiles or cattle—so over the rail of the main track he came, out on to the running track and up behind Bud O'Reilly. Not a sound did he make until he was right at Bud's heels—and then he gave a roaring, savage bark and nipped at Bud's heels.

BUD was frightened to death. I could excuse him because he had never seen a dog before. He thought he was about to be killed. He screamed, swerved, leaped the inner rail of the training track and started running across the infield, with the dog at his heels. Toto couldn't control the lunatic and I saw instantly that unless something was done and done quickly there would be no wedding bells for Mr. Jerry.

Bud O'Reilly was running as fast as horses ever run, straight across the infield. At the far side there was a deep, grass-grown ditch, made when the dirt was excavated and tossed up to build the track. It was twelve feet wide and five feet deep and the inner rail of the training track ran along the top of it. I knew Bud would run blindly into this ditch, for a badly frightened horse will run into anything. And I had a vision of Bud, with his neck broken and poor Toto crumpled up under him, or flung over his head out against the fence to have her neck broken, too.

I sort of hunched myself—wrinkled my back, as it were—and my exercise boy went sailing through the air to land in the soft dirt of the main track. An instant later I was over the fence onto the training track; another leap and I was over the second fence—they're only three feet high, you know—and into the infield. I ran for Bud O'Reilly at an angle—and how I ran! Only an eighth of a mile to intercept him but I think I ran it in ten flat. And I got between him and sudden death. I raced in on him at an angle, got my head across his neck, hazed him—and, by the bunchgrass of Oregon, turned him.

He tried to get away from me—he was mad with fear and quite beyond reason—but I wouldn't let him get away. I had to keep him in the center of the infield and wear him out. Round and round I hazed him—and then I got angry. I grabbed him by his chin with my teeth, bit deep, set myself and held on. He had to pull up or lose his lower lip—so he pulled up, bawling.

Then I swung in closer to him—and, bingo, Toto left Bud O'Reilly's back and landed on mine; when I felt her firmly fixed there I let Bud O'Reilly go—and away he went with the dog still at his heels. But I had a grudge against that dog—so I followed. Only fifty yards, but I flew, and I came up behind that cur and—well, I got him. He never moved after I galloped over him. Then I pulled up and watched Bud O'Reilly go into the ditch. His hind heels waved over the bank for an instant and then he was out of sight.

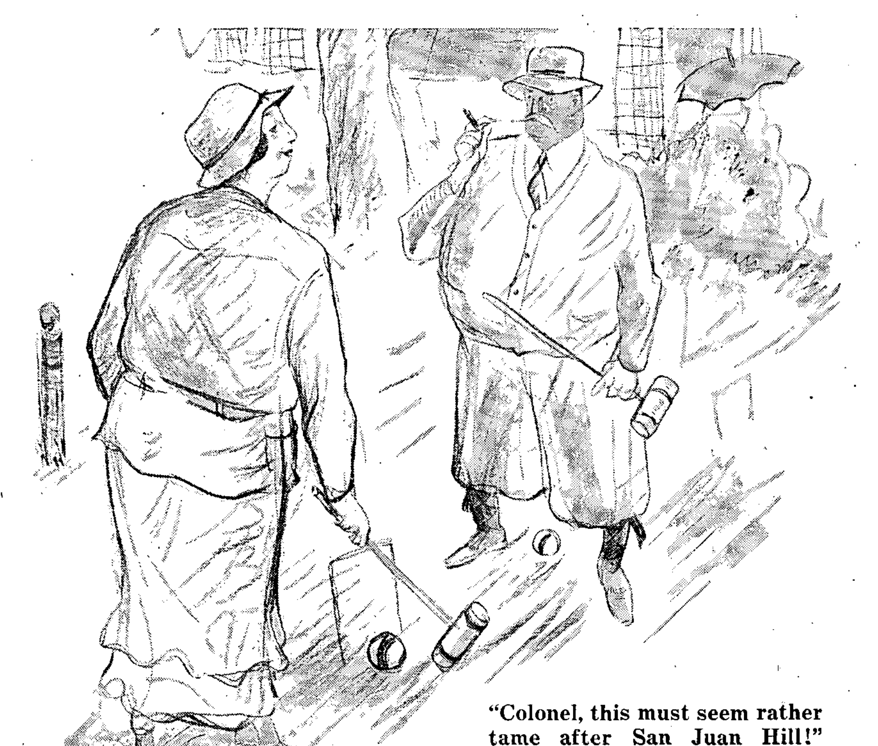
Bud broke his fool neck and nobody was sorry except the insurance company.

Well, I jogged back to the barn with Toto and when I stopped in front of Jim Lee's tackroom little Toto slipped off in a faint right under me. And Mr. Jerry came running in wild-eyed from the track and picked her up, and Jim Lee got a veterinary because that was the only doctor available, and I hung my head and went to sleep until the ruckus was over.

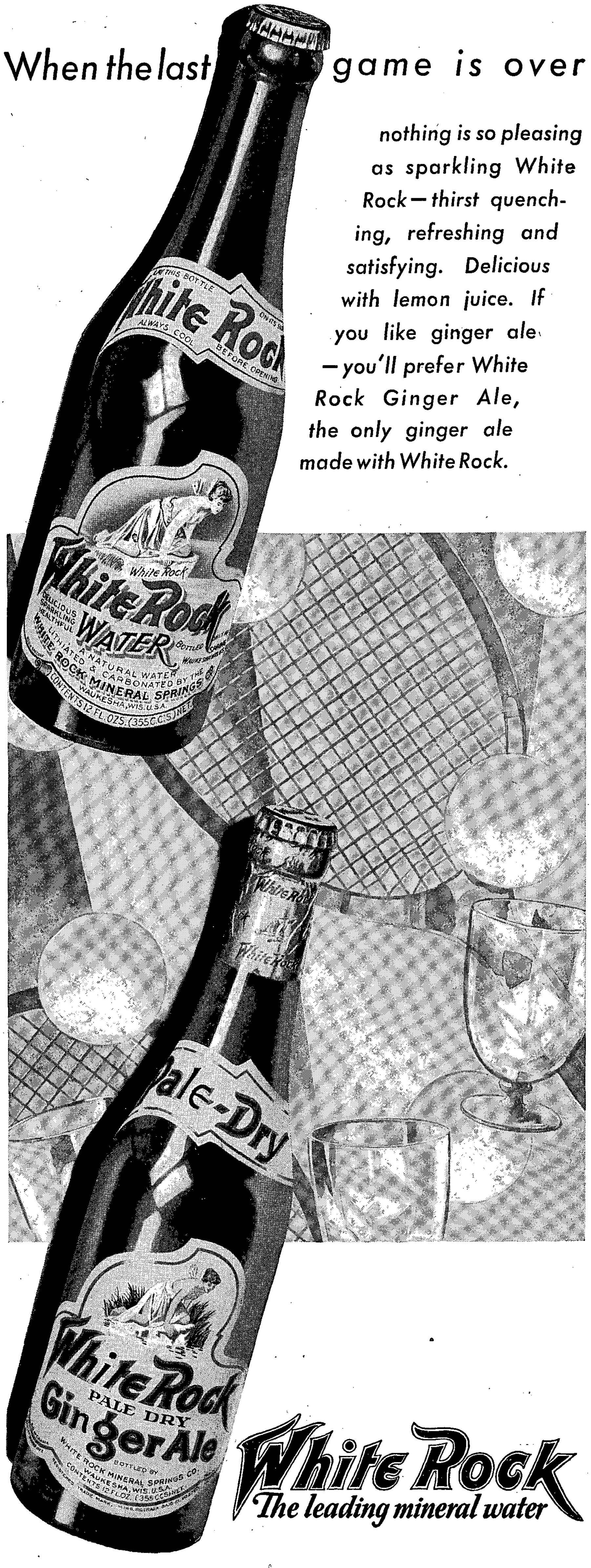
Well, I belong to Toto now. Mr. Jerry said I'd saved her life and so she should have me without waiting for the wedding. And when the Tanforan meeting was over she took me down to Del Monte for the little meet they have there and Toto entered me in a quarter-mile dash for stock horses and I won two hundred dollars and a silver cup.

I'VE won other scrub races since. Any old time they start me I'm under the wire first and the cups are accumulating in the Grinstead home and I get bran mashes and carrots and Mr. Jerry is never done with telling people that I'm a wonder pony.

There are photographs of me stuck up in the tackroom with those of the thoroughbreds; I am exhibited in the pony class in horse shows and compete, with a swell cowboy on me, in the stock-horse classes. And nobody calls me a scrub any more. I'm cold-blooded but I'm hot stuff now. Cold-blooded, yes? But who cares? Certainly not Beautiful Jimmy.



"Colonel, this must seem rather tame after San Juan Hill!"



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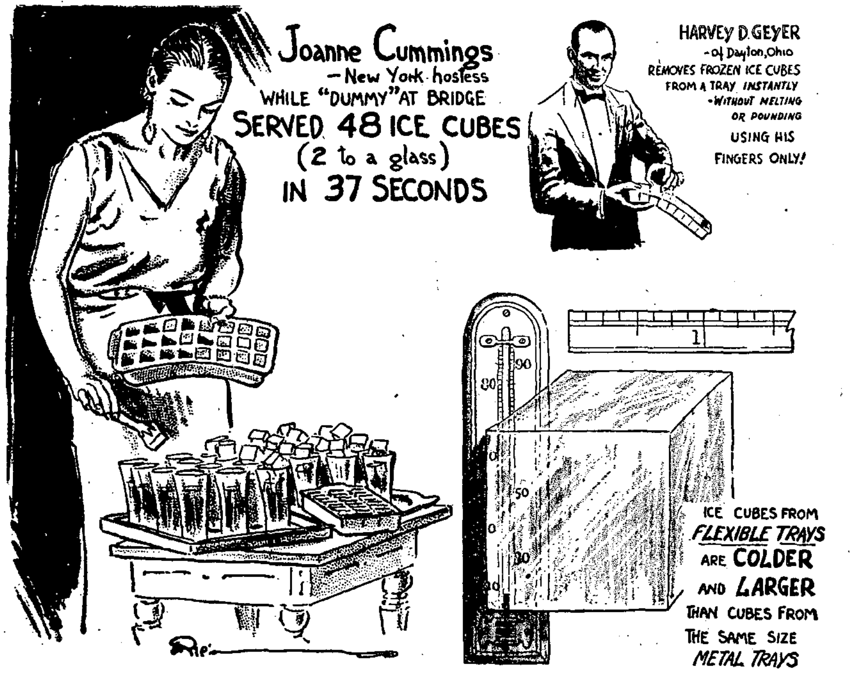

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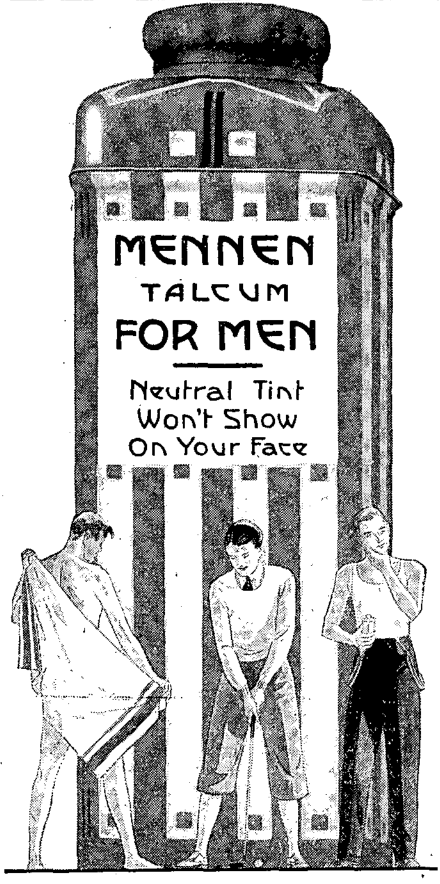

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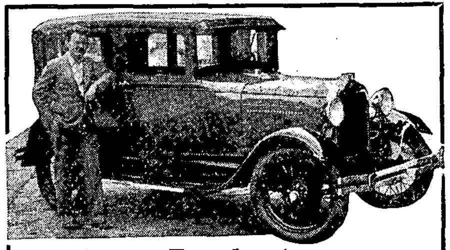

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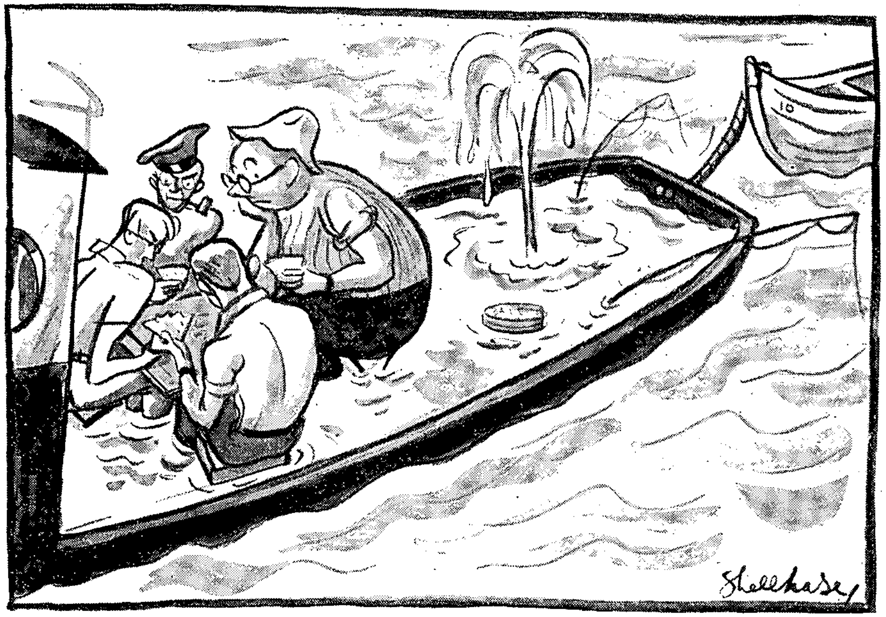

"Well, partner—looks like we go down!"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

North
S. 10-8-6
H. Q-7-4
D. J-7-4-2
C. K-8-5

West
S. A-9-5-3-2
H. 9-8
D. 9-8-6-5
C. Q-10

East
S. K-7-4
H. K-J-6-5-2
D. Q
C. J-9-4-2

South (Dealer)
S. Q-J
H. A-10-3
D. A-K-10-3
C. A-7-6-3

WITH the above hand, which was given in last week's Collier's, the Auction Bridge bidding probably would be: South one No Trump, followed by three passes. East would hesitate about venturing a two-Heart bid, even as a lead-director.

The hand was played at Contract Bridge and South, with a count of 19, bid two No Trumps. With so high a count this was a sound bid, even with one suit containing only Queen-Jack. After West's pass, North had ample strength to bid three No Trumps, ending the contracting.

West led the suit that the Declarer feared, opening with his fourth best Spade. East played the King and South was obliged to play one of his honors. East returned the Seven of Spades, and West very properly ducked and allowed South's second honor to win; he had no dependable entry except the Spade Ace, and dummy's Ten would win the third round unless West ducked and permitted the Declarer to take the second round. It is a common error for a player in the West position, in a case like this, to win the second trick and then establish the suit with no entry or at best a doubtful one, and therefore with little or no hope of cashing the suit. In this hand East is almost certainly marked with the Four of Spades and can put West in to save game if able to obtain the lead before the Declarer runs his nine tricks.

After winning trick 2 Declarer saw that three more Spades would be run against him as soon as either adversary obtained the lead; he knew from West's play of Trey and then Deuce that West had led from exactly five Spades and that East had one left. The Declarer had no established suit and game seemed hopeless because it was almost certain that only one Heart and two Club tricks could be won before one adversary obtained the lead. However, there could be no harm in releasing an observation balloon in the shape of South's Diamond King, with the expectation of putting North in the lead on the next trick and finessing a Diamond in the South hand. The unexpected fall of East's Queen of Diamonds gave Declarer new hope. He now was assured of four Diamonds all told, and two Clubs and one Heart in addition to the Spade already won—eight tricks. It was out of the question to establish a thirteenth Club even if the adverse Clubs should be evenly divided, as the adversaries would win the third round and cash their Spade; and unless the King of Hearts was solus in one adverse hand (a most improbable distribution) there was no way by which the Hearts could be made to produce two tricks before the adversaries won one—with the same Spade result. This seemed to eliminate every possibility, until Declarer hit upon the auto-squeeze as the one expedient which might solve his problem.

To trick 4 South led his Ace of Diamonds, to trick 5 his Ten of Diamonds, and to trick 6 his Trey of Diamonds, winning the last with dummy's Jack. This forced three discards from East, who let go three Hearts, keeping the Clubs and the Hearts protected, and a Spade to lead to West.

At trick 7 dummy was in the lead and the Declarer needed four tricks to make game. Dummy led the Ten of Spades, giving West the chance to cash three Spade tricks. Declarer's hope was that these Spade leads might squeeze East.

The result of this coup was that dummy discarded a Club, East a Club and South a Heart on West's fourth Spade; then when West led his last Spade, dummy discarded a Heart and East was squeezed. If he discarded a Club, Declarer's three Clubs would all be good; if he discarded the Jack of Hearts, Declarer would make two Heart tricks and game.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. 10-8-7-5-4
H. 5-2
D. 8-6-3
C. 5-3-2

East
S. A-Q-9-6
H. 4-3
D. K-J-10-5
C. 10-9-4

West
S. J-3-2
H. A-10-9
D. A-Q-4-2
C. A-K-6

South (Dealer)
S. K
H. K-Q-J-8-7-6
D. 9-7
C. Q-J-8-7

In the Fog

Continued from page 21

a step on the floor over his head. Now he knew he heard it distinctly, regularly, moving toward the stair head. He took firm hold of his excellent twelve-gauge duck gun loaded with buckshot.

From above, a foot appeared on the topmost stair, uncertainly, reaching. He could see it plainly through the banister supports and it was without question a very pretty foot, clad in a very pretty pink silk mule. A fringe of lace and an edge of blue negligee came down with the foot. There was something vaguely familiar about that foot anyway. You would know, for instance, that it was not Genevieve's foot.

JULIAN lowered his weapon and was about to make some pointed remark when the second foot came down. Then everything came down, feet, arms, legs, negligee, her vaunted silken hair, all landing with one bump halfway and a thud at the bottom, and of course . . . it was Anne!

"It would be you," he said. "If I saw a ghost, I'd know it was you in disguise." He put down the lethal duck gun and went to pick her up, not a little surprised as he carried her to the divan to discover what a round, soft young thing she was. "Well, how did you get here and where did you get those clothes . . . if you can call them clothes?"

"That's right," she moaned, "stand there and ask me questions when I've broken my spine in two places. Get me a cushion, can't you?"

"But how did you *get* here?"

"Naturally I tried to drive out of this bean-soup fog and of course I ran into the ditch. I left the car and got lost. Then someone in the mist, a maniac I should judge from the way he cackled . . ."

"I was the maniac. Go on."

"You? Well, I might have known. But I didn't. I was frightened, ran a few steps, and fainted. When I came to, I saw the lights of this house. I just walked in and was warming myself by the fire when the maniac—you of course—came hammering at the door and I ran upstairs and hid under a bed. Later I found these clothes on the bed. I preferred being found murdered in a dry blue negligee, that's all."

"You'll be murdered all right," Julian assured her, "just as soon as Nick the Greek or Bandana Barney or whatever cutthroat runs this bootleggers' country place comes home and finds you all dolled up in his moll's rags."

Anne sat up and patted her hair into place. "I'll be dead anyway if I don't have food within the next ten minutes. What are you going to do about it, Julian?"

"I'm going to let nature take its course," he promised. "I will, however, free my conscience of guilt by pointing out to you an apparently well-equipped pantry and kitchen . . . where you will feel about as much at home as you would on Mars. And I said Mars, not Venus."

"I'll show you," said Anne. She got up, headed for the swinging door. "How will you have your eggs, Mr. Guest, rare or medium?"

Julian didn't mean to, but he laughed. Occasionally he had wondered idly what a fellow's apartment would be like with Anne in a blue negligee running around loose in it. He followed her into the kitchen to see the fun.

While she ransacked the refrigerator and fiddled with the gadgets of an electric stove he sat on the enameled kitchen table and whistled My Blue Heaven slightly off key. His fingers touched a bit of paper and he picked up a penciled memorandum: "Same order, quarts and pints."

"Anne! Look here! I wasn't joking about this place." He explained about the electricity, the quality whisky, the buckshot. "And now look at this, quarts and pints. That proves it. This whole shore is infested with these rum-runners' hideouts. They take the stuff from the boats and run it into town in trucks. We've stumbled into one of their secrets and we'll probably be made to pay for knowing too much."

"I don't know much," said Anne. She turned around with a skillet in one hand and a lump of butter in the other. "Anyhow, we're not going back into that fog, whatever happens. It may last all night, or even longer. Between that sort of sure death and the risk of what you call worse than death . . . I'll take my chances with Barney's chivalry."

She set two places on the living-room table with some Wedgwood and old English silver which she found in the sideboard. "Bandana Barney has pretty good taste, Julian."

"These gang leaders give themselves all sorts of airs," he said. "Haven't you read about their funerals?"

"Why bring up funerals?"

They consumed bacon and eggs, toast and coffee silently and without much enjoyment. Julian paused between bites to go and bolt the front door. Neither of them had a word to say after that until Anne finally left the table and draped herself comfortably, and gracefully, on the settee. "Leave that gun in the corner and come sit beside me, Julian. I'm frightened."

In a moment of weak sympathy he sat down beside her and took her hand. "You needn't be too frightened, Anne. Don't forget me and my buckshot."

"It's you I'm thinking about, Julian. Why don't you ask me what I'm thinking about?"

"Well, what are you thinking about?"

"I was thinking of Genevieve, as a matter of fact. It won't matter about us. We'll be dead. But when I think of poor Genevieve and those fourteen unborn healthy children—not a case of rickets in the lot—it is more than I can . . . ouch! Julian!"

He'd squeezed her fingers a little harder than he meant to. "You'll be trying to wisecrack your way past St. Peter before morning, young woman."

HE LEFT her and crossed the room to a single bookshelf. There wasn't much choice there, The Development of Firearms, and Game Birds of America. "Yes," he growled, "these fellows' idea of a game bird is probably Al Capone." He found nothing about twelve-gauge shotguns after a half-hour's search in the volume on firearms and gave up reading.

He went back to amuse himself fighting with Anne. She was asleep. Sleep had done something strange to her, made her a little girl again. Julian had known Anne when she was a little girl and the guilelessness and abandon of her attitude moved him. He was perhaps the only one of them all who knew that she had never really changed. "You're a great little soldier, Anne . . . which, as long as you are asleep, I don't mind telling you. I'm not good enough to touch your foot." Whereupon he knelt down quietly and very gently kissed her lips.

She didn't waken. He kissed her

(Continued on page 50)

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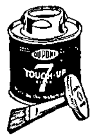

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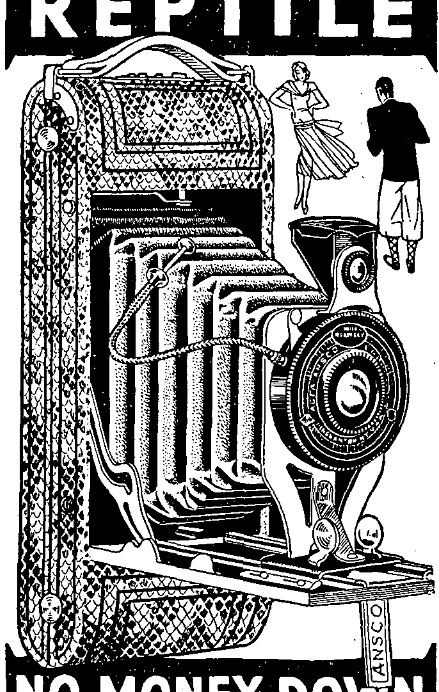

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(*Continued from page 49*)

again. Then he arose and went to the center table to find out if that Scotch was really as good as he remembered it . . . while one of Anne's dark eyes opened cautiously and owlishly. There was a certain liquid light in that one dark eye and it was not altogether a gleam of amusement. She too knew a few things—about all there was to know—about Julian Guest.

Their supper dishes on the table took Julian's attention. He decided to carry them into the kitchen. But he got only as far as the pantry with them. They spread out all over the pantry floor, a clattering, shattered mess.

ANNE'S scream still echoed through the house. As Julian reached the door she came fluttering across the room with her arms extended wildly. She clung to him. "Oh, Julian, they're here! Bandana Barney! Oh, I didn't believe you but I saw his hideous face pressed against the window, like somebody's head cut off and hanging there. Oh, Julian, I don't want them to hurt you."

"They may not hurt either of us if you let me get hold of that gun, Anne. . . ."

"Yes, I know, but I love you so, Julian, and I want you to know before . . ."

"I love you, too, Anne darling. Only please . . ."

"But I've loved you the whole time, Julian. Since I was ten, and Genevieve couldn't possibly . . ."

"Genevieve be . . ." Julian struggled to get free. "Let Tom Bannerman have her. Will you turn loose of my neck!" He broke away from her and snatched the shotgun from the corner. "Now turn out all the lights but the one reading lamp, Anne, and do whatever I tell you without an argument."

They hadn't long to wait. A thunderous battering sounded at the front door. "Go unbolt that door, Anne. Shut up and do as I say. When the door swings inward, you get behind it."

"Yes, Julian dear, but . . ." After one glance at him with his shotgun at the ready she went reluctantly to the door. She drew the bolt with trembling fingers.

A tall, red-faced man lunged into the room. His slouch hat, his stubble of gray beard, his soiled coat and corduroy trousers thrust into hobnailed boots, left them no doubt. "What the devil is the meaning of this intru—"

"You'll find out if you take another step," said Julian. His twelve-gauge duck gun pointed unsteadily but persistently at Bandana Barney. "Now stick 'em up and listen to me, you low-down, apoplectic, back-alley murderer. . . ."

The man staggered back. "What is this? Robbery? I never heard of such high-handed, high . . ."

"You said it, Barney. Call it hi-jacking and maybe you'll understand. You get out of here and stay out the rest of the night. You'll take your gang of cutthroats back to your boat if you know what's good for you." He'd heard the murmur of voices beyond the door and advanced a step, menacingly. "Now beat it, Barney, before some of my torpedoes come down from upstairs and cut out your gizzard."

The man staggered backward through the open door, and leaped down the steps, shouting into the mist: "Hey, Bill! Where are you, Bill? Get the boys. Quick!"

He was pretty quick himself but so was Julian. The heavy figure stood outlined in black against the mist for one brief instant, just long enough for a hurried sight. The twelve-gauge duck gun let go one barrel with a mighty roar and an answering yelp from the blank beyond testified that the effort was not altogether wasted.

Julian slammed and bolted the door and leaned against it weakly. Anne stood regarding him with round starlike eyes of wonder. "Why, Julian! You are absolutely magnificent! I'm terrified at you myself."

"See that you stay that way." Julian swaggered into the room. "And now, my girl, look in that drawer for another shell. Be sure it says 'buckshot' on the wad. Pick up that fellow's gun and load it. Here, don't you even know how to break a shotgun?"

"But, Julian . . ." Anne was rummaging in the table drawer. "None of these shells say buckshot. They all say number four."

"Well, put in number four then. What do I care what I shoot them with." A pane of glass burst from the window opposite them, scattering shot and bits of glass against the ceiling. "So that's the game, is it? Well, two can play at that. Turn out the light, Anne, and keep your head down."

Another window was shattered. Julian crept to the aperture, with Anne creeping only a foot behind him clutching the second gun. He couldn't see more than six feet into that mist but he fired both barrels into the void for moral effect.

It had none. A barrage of return fire rattled against the windows and through them against the walls and ceiling. A banging somewhere in the rear sent Julian hurrying through the pantry to fire a charge through the kitchen door. Anne never left his side.

THE firing through the windows became more intense. Once a lock of hair fairly jumped out of Julian's head. Anne cut her knee on a piece of glass. They crawled about the room, Julian firing from each window as he reached it.

"We're done for, Anne, the moment they have the spunk to rush us. I'll have to make a break for help."

She seized him by the arm. "You shan't, Julian. They'll kill you. You couldn't possibly. Don't leave me, Julian."

They stood by the fireplace locked in each other's arms while fine shot, rebounding from the walls, fell all around them. "I'm going, Anne. It's the only chance. If I don't make it, remember that I loved you in my way."

"The only way for me, Julian dear. You have always been the only honest one of the lot, running yourself down for the sake of being amusing. But I know you, dear, the finest and bravest . . ."

"Can you see your way to that sideboard, Anne? I think the bottom of it is big enough for you to crawl into."

He heard her scrambling to get the sideboard doors open. "It's full of silver, Julian."

"Throw it out. They will think we planned to steal it. They don't know you're here and I'll be back probably before they find out. Let me know when you're in."

"I'm half in now but the hardest half is . . ."

Julian let the frame of a window swing inward, as though released by the bombardment. Then he got one foot on the sill and leaped blindly into the mist.

He landed on all fours, jumped up and plunged head foremost into an unsuspecting abdomen. His victim went down, yelling, a gun exploding wildly into the sky. There were shouts, running steps all around him but he was invisible, racing madly into the enveloping mist.

He did not stop when he was safe but ran on, choosing every rise of ground. Then he came to a road. Yes, it was the same road. A car was moving down it. He saw that the car was full of men, men with guns. The car stopped. He pointed into the still heavy mist. "Down there," he said. "Bandits. Rum runners. Hurry!"

"We know all about it, brother. One of Mr. Higginbotham's friends telephoned. We're revenue and these two fellahs is deppity sheriffs. Mr. Higginbotham's friend says they've got the rum boys trapped in the house. Let's go, boys."

The house was lighted up with what globes remained intact. The front door stood open and the rescuers, crowding into it, beheld Bandana Barney and four other men who resembled him in every salient detail sitting around the room with grim faces.

"Well, they got away, Officer. All but this girl here. We found her in the sideboard."

Anne crowded her way through to Julian's arms. "Oh, it's awful, dear. They aren't rum runners at all. They're duck hunters and brokers and all that sort of thing and Mr. Higginbotham vows he is going to have us hung, or hanged, or electrocuted, although I have offered him every apology."

"There he is!" Mr. Higginbotham jumped up. "That's the fellow! Grab him!"

One of the confused "deppity sheriffs" grabbed Julian. "So you thought you could fool us, young fellah."

Mr. Higginbotham shook Anne's appealing hand from his arm. "But surely, dear Mr. Higginbotham, you're not going to prosecute when it is all just a mistake."

"A mistake?" roared Mr. Higginbotham. "I guess it is a mistake. Your mistake. A man can't call his soul his own in this country. He can't even come out to his own shooting lodge and innocently pop off a few ducks without a gang of thugs . . . Will I prosecute? Well, I'll spend every dollar I own if necessary. You two will be so old when you get out of Sing Sing that . . ."

"You'd better sit down, Henry," suggested one of his friends.

"I won't sit down," said Mr. Higginbotham, "and I will prosecute. No man can break into my house, drink my liquor, eat my food, smash my china, call me an apoplectic back-alley murderer, and shoot the seat out of my pet pants and not get prosecuted."

"Perhaps you'd better prosecute after all, Mr. Higginbotham," said Anne innocently. "We really deserve it, Julian, and then, too, it will make such an interesting trial."

"Interesting! There won't be a thing to it. Not a thing but the sentence."

"I know," said Anne, "but Mrs. Higginbotham will enjoy it. She has probably wondered for years about life out in these dunes and she will be especially intrigued to find out which one of your men friends wears this blue silk negligee and these pink silk mules."

JULIAN and Anne drove slowly down the south road toward East Hampton. They had to go slowly because the front axle was decidedly bent and the wheels had a way of not going where they were pointed. But the two of them had only the kindliest feelings toward Mr. Higginbotham. They had also a bottle of Mr. Higginbotham's Scotch whisky, a brace of his ducks, and an invitation to shoot with him, but not at him, the following week-end.

Anne kept her hand over Julian's on the wheel, as if to help him steer. "Be nice and ask me what I'm thinking about, dear."

"Not much," he said. "I know that one. You're thinking about those fourteen unborn, healthy children."

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Julian. We'll compromise on eight."

Full Speed Ahead!

Continued from page 15

was dependent for servicing upon foreign merchant ships.

Nothing happened until the World War came and the Shipping Board, in dire national necessity, was formed to throw upon the ocean enough ships to transport American armies and save America's allies. Now tell me about the mistakes of the Shipping Board; about Hog Island wastage and the scores of ships that rotted in our yards after the war, and all the other sins, and I shall admit that the Shipping Board has made mistakes, but I'll ask you whether you'd rather have no mistakes and no merchant marine, or the normal mistakes of inexperienced men and at least the beginning of an attempt to win back American predominance upon the trade routes of the high seas.

How Patriotic Are We?

I'll show you who's to blame for what's wrong with our merchant marine:

First, those of you who are in business and deal in imports or exports: you designate the ships which shall carry your goods. You have your own way about things. You don't give your consignees in Europe and other lands the very privilege you demand when you, in turn, are a consignee of their products; *i. e.*, the right to name the routes and boats.

I'd take it as a natural thing if a shipper of grapes from Germany to Germantown, Pennsylvania, named a Hamburg-American or a North-German-Lloyd boat. Yet, although you demand the right to name the boat, you are not moved by any natural patriotic impulses; careful investigation has led me to know that in nine cases out of ten you pick the very boats the German would have picked.

Why? There are American bottoms sailing out of the same ports and with as good or better schedules in many instances. The cargo rates of the ships of your own flag are as cheap as those flying foreign flags. The competition is too deadly to permit higher fees, if we were minded to charge them.

Why, then? For convenience, you say—or at least that's what as many of you as I have talked to say. Convenience is a false excuse, for we have ships sailing into every port of the world now and in many of them we can match, speed for speed, space for space, the ships of any of our competitors.

You American travelers are another and perhaps more serious drawback to the American merchant marine's success. You have no excuse of cost or convenience. Many travelers have told me that when they went into tourist and ticket agencies in European cities, even those offices having American owners, and asked for passage on American ships, they were told that the American ships were sold out, or that the service of such and such a ship of this or that foreign line, leaving the same day, was better.

I can understand how foreign clerks in foreign agencies would do this; of them I am not complaining. But eight out of ten of you, confronted with such a sales talk, immediately say, "Oh, give me a foreign ship;" if, indeed, you didn't ask for the foreign ship before the clerk opened his mouth. Why?

I know the excuses you will most likely give. I've heard them many times, and most often from people who have never set foot on an American deck, let alone traveled on an American ship, and thus cannot honestly say these things. We'll just consider your three most important excuses: food, service and prohibition.

If you are in the habit of using English ships you cannot give the food excuse. English food and English cooking are similar to the American but not so good, according to our taste. I know that there are epicures and sophisticates who, when they say that they prefer the food on the French boats, are telling the truth and not merely posing as smart. For those people I have no answer, but I am sure their number is small and I merely insist that the food I have seen on American boats in my years at sea—perhaps, to be truthful, more especially since the World War—is excellent, so good that it spoils you for the table your wife sets at home.

When the average American, therefore, says that he prefers the food on the foreign boats he really means he wants a change from the food he has been accustomed to at home. He wants the emphasis on spaghetti and similar national dishes that he'll get on the Italian boats; the salads and seasonings that he'll find on the French boats; the rich, solid things he'll find on German menus.

Europeans, when they travel, carry their nationalism into their purchase of tickets and do not seek a change from their home ways. It isn't only that they are satisfied with their national living habits and preferences; they have a fierce pride which makes them believe their habits and their customs and foods superior to those of other nationalities. We Americans do not seem to have such pride.

My experience with you afloat has taught me that you begin to judge service on a liner by the salute which the officer on duty at the gangway gives you the moment you set foot on deck. Then by the courtesy you encounter in getting settled into ship life; by the manner in which the dining-room chief selects and assigns your table; the pursers seek to learn whether or not you are satisfied with your room; and the ship's officers answer your questions. More specifically, perhaps, you are impressed by the celerity and pleasantness with which you are waited upon at the table; and by the cheeriness and promptness with which your room steward answers your rings and tends to your wants.

Stewards With Huge Hands

And in all the foregoing respects I maintain that the service you find on your own ships is equal to that you will get on foreign ships. Impossible, you will say—having never traveled on an American boat—because Americans do not make good stewards. You are right, they don't. But we do not have any American stewards on American boats, because native Americans will not ordinarily take those jobs. Most of our stewards are Germans and English; naturalized, of course, because they have to be under the law. We get the cream of the ocean-going servants because we pay them better.

You are not held up on American boats. Passengers have told me what they have had to endure on foreign ships. On French boats the steward will come to you—especially if you don't speak French—making a display of bills stuck between his fingers and will quite openly tell you how much you are expected to give him. When you

(*Continued on page 52*)

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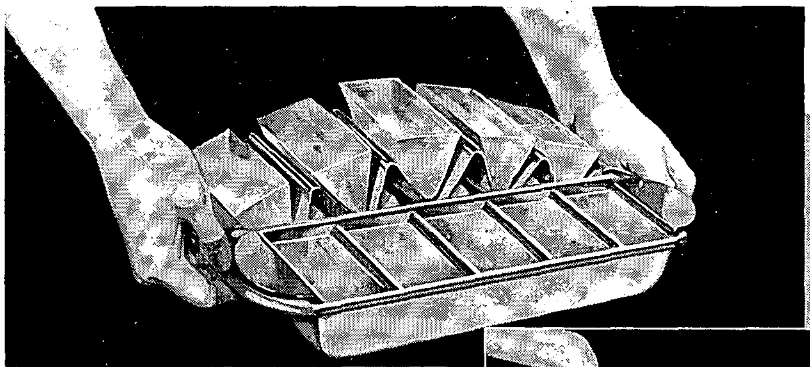

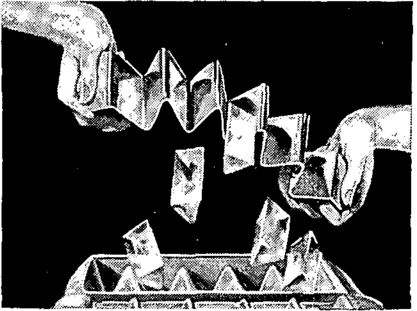

Gone are the days when you had to hold the ice tray under the faucet to free the grid and then had to hold the grid under to get the ice cubes out. Every man who has splashed water all over his newly pressed pants and every woman who has spattered up a nice clean dress will appreciate the Easy-Out.

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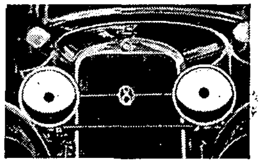

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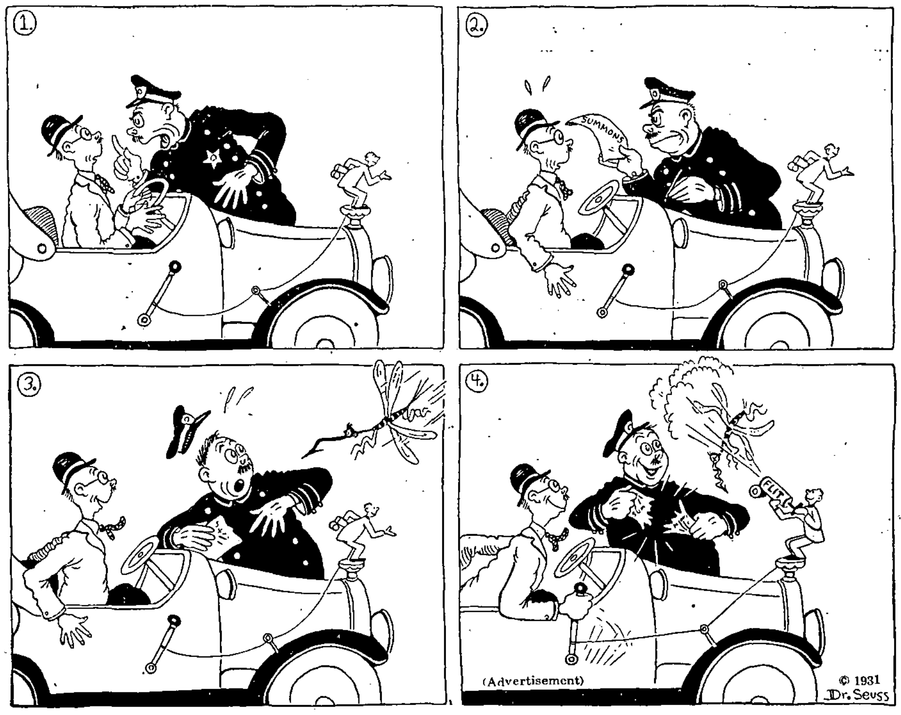

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(*Continued from page 51*)

have forked over, another fellow will come along and make a similar display and say, "Ah, yes, you have tipped *him*. But I am the one who looked after you. I get—so much." Your pockets are pretty well emptied by the time you get ashore.

On the English boats the stewards are a little more sly; their hands are not out in front, but behind their backs. On the German boats nowadays there is none of this holding-up because every German is helping his country win trade. We prefer to get German stewards for our American ships, because we can better trust them not to mulct you. We watch our stewards closely; they are under strict orders to accept whatever tips you give and be grateful. If one is caught showing dissatisfaction, or rudeness, out he goes.

Sunken Treasure

Now, let us consider your claim that prohibition is the one big reason you do not patronize American ships.

You haven't quit patronizing your favorite hotels and restaurants ashore because they can't sell liquor. You furnish your own liquor and continue to enjoy the good food and service of the old places. Why couldn't you do the same with regard to your ocean traveling? Besides, a good deal of force has been robbed from your prohibition excuse because our ships have courageously begun to open their bars on homeward-bound trips and sell liquor without subterfuge.

However foolish and shortsighted it may be for passengers to spite their country because of prohibition by using foreign ships, the fact remains that prohibition has been the greatest single factor in the ills of the passenger trade on American ships since the war. I firmly believe that we could have proved our equality, or superiority, in the matter of food and service and other things, if we had not had prohibition to contend with.

The things I have seen on American ships because of prohibition! More drunkenness, to begin with, than in the old days of open drinking on the St. Louis; but as that is not peculiar to ships alone, I won't elaborate it.

Old travelers are as sentimental as old sailors and become as attached to their favorite old ships. They do not like to try new ones because they feel so comfortable and at home on the old. Yet travelers who used the Leviathan in pride upon her acquisition to the American flag did not stick to her. Their pride was succeeded by resentment. They decided that they thought more of a little drink, openly obtained, than they did of their country's greatest ship—and a little drink surreptitiously obtained. Many are the old friends of my St. Louis days who made a trip with me in the first months of the Leviathan, only to say when they came up to shake hands at parting: "Captain, much as we love you and proud as we are of the Levi, we're coming home on the Ile de France, where a man can satisfy honest thirst without being a criminal." Or perhaps it would be the Aquitania or the Deutschland.

In those early days I had many anxious discussions about this problem with the Shipping Board. We tried to console ourselves that since prohibition was shoved down our throats by due process of voting all over the country, there must be a majority of Americans who, inasmuch as they had voted dry, would travel dry. We tried to figure that for every wet passenger we lost we would gain a dry. Alas, we found that you voted dry but traveled wet.

Even official Washington started off from this side with trunks pretty heavy, and from Europe everybody's trunk was heavy. I must tell you one angle of this trunk business. Trunk after trunk of the variety known as "sleeper" would come aboard in Europe with a jingle. These trunks were all marked "Wanted on voyage;" some would have no name, some would have just a mark, others would bear names which we couldn't find by diligent search in the passenger list.

These trunks were all collected in a certain spot and as soon as we had cast off there would be a comical sight. Scores of sheepish-looking passengers would sneak down, as if by accident, and prowl around until they had spotted a trunk: "Why, there is my trunk now. I know it by such and such a mark. Isn't it funny that the fellow I had ship it for me put on the wrong name?" or "didn't put on my name?"—as the case might be.

Before the end of the first day most of the "mystery trunks," as we called them, would have been identified and carted to staterooms. There always remained some unclaimed trunks; either their owners lost their nerve, or had missed the ship. We would hold these trunks until we had reached as close to the American shore as we could carry them without being arrested for smuggling. Then we would throw their contents overboard. We called these ceremonies "funerals" and I always escorted a group of my distinguished passengers—General Pershing or Congressman Britten or similar figures—to them.

I always had the liquor thrown overboard in a certain spot, where the water is not more than twenty fathoms deep. I've marked it carefully on my chart, and some day I'm going to lead a fishing excursion to the scene. I'll not tell you exactly where it is, but, speaking generally, it is thirty miles true east of New York and one mile true south of Fire Island lightship. At night, on my eastward trips, I always fancied I could see a halo over the waters there.

I've cached at least a million dollars' worth of liquor in that treasure spot; it ranges from the best champagnes and liquors to homely ale, with brandies and whiskies between. These fully- and tightly-sealed bottles—I was too foresighted to break any of them—would all sink to the bottom; many were in bags, which will make grappling simpler.

Young Blood Wanted

Prohibition is the chief handicap to the popularity of American ships; there are, however, drawbacks in operation which make the problem of the American shipowner harder than that of his European competitor. Among these are the matters of personnel and of wages.

At the time of the change-over from sail to steam, the British, after their smart fashion, took a page from our success in clipper days and convinced the young men of their best families that walking and bossing the bridge of a merchantman was a gentleman's profession.

The Germans followed suit when they entered the race. These have continued to build up this idea until it has become a tradition; whereas we lost the momentum of our old days and, with the increased opportunities ashore, no longer preached the advantages of the merchant service to our best type of young men.

If the American merchant service is to come back, the young men must be reached and interested; the sea as a profession must be made desirable and a merchant commission as stylish in their eyes as one from Annapolis or West Point.

If you are a sound and wholesome lad of fair education and are between sixteen and twenty years of age, with a hankering for a life of activity and authority and nothing of the humdrum, I should say that the prospects of the American merchant marine's coming back to its old glory are so good that you are pretty certain of a successful career in it if you have the makings of an officer. If you live in the states of New York, Massachusetts, Texas, or Pennsylvania write to the Board of Education for an appointment to its schoolship. You will need a bit of money for uniforms and pocket change, and you'll get no wages, but at the end of two years if you are graduated with a good record you can get an appointment as a cadet officer on an American ship. In my day the cadets were not officers but seamen, who had to work up through quartermaster. You will probably get fifty or sixty dollars a month as a cadet and comfortable quarters.

The Skipper Suggests

When you are promoted to fourth officer you will receive upwards of one hundred dollars per month, which is the same or better than two hundred dollars ashore; and your advancement and wages thereafter will be in step with your talents.

Our American shipowners pay their crews in accordance with the general higher standard of American wages; although they cannot charge higher fares or cargo rates. Our able seaman, for instance, will get thirty dollars a month, when the German will get ten dollars, the Frenchman fifteen dollars and the Englishman twenty dollars.

I believe that our American merchant marine, handicapped by a belated rebirth, will win supremacy again if certain lessons are applied and certain faults corrected. As a master who has made close to a thousand crossings of the North Atlantic and has studied the tricks and the trends of the trade, I have certain definite ideas in which you may be interested.

First: Speed. The blue ribbon for speed, and not the number of ships one operates, is the first answer to passenger trade. The Leviathan, so I heard, went out on one trip recently with less than one hundred passengers in the first cabin, although the Europa went out simultaneously with all accommodations taken. The Europa can beat the Levi by but half a day. Americans won in the old days with their clippers, and I look for American genius to introduce innovations in design and engines which will nail that blue ribbon to an American masthead for years to come. Speed now is reckoned from lightship to lightship. I look for such tremendous strides in the near future that it will be reckoned from dock to dock and will be four days or less. I look for design in passenger ships similar to our aircraft carriers, the Saratoga and Lexington, and for a schedule worked out with ships leaving port every two days, and planes with passengers who pay a higher rate for the service leaving shore the day after a ship has gone; alighting on it for the night, speeding ahead next day to land, with only one night at sea.

Likewise, I believe that navigation as practiced in my day will become as dead as the old port and starboard watches. The commodore of a merchant fleet may never go to sea, but actually sit in his radio-control room on the New York docks and sail *all* ships of his fleet, with a mere skeleton force of watch officers on the ships in case anything goes wrong.

These advances will come soon, because things move fast on the sea. I've seen the change from sail and dead-reckoning to motor ships and radio compass bearings in my day, and I'm a young fellow yet. Ships become obsolete faster than hotels. It begins to cost more to modernize them than they're worth; cargo ships deteriorate faster, and tank ships fastest of all; gasoline wreaks havoc with their hulls.

Second: Ship in American steamers, all considerations of rate and convenience being equal, and let your patriotism be your guide.

Third: Travel in American steamers; don't patronize tourist and ticket agencies that try to talk down American ships.

Fourth: Change the hoary quarantine law, relic of the days of open immigration, which throttles any ship arriving off American ports after sunset and holds it outside until next day. European governments, wiser than we, let us dock at any time of the night, and their doctors take the ship's doctor's word for the health of the passengers. We couldn't do that in unrestricted immigration days. We can do it now, except with our immigrants, who could be held aboard at the dock while the examination proceeded.

Fifth, last, yet foremost: Repeal prohibition and weigh the anchors of the American merchant marine.

The recent Jones-White Bill provides every bit of encouragement and dollar of aid that the American shipbuilders and shipowners need. In fact, in these days of depression the shipyards are among the few busy industries. Shipbuilding threads into our national life in more ways than you suspect, in these days of fabricated ships. Workmen in Michigan and Ohio who have never seen salt water are kept busy when ships are on the ways; the industry of nearly every state contributes something to such giant ships as the Leviathan.

Our shipowners now get what Postmaster-General Brown says is "insurance" rather than subsidy. The present true cost of this insurance, he says, is $17,000,000 per year; it may sometimes save another squandering of $3,000,000,000 on an emergency fleet. Briefly, its chief aid is this: The government has become the banker for the shipowner, lends him the money with which to construct and operate, charges interest and has the principal paid back out of the earnings.

It's Up to You

Thus, the American merchant marine does not want or need more legislation. It does not want you to write to your congressman. It does not want you to resign yourself to another raid on your income. It does not want you to read a lot of books and study a lot of figures on shipping.

Nor do American sailors want you to do any of those things. We have traditions. We have men like Captain Fried, second to none in the annals of high-seas heroism; men like Captains Randall and Moore, the peers of any country's mariners in efficiency. It hurts us to know you use other ships when we remember the years we have trained, the storms we have fought, the hard schools we have gone through to win our commands, only to find you, in spiting the government because of the little matter of drink, discouraging us and driving our successors from the seas. Merchant owner and merchant sailor merely ask you to have the pride an American should have, and ship and travel in your own ships flying your own flag.

Another article by Commodore Hartley and Mr. Courtney will appear in an early issue.

How do you know you aren't worth twice what you are getting?

Career in the individually tailored clothing business open to exceptional men. . . . Intelligent salesmen quickly find themselves earning attractive, assured incomes in a business that is interesting, pleasant, and — most of all — their own.

EVERY man worth his salt asks himself this question — often and insistently.

And the next step inevitably is the asking of another question: *How can I make what I am worth?*

A successful national organization that has been more concerned with making men than money . . . and therefore has succeeded in making both . . . here undertakes to answer these questions for you.

The New Career for You

This organization is the A. Nash Company — the "House Founded Upon the Golden Rule."

It offers to selected men a golden opportunity to prosper by selling, direct to wearer, the famous Nash individually tailored clothes.

These men should make earnings far above the average in other fields. Their work will be pleasanter; they will punch no time clocks. In every sense they will be in business for themselves . . . backed by the world's largest and best known direct-to-wearer-clothing company.

Nash Men Consistently Successful

That is because they have identified themselves with a concern that, since 1918, has grown in public esteem; in the quality of its goods, in the standards of its service. Upon the Golden Rule Idea Nash has built a tremendous business that insures outstanding quality and known value to the wearer, and a profitable, high-standard, Golden Rule income for the salesman.

New Program . . . Increased Earnings

Nash steps into Fall with a new line, new methods, new improved design, smarter styling, wider price range, a revitalized organization; national and local advertising, a localized branch system in 50 cities; a new and improved fitting system; plus a commission-bonus system for producers that greatly increases their earning power.

Men Make $100 a Week and More

With this new expansion program Nash is offering to a number of earnest, high-caliber men in various communities an opportunity such as this field has never before presented. It puts them, as it were, in business for themselves . . . a business limited in its profit possibilities only by the number of hours they put in and the manner in which they apply themselves. Many Nash men are making $100 a week and more and most of them were without clothing experience when they joined us.

What they have done, you can do. If you are willing to work as steadily for yourself under the Nash Plan as you would work for another, you can make much more money as a Nash representative than in any other capacity available to you.

If you are now selling clothing or selling in other fields, you should carefully weigh the Nash opportunity. No matter what your present occupation, if you have the desire to sell, you can make a success in this field with Nash training and help.

Be Sure to Ask for Particulars

Get the facts today. Learn of the Nash Expansion Program and what it will mean to you — more first-time sales, more repeat business, more permanent, satisfied customers. Learn of the amazing new Commission-Bonus Plan that gives you an opportunity to earn more money than any salesman in this line ever made before. It is the new answer to your question: *How can I make what I'm worth?*

Sign coupon . . . and Mail!

NASH
The nation's tailor
THE HOUSE BUILT UPON THE GOLDEN RULE

THE A. NASH COMPANY,
Dept. BBB, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Tell me — How can I make what I'm worth? Send me all facts and figures.

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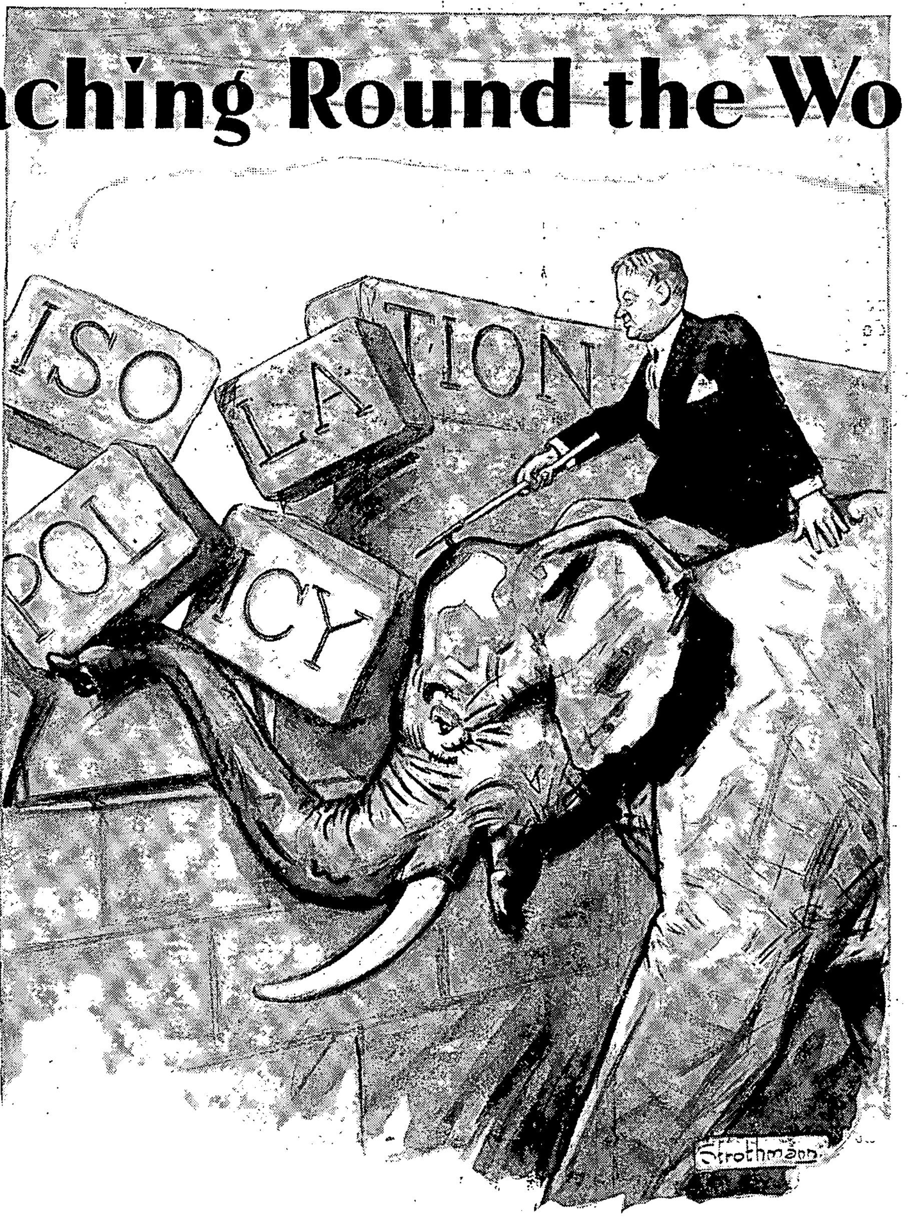
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor

Reaching Round the World



WHEN less than nine days is required to travel around the earth, "proud isolation" is a foolish national policy for us as well as for any other people.

Isolation has gone the way of the dodo. It is extinct. Not more than a long day's travel separates any continent from another. We are not twenty-four hours distant from Europe or Asia or South America.

A brilliant flight across the Atlantic, or a grand voyage around the world such as that so marvelously accomplished by Post and Gatty, is just a shining demonstration of the dimly perceived realities of this new world.

Most of us in America still think of ourselves as the center of the universe. We think that we are the only truly important inhabitants of this earth and that all others are foreigners of varying degrees of unimportance.

We are not alone nor peculiar in these opinions. Every other people, great and small, has similar views. Each of us separately believes that nothing else is half so significant as what we want and want right now.

Sometime, far back in history, such a policy was practicable. Not so now. The mere possession of the ability to fly 150 miles an hour for days on end impels some men to do it. The very existence of radio apparatus capable of flooding the world with words drives us to talk. Inevitably we use what we have.

We have been reluctant to recognize the logic of this new era in human affairs. When our Congress was last in session we were still pursuing a policy of national isolation. We enacted a tariff law and we adopted a farm policy which ignored utterly the needs, the plans and the wishes of our neighbors.

President Hoover's appeal for a moratorium in intergovernmental debt payments was acclaimed because it reversed the undertone of our policy since 1918.

Until Congress adjourned we continued to pretend that we could best serve our own interests by disregarding the interests of everybody else. The threatened collapse of Germany convinced the President, leader of the party of isolation, and American public opinion generally that we could not hope for a quick return of prosperity if Germany were allowed to be crushed under an unbearable burden of reparations payments. So our policy was suddenly changed. The enormous acclaim which greeted Mr. Hoover's bold proclamation showed how ready the American people were to accept the facts concerning Germany.

What has been proposed and accomplished is vastly important but it is a mere beginning.

Fundamentally we have to learn that policies which were good enough when George Washington was a country gentleman are not sufficiently large to fit a world of fast airplanes, powerful radio stations and all of the other devices which extend so miraculously the territory in which we operate.

We thought we could ignore Canada and raised tariff rates against Canadian exports to us. Canada retaliated. What was the result? American manufacturers, in order to keep their Canadian trade, have had to establish branch factories in Canada. The branches will be Canadian, not American. They will employ Canadian workmen, not Americans. A tariff which sought to protect American industry has thus the practical consequence of stimulating permanently the development of foreign factories.

So, too, with Europe. Germany cannot pay very largely because Germany cannot export sufficient goods to establish credits abroad. Europe generally is handicapped in paying us the debts owed because we raised our tariff rates so high that imports diminished. We said we didn't care. We find we do care.

Recognition of the new and intimate relationships which exist between us and all other peoples does not imply idealistic policies on our part. It merely compels us to deal with existing facts.

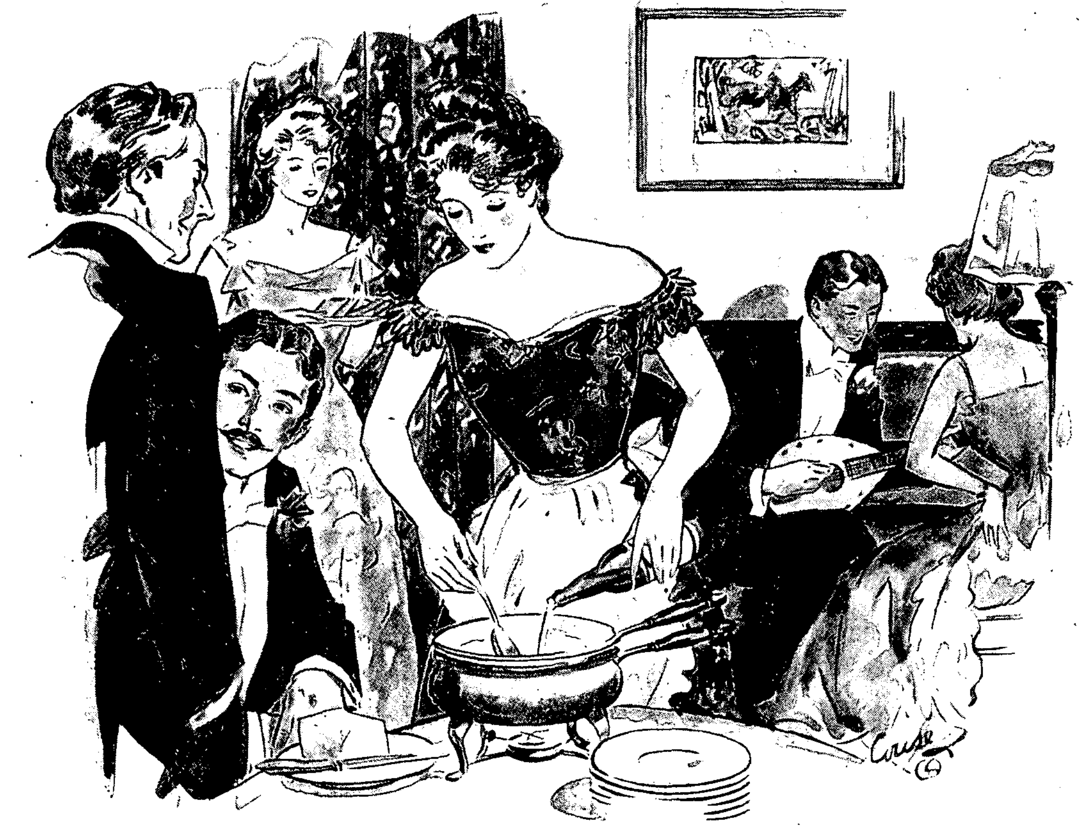
To many politicians in Oklahoma, anything outside the state is foreign territory. Even New York is regarded with hostility by some. Wiley Post, fresh from his splendid voyage around the world, could relate experiences which might change some of the political notions concerning what is foreign and hostile.

Post and Gatty received the same generous coöperation and aid from airmen and others in England, Germany, Russia, Siberia and Canada which was accorded them at home in the United States. They were welcomed, admired and aided everywhere en route by kindly people. Outcast Russia was particularly helpful. The picture which the aviators bring back is much closer to the facts than the notions of the local demagogues who rail against foreigners.

We need in our national policies the spirit of adventurous coöperation which characterizes airmen everywhere. Our globe is no smaller but we travel more and faster and we do business with all the world. Why not admit the fact that 1931 is not 1790, or 1890 for that matter, and adjust our prejudices and our thinking to the conditions under which we live?

Budweiser

GOING STRONG IN 1870 — AND EVER SINCE



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We guarantee that this beverage is healthful, refreshing, nutritious, free from bacteria, fully matured and aged. Will keep in any climate, and is made in St. Louis. Notice that all crowns bear our "A" and "Eagle" trade-mark
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Matured and dealcoholized to conform to Federal Act of Oct. 28, 1919
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To the Gibson Girl of the gay 90's our table owes a great debt today

She welcomed the chafing dish fashion, mostly because it displayed her skill and the grace of her hands and arms before admirers and rivals. While indulging her vanity, she unconsciously made popular countless dishes not widely known before—Welsh rarebit, deviled lobster, creamed oysters, Spanish omelet, chicken a la King and many others.

The chafing dish and BUDWEISER, popularly known in those days as the king of bottled beers, soon became inseparable companions.

Today—the foods the chafing dish popularized are in greater demand than ever. Today, as in the 90's, nothing makes them more appetizing or heightens their fine flavor better than that mellow old brew—BUDWEISER. Generations of acceptance!

Whether it be with a ham sandwich, or a full course dinner, BUDWEISER *tastes better with food and food tastes better with* BUDWEISER.

Bottled exclusively by Anheuser-Busch in the largest and finest bottling plant in the world

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BUSCH
EXTRA DRY

And when you want ginger ale . . . BUSCH EXTRA DRY, *America's finest ginger ale, fits every occasion—in the home, at the club, for dancing and dining, for old and young of both sexes.*

Of course CAMELS are milder

THEY'RE FRESH!

HAVE you noticed how women everywhere are switching to the fresh mildness of Camels? Always a great favorite with the ladies, this famous blend is more popular now than ever, since the introduction of the new Humidor Pack.

If you need to be convinced, make this simple test yourself between a humidor fresh Camel and any other cigarette:

First, inhale the cool fragrant smoke of a perfectly conditioned Camel and note how easy it is to the throat. Next, inhale the hot, brackish smoke of a parched dry cigarette and feel that sharp stinging sensation on the membrane.

The air-sealed Humidor Pack keeps all the rare flavor and aroma in and prevents the precious natural tobacco moisture from drying out. Important too, it protects the cigarette from dust and germs.

Switch to Camel freshness and mildness for one whole day, then leave them — if you can.

Smoke a fresh cigarette
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CAMEL 20's
CHOICE QUALITY
Smoke a fresh cigarette
HUMIDOR PACK

● *It is the mark of a considerate hostess, by means of the Humidor Pack, to "Serve a fresh cigarette." Buy Camels by the carton — this cigarette will remain fresh in your home and office*

CAMELS

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